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THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY
GLEANER.

1869.

"THIS IS THE FRUIT OF IT."—NUMBERS xiii. 27.

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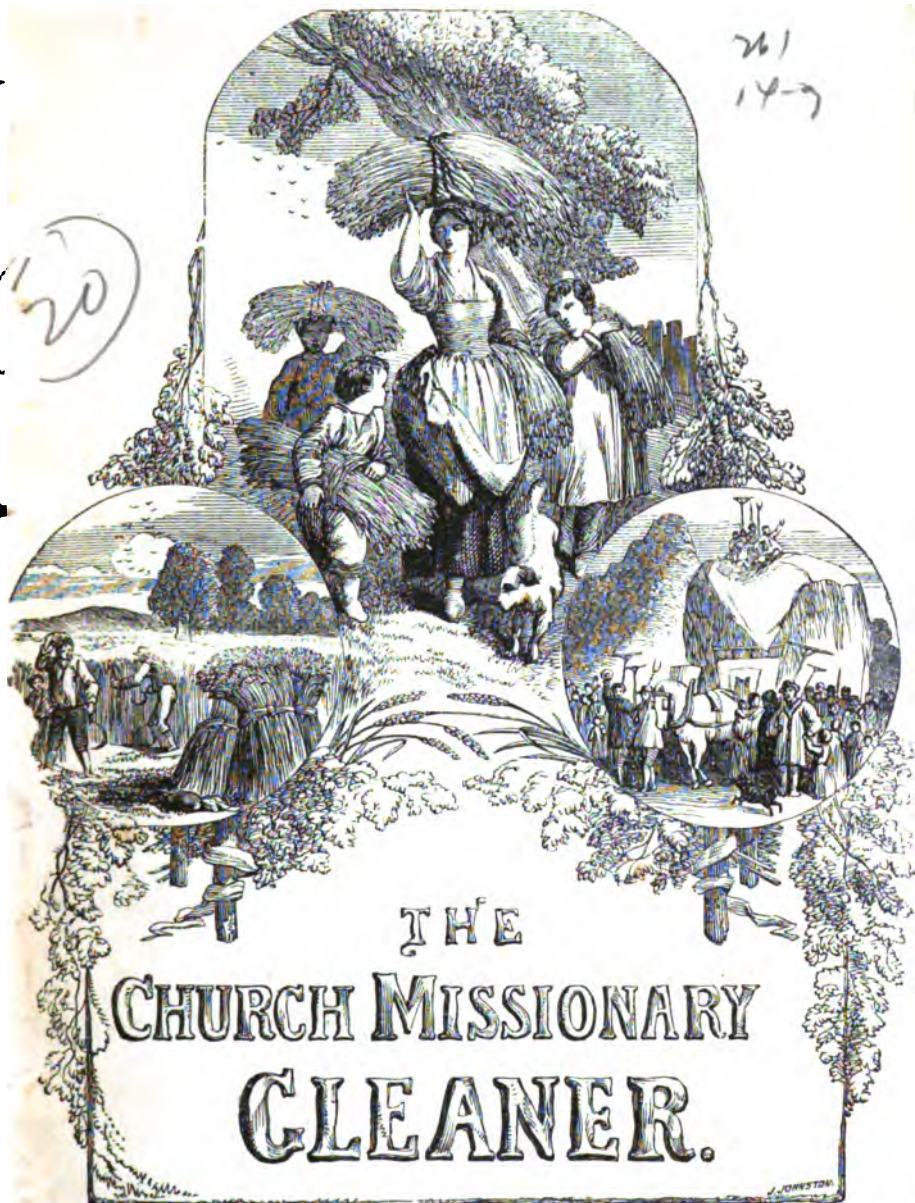
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MOOSE CHURCH, JAMES RAY, RUPERT'S LAND.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

MOOSE FACTORY, HUDSON'S BAY.

OUR friends throughout the country, at whose anniversary meetings the Rev. J. Horden was so welcome, and who listened with so much pleasure and profit to his earnest advocacy of Missionary work, will be pleased to read the following letter from him, dated September 7, 1868, from his remote station at Moose Factory, Hudson's Bay—

The Bishop of Rupert's Land has been amongst us. He has looked out and examined the work. He has questioned the native Christians; he has seen with his own eyes; he has heard with his own ears; and I know that what he has seen and heard has enabled him to endorse to the full all that has been said and written by Bishop Anderson respecting this district.

The Bishop arrived at Moose on June 26th, meeting a large brigade of Moose Indians on his way down, and who were then on a journey in the employ of the Hudson's-Bay Company. Another large brigade had gone in a different direction. Consequently, on his arrival at Moose the number of Indian men was very small: nevertheless, on the Sunday our church was nearly full.

On Monday morning we left together in a canoe for Rupert's House, a post which had hitherto never received the visit of a Bishop, and which I was very anxious should obtain that privilege on the present occasion. Our voyage was a most favourable one: nothing could have been more propitious than the weather, and a journey which has frequently occupied me six or seven days, we now accomplished in somewhat less than two.

We were a little late in arriving, as some of the Island Indians had already taken their departure. Enough, however, yet remained to give us full employment during our stay there. I was at work early and late; and the greater part of each day was likewise devoted by the Bishop to the examination of the candidates for confirmation. The examination was not a nominal or a trivial one, but one which fully tried the extent of their knowledge, and the effect which that knowledge had had on the formation of their character. I was gratified, sometimes surprised, at the answers elicited by the questions. I could not but bow my head in thankfulness to Him who had given such increase to my planting and watering.

The Bishop confirmed seventy-eight, and twenty for the first time met around the table of the Lord. We left Rupert's House early on the following Monday morning, for we had a long week's journey before us, that of going by Albany, without calling in at Moose. In this, too, we were much favoured, reaching Albany on Saturday at noon. On Sunday,

twenty-five were confirmed. Our stay at Albany was longer than we had intended. The weather became very bad. The first day of our return journey we proceeded only four miles, the rain descending in torrents, and continuing almost the whole day. We did not reach Moose until noon on the Sunday, having consumed the whole of our provisions.

In the afternoon we had an Indian service and confirmation, together with a celebration of the sacrament. In his address the Bishop expressed the great gratification he had felt in his tour through this portion of my district, and said that the Indians he had met with here possessed more knowledge of pure truth than is to be found among the rural population of England.

On Tuesday, July 21, the Bishop departed for Canada, and I proceeded to dive into the interior, to carry the Gospel to one of the outposts of my district. My destination was Matawakumme. My first Sunday was passed at the Long Portage. It is nearly five miles in length. I staid with a Christian Indian family, in whom is exemplified, in a remarkable degree, the power of the Gospel.

The first winter I was in the country, Usinamakos and his wife had murdered their children, and one of them under circumstances of deep atrocity. I now found Moses one of the most gentle of men, kind, affectionate; and never have I met with any one, either here or in England, more desirous of attending to the wants of their Missionary visitor. We passed the day as became those who are looking forward to a rest above. He is now the trusted agent of the Hudson's-Bay Company, in charge of a store containing an abundance of everything necessary for Indian trade, and was faithful to his trust. It was necessary for him to send an account of his charge to the gentleman under whose order he acted. He accordingly took paper, and in a letter, which I afterwards saw, in a most satisfactory manner entered into all particulars, his difficulties, his great anxiety respecting the safety of the property, as the forest was on fire at no great distance from him. In fact, the letter was such an one as would have been no discredit to a tolerably well-educated Englishman.

At Matawakumme I was employed morning, noon and night, the people showed so much anxiety to learn the truths of Christianity. I was privileged to baptize thirty-five persons, and for the first time the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered at the post. The difficulty I found there was the want of food. You can have no idea how pressing the difficulty is, and many Indians were obliged to leave before me, as they could not procure food at the place.

On my way down I passed another Sunday with Moses, his family having now increased by his only daughter having given birth to a child a few days previous. As the grandparents fondled the little stranger, and testified excessive joy at its appearance, I could not help thinking of the transactions of a former year, and thank God for the change which had been effected.



EXPLORATIONS BEYOND THE JORDAN.

OUR Missionary, the Rev. F. A. Klein, of Jerusalem, has crossed the Jordan, and penetrated into lands often mentioned in the pages of

EXPLORATIONS BEYOND THE JORDAN.

the Old Testament, where Sihon, king of the Amorites, and Og, king of Bashan, once had their kingdoms; and which, when wrested from them, became the portion of the pastoral tribes—Reuben, Gad, and the half-tribe of Manasseh; but amidst whose deserted cities and over whose forsaken hills and plains, the Bedouin Arabs of modern days roam, so as to render it unsafe for strangers to enter in, unless the protection of the Sheikhs has been secured by a good round sum. Our Missionary has been through those regions, and yet has paid no black mail, a feat which we do not think any other European could succeed in doing.

He has forwarded to the Secretaries a very full account of his researches, too long for the pages of the "Gleaner." But a brief letter, which preceded the journal as an *avant courier*, will just suit our purpose.

Sept 22—I had hoped to be able by this post to forward to the Society the narrative of my journey to the trans-Jordanic country, which I have happily been able at last to carry out, not indeed without some danger and several adventures; but still without being attacked by Bedouins, or suffering materially from the heat while travelling in the valley of Jordan and the Ghor, on the south side of the Dead Sea. On that journey I reached Jebel Ojlun, north of the river Zerka (the Tabbok), passing by the famous Jerasch (Gerasa), and visited people who had never been visited before by an European Missionary. After having visited several places in Jebel Ojlun, a beautiful woodland country, I went to Salt (Ramothe Gilead), from thence, by way of Amman (Rabbath Ammon) or Philadelphia, a splendid ruined place, and Hesban and Diban to Kirek, which I have long been wishing to visit, and where there are about 200 Christians and 800 Moslem families, living almost like Bedouins, having very little intercourse with their more civilized brethren on the west-side of the Jordan. From Kirek I returned to Jerusalem, across the Ghor, south of the Dead Sea and Hebron, and fatigued indeed from the journey of twenty-one days through desert countries, but thankful to have been able to visit those districts east of Jordan, so sadly in want of spiritual instruction, and still hitherto so much neglected, because rendered so inaccessible by the hordes of wild Bedouins roving about in the Balka, that paradise of the Bedouin tribes. I shall hope to send you the journal by next post, and I trust it will interest the Society, and our friends at home in general, to hear something of the state of things in that "terra incognita," and stir them up to do something to rescue its poor neglected inhabitants from their spiritual and moral misery.

THE SIFTING PROCESS.

LET our readers peruse the few fragments which we have gathered from letters received from various parts of India. They will then understand what difficulties a Hindu has to overcome in leaving heathenism and embracing Christianity. How mightily does it not

need that the Spirit of God should work in the hearts of men that they may have resolution to break forth from their chains and fetters? And yet all this is wisely ordered. When, in a great country like India, the foundations of a Christian church are being laid, it is essential that the materials employed should be the very best; and it becomes necessary that some testing process should be in action, which should detect such stones as have a flaw, and at least secure, at the beginning of the work, a preponderance of such persons as are thoroughly in earnest. These trials are made to work for such an end.

The following case is mentioned by the Rev. F. Schurr, of Kishnagurh:—

In a village about three miles from Kapasdanga resides a small shop-keeper, who formerly used to be exceedingly indifferent to my preaching. However, about a year ago he seemed to awaken from his stupor, and listened attentively to the story of God's wonderful love. I gave him a Gospel to read for himself. He, being old and infirm, was at last confined to his house, where I lately visited him. He was glad to see me, and asked me to sit near him in the verandah, when I read and explained to him portions of the New Testament, especially such as testify of God's love to fallen mankind, as revealed in Jesus. He was rejoiced to hear of forgiving grace, and a Saviour who can still deliver him from his multitude of sins. I knelt down and prayed with him, some men and women of his family being present. One or two days after, I was told by the reader that the whole family was much pleased, so I went again and found ready acceptance. The penitent man asked again and again, "Can my sins be forgiven?" I said "Yes; only believe that God has sent His beloved son into this world to save sinners. He can and will save you. Hold fast this assurance." He said he would; yet the devil was trying to dissuade him, and his relatives and friends too. I besought him to hold fast the blessed hope of the Gospel.

On the 14th instant I went again to him, and found two priests and some other people there, who had just finished the wedding ceremonies of the old man's daughter. He at once called me up into the verandah. I read and explained Luke vii., about Simon and the woman, and read other portions of the New Testament, proving Jesus' love to penitent sinners, and all seemed pleased, especially the old man, who again told me that he was hard beset not to believe in what I said, yet he found my words so comfortable he wished to die with them. I exhorted him not to mind any one—not Satan's advice—but only to trust in Jesus, and, praying with him, I left for home.

On Monday, the 16th, the catechist came that way, and the old man complained to him that his relatives and others upbraided him for permitting me to sit in the verandah, and to teach him and pray with him. If he continued to do so they would exclude him and his daughter from caste. Behold, Doeg, the Edomite! The vile Brahmins have unsettled the poor old man, and he has asked the catechist to tell me not to visit him again. May the Lord have mercy upon him! I am in agony for him; Lord, help!

The next cases are from the Burdwan district, and are hopeful and encouraging.

There have been inquirers during the year ; and amongst them two have persevered to the point of professing their faith in Christ in the ordinance of baptism : they are both of them men of about thirty years of age, and have embraced Christianity upon a firm and intelligent conviction of its truth. The first of them was a Brahmin by caste, but of limited education : his home is within twenty miles of Burdwan, but he had been for some time employed at a distant station in conjunction with the police. While thus engaged he frequently met native Christians, and had opportunities of hearing Christ preached. At these, he tells me, he frequently acted as an opponent of the truth, and argued against the Missionary preacher. Meanwhile he formed a friendship with a native Christian, engaged in the same police force with himself. With his Christian friend he had constant conversation on religion ; and the result, under the Spirit's teaching, was a rising, though secret persuasion of the truth of Christianity. His convictions were, however, repressed until an unforeseen accident decided him. He was bitten by a mad dog about two years ago, and though the fatal consequences were averted, he became subject to occasional great mental excitement. It was immediately after this accident that the whole of his past life seemed to rise in memory before him, and more particularly he was seized with a sense of great grief at having opposed Christ and Christian preachers, against his inmost convictions. He believed, however, that pardon could be obtained even for him, through Christ, against whom he had struggled, and he resolved to embrace at the earliest opportunity the faith which once he endeavoured to destroy. The illness which succeeded his accident was the cause of his losing his work, and it also for a time prevented him from carrying out his design of embracing Christianity. At length, however, he came to Burdwan, and presented himself to me as a candidate for baptism. He was kept for a while under probation, and all signs of mental excitement or aberration having disappeared, I at length baptized him, to his very great joy. One satisfactory particular in his case is, that he has not hitherto been obliged to look to us for temporal support, as is so frequently the case with inquirers. He was, soon after his baptism, employed as a colporteur for the sale of Bibles and portions of Scripture. An unfavourable change has, however, I am sorry to say, taken place in his career : a state of great excitement has again set in, incapacitating him for his occupation. He has become liable to remarkable fancies, and particularly labours under the fear that there is no salvation for him. He however appears to have great trust in the power of prayer ; and we may therefore well believe that this time of trial will yet pass away. Still, on account of some circumstances, I can speak of him with only very mingled hopes.

The other convert, Krishna, is also a Brahmin of high caste : his father was a leading pundit at Santipore, the great seat of Brahminical learning in Bengal. Various causes have, in the good providence of God, worked together to induce his conversion to Christianity. His father, though an influential Hindu and a Guru, was a liberal-minded man, who had often conversed with Christian Missionaries : he always said his sons

should be free to follow their convictions in matters of religion. Krishna, after leaving school, was sent to a Government training college, presided over by a native teacher of particularly enlightened views, but not a Christian. There it was that Krishna's faith in Hinduism was completely shaken, and he became a believer in the Brahmoist system. He was, however, at heart discontented, and this especially because that system afforded no hope or plea to a conscience burdened with a sense of sin : it provided no atonement. Meanwhile a younger brother, who had been a pupil in a Missionary English school, had embraced Christianity. This drew his attention more strongly to Christ. Fear, however, restrained him from an open confession of faith and he strove against his convictions. Twice he set out from his home to seek a Missionary, and twice his resolution failed him, and he returned. At length he made up his mind to come to Burdwan, as it was at a distance from his home and Hindu friends, and he hoped the place would suit his health, which was at that time very poor. It was thus that he met with the first-mentioned convert, who in his turn brought him to me. After a period of probation, he too was admitted to the Christian church by baptism. Krishna has exhibited many signs of sincerity in his profession of faith in Christ ; his belief is a steady and intelligent one. He has had to give up much in embracing Christianity ; he is now despised by those who looked up to his father as a god. He fears to visit his parental home, as he might be forcibly driven away by the neighbours ; or if this did not occur, he would not be able to obtain an interview with his own wife.

The next case is mentioned by the Rev. W. T. Saththianadhan, native minister, of Madras.

June 3—I know you will unite with me in praising God for the interesting event which took place this morning. The young woman we spoke to you about so often has at length been enabled, by God's grace, to take the important step. She came to our house this morning with an earnest desire for Christian baptism : this was reported to her mother, sister, and other relatives. The sister came first, and besought her to go and see her mother, who was very ill. This was of course false, and the young woman told her plainly that it was her full purpose to receive Christian baptism. Then her sister became very boisterous, and tried to pull her with violence. The police interfered and put a stop to it. Then the mother came, and she behaved very nicely indeed. She was in tears, and begged and entreated her daughter, in a tone truly touching, to go home with her. Her uncle, too, was present, but the Lord enabled this dear sister to stand firm. The parties then dispersed. I do not know what further trials await her, but so far the Lord hath helped us, and we may feel sure that He will continue His help and direction. She broke her caste and dined with us for the first time. May the Lord keep her humble and steadfast unto the end ! Please remember her in your prayers.

OUR CHINESE CONVERTS.

OUR readers are aware that the work of conversion to Christianity is going on encouragingly in China. Both from the Che-kiang and

the Fuh-chau province, tidings reach us of men and women casting off heathenism, and professing Christianity.

Everything depends on the reality of the converts. If they be not genuine, they are not only no gain, but a positive injury to the work; and so far as they are themselves concerned, they are in a worse state than they were before.

It is therefore very satisfactory to find that the Rev. A. E. Moule, in a letter dated Ningpo, July 10th, 1868, is enabled thus to speak of the native Christians under his charge.

With reference to our work during the past quarter, we have found it hard to hold our own. Thank God, the work and the converts are not, we trust, ours, otherwise utter failure and complete declension would most probably have been the result. As it is, however, and with God's blessing, although in Sæn-poh and Hangchow the troubles to which I alluded in my last quarterly letter have been sadly trying and perplexing, we have yet held on. The baptisms during the half-year have been above the average, viz. twenty-one adults and eleven children. There have been three deaths—three old men have, I trust, gone to their eternal rest. Two of the three we could ill spare; for in Tsóng-gyiao and Sæn-poh districts they were, as private and unpaid Christians, shining lights in zeal and earnest piety, and also eagerly desirous to bring others to the Saviour. The third was a member of the Lake church, a sincere Christian, but, from age and infirmity, not so marked a Christian as the others.

To the above I may add a cheering testimony to the character of some of our converts, which I heard a few days ago from a good Baptist Missionary, Herr Barchet. He told me that he was preaching in a village a few days ago, and that for some time the people were most unwilling to listen, but at last a man came forward and said, "I know some Christians, and queer people they are too. If you abuse them, they won't give you a word of abuse back; and when their worship-day comes, nothing can induce them to work. They live at Dzang-ko, (one of our old out-stations, at present without a resident catechist)." Upon this the people became interested, Mr. Barchet had good listeners, and some have begun to attend his chapel regularly since that day. This testimony was especially cheering, because the station has been necessarily much neglected lately, (one of the Christians conducting service); and also from the fact that the Sabbath has been a sore trial in past years to this very Christian; and also a stumbling-block to an old woman who died within the present year.

THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.

It is *still* the path of sorrow
 Where Jesus leads his flock;
 It is *still* the desert walk
 Where we drink the Smitten Rock.
 But Canaan's goodly hills
 Are rising now in view,
 And we march with quickened footsteps
 To our mansions bright and true.

2.

It is *still* the rugged steep
 The narrow way of life ;
 It is *still* the warrior's armour
 In conflict and in strife,
 But the sound of distant music
 Falls sweetly on our ears,
 And we hasten on to glory
 Through Baca's vale of tears.

3.

It is *still* through tribulation
 The Conqueror's journey lies ;
 It is *still* for his redemption
 The weary pilgrim cries.
 But the fiery pillar brightens
 'Mid darkness all around,
 And the prospect of the morrow
 Makes hope and joy abound.

4.

It is *still* in faith oft-failing
 We eat "the Living Bread,"
Still oft hoping and oft fearing
 We lean upon our God.
 But we mark the Heavenly City,
 Still brightening in our view ;
 The city of the jasper walls,
 The beautiful, the true !

5.

It is *still* in tears and sorrow,
 We lay our fond ones down ;
 The *loving* and the *loved* ones,
 They've left us and are gone.
But our spirits mingle with them
 On Canaan's crystal sea,
 Where they're standing now with Jesus,
 From every conflict free.

6.

And *soon*, in joy and gladness,
 Beside the throne of God,
 Shall stand the mighty host,
 Redeemed by Jesus' blood ;
 Each golden harp shall vibrate,
 And wake the new-born strain,
 Hallelujah to the Saviour,
 To the Lamb, who once was slain !

~~~~~  
 DEATH OF QUEEN RASOHERINA AND ACCESSION OF  
 RANAVALOMANJAKA TO THE THRONE OF MADAGASCAR.

We find the following interesting statements in the "Christian Work"—  
 The Rev. R. Toy writes—"The guns, announcing the accession of  
 Ramoma, sister to the late queen, to the throne, have just been fired.  
 She takes the name of Ranavalomanjaka, a name which is not associated  
 with very pleasant recollections ; but we must hope and pray that she  
 may govern well and reign long.

"The late queen was a heathen, I believe, to the very last ; but she

gave full liberty of conscience to the Christians, and, under her mild reign, Christianity and civilization have made rapid progress. She is said to have had a great dislike to the shedding of blood, and, on this account, executions, except in the case of criminals, have been almost, if not altogether, unknown. I imagine she will be remembered by the people as one of the kindest-hearted and best sovereigns of Madagascar. We cannot wish that her successor should grant more privileges to the Christians than were granted during the nearly five years' reign now brought to a termination.

"She died last night at half-past ten o'clock. Through the doctor, the new queen has sent us word to trust her, as she will be to us the same as her predecessor."

The Rev. W. E. Cousins writes:—"The past month has been a time of political excitement. The late Queen Rasoharina died on Wednesday, April 1st, and on Thursday morning, April 2nd, Ramoma, her cousin, and sister to the late Prince Ramonja, and also to Radama's former rival, Ramboasalama, was proclaimed queen, under the title of Ranaivalomanjaka. The prime minister's letter to us announcing this change was all we could wish; and we have good reason to hope the present reign will be perhaps even more favourable to Christianity than that of the late queen. The funeral of Rasoharina took place on Tuesday evening, April 14th. The day following the queen's death the usual proclamation went forth, that all the people—men, women, and children—were to have all their hair cut off. You may imagine how the people all looked, completely shorn of their locks. We could scarcely recognise those we knew best. The queen was buried with a great deal of pomp. Her tomb is a pretty one, built from Mr. Cameron's design, and under his superintendence. In the tomb were placed over 400 dresses, some of which cost more than 100*l*. Her body was wrapped in native lambas. They were about 700 in number, and averaged in price, say 3*l* each. There were also twenty watches, one of which cost 200*l*. I don't know how many ear-rings, and other valuables. Everything the queen was fond of was put in the tomb with her, there to spoil and rot. The coffin was made of dollars beat up into bars, and riveted together so as to form a large oblong box, capable of holding a dozen people (not alive). It cost 22,000 dollars, or over 4000*l*."

The last mail has brought us most gladdening news from Madagascar. God has been graciously pleased so to overrule events there, that the things which happened have all "turned out for the furtherance of the Gospel;" our worst fears have been removed, our highest hopes are exceeded. We are informed that the queen and her government have publicly renounced idolatry, the great national idol has been sent away, and the queen's household attend the ministry of our Missionary, Mr. Toy. The government works have been stopped on the Lord's-day; and a representative of a foreign power, on his way to the capital to obtain a ratification of a commercial treaty, having reached the station on a Saturday night, instead of finding the usual escort, was informed that he could not be received at court until Monday. The eldest son of the prime minister, together with the prime minister's sister, are candidates for church fellowship; the places for Christian worship, both in town and

country, have become crowded to excess; and such is the wonderful eagerness of the people to hear the word of God, that on the Sunday previous to the departure of the last mail, 2450 persons were counted at Mr. Toy's church, while 230 were listeners outside. At another church, on the same day, the whole of the usual congregation turned out to make room for the crowds outside, and thus the heathen might see how anxious the Christians were that they should all hear "the joyful sound." Thus abundantly the word of the Lord has grown and prevailed.

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## SCRIPTURE ARITHMETIC.

### *Numeration.*

- Matt. xviii. 10. . . . Despise not *one* of these *little ones*.  
 14. . . . It is not the will of your Father that *one* of these should perish.  
 Rom. xiv. 12. . . . Every *one* shall give account to God.  
 2 Tim. ii. 19. . . . Let every *one* depart from iniquity.  
 Dan. vii. 10. . . . *Thousand thousands* ministered.  
 Rev. v. 11. . . . and 10,000 times 10,000 stood before Him.  
 Heb. xii. 22. . . . An *innumerable* company of angels.  
 Rev. vii. 9. . . . A *great multitude* which *no man* could number, of all nations, &c.

### *Addition.*

- Psaln xl. 5. . . . Thy thoughts to usward, O God  
 cxxxix. 17, 18. . . how great the *sum* of them.  
 Luke xii. 31. . . . Seek the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be *added unto* you.  
 Acts ii. 47. . . . The Lord *added to* the Church daily.  
 v. 14. . . . Believers the more *added to* the Lord.  
 x. 24. . . . Much people *added to* the Lord.  
 2 Pet. i. 5—7. . . . *Add to* your faith, virtue, &c.

### *Subtraction.*

- Matt. xviii. 8. . . . If hand or foot offend, *cut off* and *cast from* thee.  
 Luke ix. 23. . . . If any will come after me, let him *deny himself*.  
 Eph. iv. 22, 25, 31. *Put off* the old man, *putting away* lying.  
 Col. i. 8, 9. . . . *Put off* all these, anger, wrath, malice.  
 Rom. xiii. 12. . . . Let us *cast off* the works of darkness.

### *Multiplication.*

- Job xlii. 10. . . . The Lord gave Job *twice as much*.  
 Mark x. 29, 30. . . . There is no man that hath forsaken house &c. for my sake but he shall receive a *hundredfold*.  
 Psalm xviii. 35. . . . By Thy meekness Thou hast *multiplied* me.  
 [marg.]  
 Neh. ix. 19, 27. . . . *Manifold* mercies.  
 1 Pet. iv. 10. . . . *Manifold* grace of God.  
 Eph. iii. 10. . . . *Manifold* wisdom of God.

- Matt. xiii. 22. . . . Forgive thy brother until  $70 \times 70$ .  
 Acts ix. 31. . . . The Churches walking in the fear of God were  
*multiplied*.  
 2 Cor. ix. 10. . . . He that ministereth seed to the sower *multiply*  
 your seed sown, and *increase* the fruits of  
 your righteousness.  
 2 Pet. i. 2. . . . } Grace, mercy, peace and love be *multiplied*.  
 Jude 2. . . . }

*Division.*

- Isaiah liii. 12. . . . Therefore will I *divide* Him a portion, and He shall  
*divide* the spoil with the strong.  
 1 Cor. xii. 11. . . . The Spirit *dividing* to every one severally as He  
 will.  
 2 Tim. ii. 15. . . . Rightly *dividing* the Word of Truth.  
 Heb. iv. 12. . . . The Word of God *dividing* asunder soul and  
 spirit, &c.  
 Rom. xii. 13. . . . *Distributing* to the necessity of Saints.  
 1 Tim. vi. 18. . . . Ready to *distribute*.

*Fractions.*

*Proper.*

- Rom. xii. 4, 5. . . . We being *many* are one body in Christ, and every  
 one *members* one of another.  
 1 Cor. xii. 12—27. . . . Ye are the body of Christ and *members* in particular.

*Improper.*

- 1 Cor. i. 10. . . . I beseech you that there be *no schisms*.  
 12, 13. . . . One saith *I am of Paul*, another *I of Apollos*, *I of*  
*Cephas*, *I of Christ*. Is Christ divided?  
 1 Cor. xi. 18. . . . I hear there be *schisms* among you.

*Profit and Loss, and Exchange.*

- Mark viii. 35—37. . . . Whosoever will *save* his life shall *lose* it.  
 Whosoever shall *lose* it for my sake shall *save* it.  
 What shall it *profit* if he *gain* the whole world and  
*lose* his soul?  
 What shall a man give in *exchange* for his soul?  
 2 Cor. iv. 17. . . . Our light affliction . . . worketh for us a far more  
 exceeding and eternal weight of glory.  
 Phil. iii. 7, 8. . . . What things were *gain* I counted *loss* for Christ.  
 Yea, and I count all things but *loss* for the excel-  
 lency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus.

*Proportion.*

- Deut. xxxiii. 25. . . . *As* thy days *so* shall thy strength be.  
 Psalm ciii. 11, 12. . . . *As* heaven is high *so* is His mercy.  
*As far as* the east is from the west, *so far* has He  
 removed our sins from us.  
 Col. ii. 6. . . . *As* ye have received Christ Jesus, *so* walk ye in  
 Him.

*Practice.*

- Matt. vii. 21. . . . Not every one that saith Lord shall enter, but he that *doeth* the will of my Father.
- Matt. xiii. 23. . . . He that beareth the Word and *understandeth* it, which also *beareth fruit*.
- Gal. v. 22, 23. . . . The *fruits* of the Spirit are love, &c.
- Titus iii. 8. . . . Careful to maintain good works.
- James i. 22. . . . Be ye *doers* of the Word.
- 25—27. . . . Pure religion is this, *to visit* &c., and to *keep himself unspotted* from the world.
- James ii. 18. . . . Show my faith *by my works*.

*Progression.*

- Matt. x. 22. . . . He that endureth to the end shall be saved.
- Rom. ii. 7. . . . *Patient continuance in well doing.*
- Phil. iii. 14. . . . *I press toward the mark.*
- 1 Cor. xv. 58. . . . *Always abounding in the work of the Lord.*
- Col. ii. 19. . . . Holding the Head from which the body *increaseth with the increase of God.*
- 1 Thea. iv. 1. . . . As ye have received how ye ought to walk, *so abound more and more.*
- Heb. vi. 1. . . . Let us *go on unto perfection.*

*Cubic Measure.*

- Job xi. 8, 9. . . . Canst thou find out the Almighty?  
*High as heaven, deeper than hell, larger than earth, broader than the sea.*
- Eph. iii. 18. . . . The *breadth and length and depth and height* of the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.

*Evolution.**Roots to be extracted.*

- Deut. xxix. 18. . . . Lest there be any *root* that beareth gall.
- Heb. xii. 15. . . . Looking diligently lest any *root* of bitterness springing up trouble you.

*Involution.*

- Eph. iii. 17. . . . *Rooted* in love.
- Rev. v. 5. . . . The *Root* of David.
- xxi. 16. . . . I am the *Root* of David.
- Col. ii. 7. . . . *Rooted* in Christ.
- Involving to highest power.*
- Eph. iv. 15. . . . *Grow up into Christ* in all things.
- Rom. vi. 5. . . . If *planted together* in likeness of His death, we shall be also in that of His *resurrection.*
- 1 Cor. xv. 43. . . . Sown in dishonour, *raised in glory.*  
Sown in weakness *raised in power.*
- Eph. ii. 6. . . . Quickened in Christ, and *raised up together*, and made to *sit together* in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.





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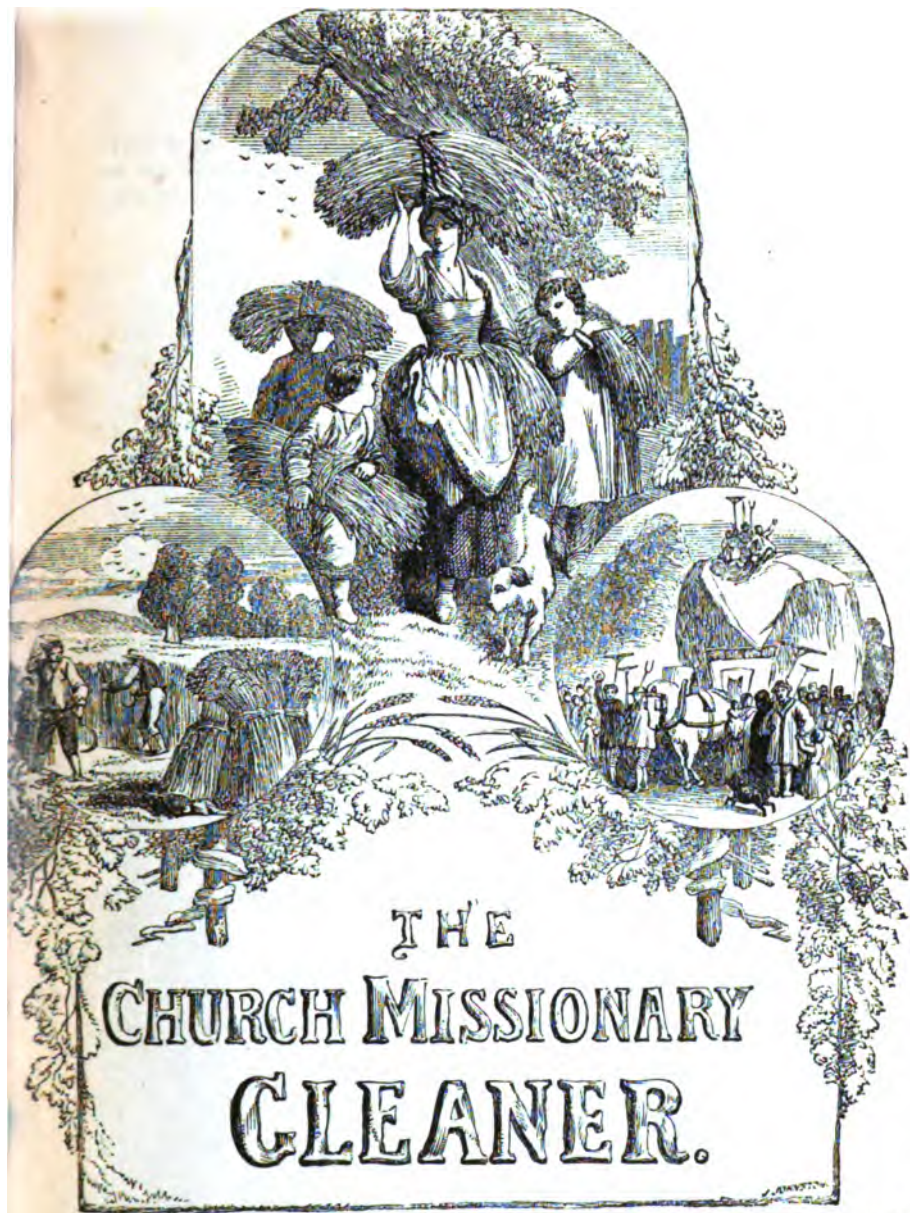
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RAJPOOTANA.

THIS is an immense tract of country, much larger than the entire area of the North-west Provinces, stretching out from them in a south-west-erly direction, until it touches the Bombay Presidency. It is called



TOWN AND HILL FORT OF KHETREE, RAJPOOTANA.

February 1869.

C

Rajpootana, because the Rajpoots are the ruling race; not because they are the more numerous portion of the population, for the Jats are at least as numerous, if not more so, but they are the aristocracy of the country. They have amongst them a sort of feudal system, very similar to that which prevailed in England after the Norman conquest, every chief being surrounded by his military retainers, holding grants of land on an hereditary service tenure. Thus each chief prides himself on his family and the number of his retainers: he has his bards and his genealogies, and, on grand occasions, has his military shows and processions.

This family pride fell with a heavy pressure on the daughters of the feudal houses, and inflicted on them great miseries, it being a point of honour with them never to marry a daughter to a husband of an inferior family. To find these girls husbands was therefore a matter of great difficulty, and even when a marriage was arranged it could not be consummated without great expense, and thus daughters, in high-caste houses, came to be regarded as a burden. The resource was infanticide, which was practised to a great extent amongst the Rajpoots.

It is now nearly fifty years since the attention of British officials was directed to the existence of this hideous family crime. At that time not less than 20,000 infants were destroyed every year in Rajpootana and Malwa. When the chiefs were charged with it they confessed it, but said that the marriage expenses were such, that either they must ruin themselves or destroy their daughters. The expenses were chiefly caused by the Bhâts and Chârâns. The Bhâts are the bards or minstrels; the Chârâns are not only bards, but heralds or genealogists. Amongst wealthy Hindu families there are few which do not retain, as a part of the household, a family Bhât or Chârân, that on festive occasions the Bhât may chant the praises of the family, and the Chârân recount the glorious deeds of their ancestors. When there was a marriage, these people used to come flocking in from all the surrounding districts. They came like vultures to the prey, bringing with them all the idle and dissolute, whether they were minstrels, dancers, buffoons, barbers, or beggars. They came flocking round the house of the bride's father with a fearful din and clamour, demanding each his present, and if the chief refused, his pride was assailed by every kind of mockery and scorn. Nor was this only done as regards the chiefs, but a poor man of high-caste family had to squander away two or three hundred pounds of his hard-earned savings, to celebrate his daughter's marriage: hence every one mourned when a daughter was born, and the poor babe often perished.

Happily the British officials persuaded the Rajpoot chiefs to break through these ruinous customs by an agreement amongst themselves, reducing the marriage expenses, so that they should not exceed one-tenth of the income of the bride's father. Now the poor girls are permitted to live.

This province is now suffering from a failure of the usual harvests and a great scarcity of food, which it is to be feared will deepen into a wasting famine.

As the English officials exerted themselves in former years to stay the perpetration of child-murder, so are they doing their utmost now to mitigate the horrors of famine. In two of the districts, Ajmere and Mairwara, the total of the grain crops this year will not exceed one-third of

the average, while the grass crop has been entirely lost. The nearest point from which grain can be imported is Agra, where it is also exceptionally dear, and from whence it has to be brought a distance of 640 miles by camels or bullock-garies. Societies have been formed at Ajmere and Nusseerabad, fifteen miles south-east from the city of Ajmere, to import grain and sell it at reduced prices. For this purpose, 30,000 rupees have been subscribed in Ajmere, and 50,000 in Nusseerabad, which is at the rate of one rupee for every man, woman and child in the former place, and more than double that amount for each in the latter. Famine works have also been commenced by Government for the purpose of giving employment to the able-bodied destitute in the district; and these works of such a nature as may prevent a like calamity at any future time, namely, the construction of tanks, &c. But besides these, there are the aged men and women, the infants and the infirm, the maimed, the disabled and the blind, for whose relief a central Committee has been formed at Ajmere, with local Committees at Nusseerabad, Beawr, and Dolee.

It is remarkable how a scarcity of physical food excites at once commiseration, and prompt efforts are made to relieve the distress, while the very population, on whose behalf such exertions are made has been left for generations in utter destitution of the bread of life. Certainly the bread which perisheth is not more needful for the body than the Gospel of Christ is for the soul; and yet the inhabitants of Rajpootana were suffered to remain without any attempt to supply this until the year 1860, when a Scotch Mission of United Presbyterians was commenced, and now occupies stations at Beawr, Ajmere, Nusseerabad, &c. But there are vast regions left untouched, and the effort is as unequal to the emergency, as a few camel-loads of grain to relieve the pinching famine under the pressure of which every city and hamlet is suffering.

Rajpootana is but little known to the Christian people of Great Britain. Until 1860, none of its towns or cities were associated with Missionary effort; and even now, such as are thus favoured are few indeed. There are numerous localities which have no more place in the compassion and interest of the church at home than as if they had no existence at all.

We present a sketch of one of these—Khetree, situated at the foot of the Arabullee range of hills, which, running south-west and north-east, divides the fertile eastern states from the more desert western ones. Just at this point some lofty spurs occur, on one of which, and above the town, the hill fortress of Khetree is placed.

There are few evils out of which some good is not educed. Who can tell but that the famine now impending over Rajpootana may direct attention to this long-neglected part of India, and excite such deep commiseration on behalf of a people who in soul and body are alike impoverished and suffering, as to bring into action vigorous philanthropic efforts for the relief of both?

Let it be remembered, that at the time of the Lancashire distress the heathen of Ajmere subscribed to the relief fund upwards of 4500 rupees (450*l.*).

LORD NAPIER'S VISIT TO PALAMCOTTA.

LORD NAPIER, in his tour through the Tinnevely province, after visiting six of the Missionary stations, arrived at Palamcotta on Wednesday morning the 14th October 1868, and, being pressed for time, was able to devote only that day to visiting the several educational establishments of the Church Missionary Society at that station. It was truly pleasing to see the painstaking interest which his lordship and Lady Napier took in every department of the work. Starting at eleven o'clock, they went first of all to the Sarah-Tucker Institution, which is designed chiefly for the training of schoolmistresses, and saw all the arrangements which are there made for so important an object. After this they visited the Church Missionary Society's native English school. His lordship examined the highest class in history and geography in a way to them rather new, but thoroughly sifting; then the second class in Euclid and arithmetic; after which one of the native masters read an ode composed by Mr. Cruickshanks, the head master, on the visit of Lord Napier to the Tinnevely province. After this the Governor went over the printing-office, then to the church, where were assembled some few hundred children from the Mission schools in the town of Tinnevely and the neighbourhood. Then the party adjourned to Mr. Sargent's house, where, after a short repast, the Governor's party was amused for a little time by the exhibition of five or six native instruments of music of the less noisy kind, such as the guitar, &c., by native performers.

The next employment was a visit to Mr. Sargent's girls' boarding school, in which were assembled, besides the girls at present learning, a goodly number of young women who had married from the school, and most of these, with children in their arms, greeted the party. Several pretty airs were sung by the children. The party then moved on to Mr. Sargent's Preparandi Institution, the arrangements for which were severally inquired into by his lordship. Lastly, the Governor, with Lady Napier, went to the church, where a large assemblage of native agents and members of the congregations around Palamcotta were met to present an address to his lordship.

His lordship, in reply, assured them of the great pleasure he had felt in meeting the native Christians of Tinnevely, and his earnest desire for their improvement and welfare, thanking them at the same time for the expression of their good wishes for himself and Lady Napier.

From the church the Governor's party proceeded to a space in front of the Preparandi Institution, where, chairs being provided for the ladies and gentlemen present, the native agents, with the students and members of the congregation, in number about 400, formed a square. Immediately singing was heard in the direction of Mrs. Sargent's girls' boarding school, whence they marched up, singing as they came, with a branch of a banyan-tree, carried by four of the girls, which was placed near a spot prepared for the same, and held there till Lady Napier should plant it. Mr. Sargent then spoke as follows—

"I am sure that in giving expression to my own feelings on the present occasion, I am only echoing the sentiments and feelings of all my Missionary brethren, when I say that Lord and Lady Napier have, by their kind,

friendly and cordial bearing endeared themselves to us all, and embalmed their name in the memory of all our people. Hitherto the only idea our people had of the Governors of this great land was that they are so exalted in their position, and so engrossed in the affairs of office, that they are inaccessible to the humbler classes, and are altogether unaffected by any sympathy regarding them. I think the circumstances attending the present visit of the Governor of this Presidency to this province must dispel such an idea; and our people will now learn that exalted office, and the execution of responsible duties, are not incompatible with kindness and condescension. I wish, therefore, that the memory of this event may be cherished in the minds of these dear children, and, in fact, of all the native Christians around me. I could have wished that a more imposing ceremony had offered itself, than the simple one of planting a tree; but Lady Napier will kindly take the wish for the deed, and estimate the duty she has now to perform rather by our intentions in this matter, than by the merit of the thing itself.

"I have chosen the banyan-tree as being, from the vegetable world, the most appropriate emblem of our holy religion. In its growth it most aptly represents the expansion, power, and durability of the Gospel of Christ; that divine plant which I trust has taken root in this land, and which will spread wider and wider every year. I have chosen the banyan-tree for another reason also. It is indigenous to the country, and not an exotic. A Hindu is said to have remarked, 'that he had no fear for the old tree of Hinduism, which had flourished through so many centuries, so long as he saw that the destroyers of that tree came from a foreign country; for as soon as the handle of the hatchet broke, they had to wait till they sent to England for a substitute. Now, however, he began to fear, because he saw that the old tree itself was made to further the design of its destroyers.' The Institution before which we stand, is one, among others, designed for this purpose; and Lord Napier will have observed, as he passed through the various Mission stations, that whereas the guiding and superintending person in each district was from England, the labourers who occupy the country, and work throughout the towns and villages, are all natives.

"I have chosen the banyan-tree for a third reason also, which the native friends around me will know how to appreciate. When a Hindu would express his good wishes regarding another, that he may have an abundance of relatives and connexions, he usually says, 'May you grow like the bamboo;' but when he would express his good wishes for the grandeur and stability of a family, he says, 'May you flourish like the banyan.' Let this tree, then, represent our good wishes for the house of Lord Napier, that his lordship may never lack scions worthy of the name, who, when the parent stem is removed, shall support the dignity of the house with honour. With these wishes, as entertained by the native Christians around me, I call upon Lady Napier to plant this branch, and may it grow and flourish to a noble tree!"

Lady Napier then came forward, and, taking the branch still held by the school girls, placed it in the spot prepared for it, and having with a small spade filled up the vacant place around it with earth from a wheelbarrow, she touched the plant, and said, "May this plant thrive and grow

up into a noble tree!" Three cheers were then given with hearty good will by the students and younger people present, and Lord and Lady Napier returned to the Collector's house, after having thus been more than six hours in almost constant occupation.

While His Excellency was at Mengnanapuram, the lofty spire of the beautiful and spacious Gothic church at that place, built by our senior Missionary, the Rev. J. Thomas, was completed.

Mr. Thomas writes—

On Friday the top stone was put into its place on the spire, in the presence of the Governor and Lady Napier, and there were, I should think, five thousand people present, who shouted, "Glory be to God!" There were 1100 children of the vernacular schools assembled in church, and the party came to see them. Afterwards we had a short service, Te Deum, &c., when 2700 people were present. The catechists and schoolmasters read an address to his lordship; the native clergy and all made salaam as they passed. His lordship examined both boarding schools, went round the village, visited the houses of the people, and, last of all, he went up into the spire.

DEATH OF A NATIVE AGENT IN TRAVANCORE.

THE following touching account of the sudden death of one of our native agents in this Mission-field has been communicated by the Rev. W. Johnson—

Oct. 19, 1868—I have the painful duty of informing you of the death of an old Reader, which occurred yesterday under solemn circumstances, and I trust that this dispensation of God may indeed be blessed to the congregation of this station. The oldest Reader employed in the Mission was the agent now gone to his rest. When I took charge of this Mission I rejoiced to think that I had one upon whose long experience in the Mission I might rely. Though infirm in body, he was always willing in mind, and never refused to do any work that was given him to do. I rejoiced that we had one, who, in every sense of the word, was an elder in the church of Christ. He was educated in the Cottayam College under the Rev. Joseph Fenn, and subsequently by Dr. Doran, with whom he read both Latin and Greek classics, and could translate Greek plays. He began Mission work forty-two years ago under Mr. Norton, at Allepie, where he was known as a diligent agent in the work of Christ. Subsequently he went with Mr. Hawsworth, and laboured at Mavelicara, and was the first, I believe, who laboured among the Chogans of that district. When the late Rev. J. Hawsworth first opened this district, he brought Philippos the Reader with him, and he has been here for nearly twenty-five years. Afterwards, when the Rev. J. Peet of Mavelicara had charge of this district, Philippos, who lived at this station, had almost entire management. This shows the value the late Mr. Peet placed on his services.

The Sunday before last I was compelled to go to an out-station, and I gladly asked Philippos to supply my place. He willingly did so, and preached for the last time. He was again present at the afternoon

service, though the weather was anything but favourable, because he wished to show the congregation a good example, for he knew how I had begged of them to attend the services of God. On Saturdaylast, Oct. 17, he came, with the rest of the Mission agents, to my Bible-reading, and the subject was "The Fatherhood of God," dwelling on the five points brought out so clearly by Bishop Pearson. After the Bible-reading I saw him engaged with another Reader discussing some subject from his English Bible, and I then remarked how ill he looked; and therefore, seeing that he was very weak, I gave him no work for the Sunday, and said, "that he had seen the present church when its foundation was laid; would he see it completed?" He replied that our Father in heaven only knew. This was our last interview.

I began to read the morning service. The old man came late, as his wife had begged of him to stay at home. He started after she had left, and came with his books, and read all the responses. When I saw him in church I felt sorry that I did not ask him to read one of the lessons. I had finished the prayers, and as the people were rising to sing the second hymn before the sermon, I saw the old man stagger and fall. I ran to his assistance, as all the rest were frightened, and used all the remedies that were available, but his spirit had fled. He fell at his post. He died in the house of God. He rose from his knees in prayer, and his spirit winged its flight to his Saviour in glory. Though weak in body and sick, he came to the house of prayer to show his careless neighbours a good example. The people required no sermon from me; they had the voice of God, and I trust that this dispensation of God may indeed be blessed to one and all here. Before the afternoon service we committed him to the grave. Doubtless he had his faults, but he was universally beloved. He served his Master for forty-two years, and God called him suddenly; without pain, as it were, he went from the midst of us to glory. My only prayer is, that I may be privileged to labour for so long a period, and may I also die in the place of duty, and rise from prayer to join the song of triumph in glory!

"Blessed are those servants whom the Lord, when He cometh, shall find watching."

THE TAMIL COOLY MISSION, CEYLON.

THE locality of this Mission is the beautiful mountainous district which occupies the south centre of Ceylon. There, before the woodman's axe the original forests have been cleared away from the mountain sides, and, in their stead, coffee plantations have sprung up, English gentlemen having embarked their capital in this enterprise. The cultivators are Tamil Coolies from the Tinnevely province, generally in a heathen state. Many of these planters bethought them how inconsistent it was that they should be reclaiming the ground and causing it to yield herbs, meet for the use of man, and that these their labourers should be left in the wildness of heathenism. Surely it was befitting that an effort should be made to bring these

heathen minds under cultivation, so that they should bring forth fruit to God. Hence a Christian Mission was commenced. The Coolies receive the benefit; the native Christians in Tinnevely supply the catechists; the planters provide the salaries; and the Church Missionary Society is honoured by the superintendence and management of the whole work. The moneys collected last year realized nearly 700%. There are at work amongst the Coolies thirteen catechists, and four schoolmasters. Some of these are stationary, and others itinerant.

Nor have results been wanting. The field under cultivation is responding to the pains bestowed in it. Some striking proofs of this are given in the last report of this Mission.

A man of the Vellala caste, named Kolunthuveyl, a mason, had for many years been a resident in Ceylon, and for a long time had worked on G—— estate, where he is still living. He says, that eleven years ago he became acquainted with a Christian conductor in the same district, who occasionally spoke to him about Christianity. In this conductor's house he one day espied a Bible, which appeared to have lain long unused, and begged that he might have it to read. The conductor gave it to him, and from that time he commenced reading it. Together with this he listened from time to time to the preaching of the Cooly Mission catechists who visited the estate, and still more frequently was instructed by Philip Pillay, the catechist employed by the Baptist Mission, who, when in the neighbourhood, always made the mason's house his home. A Christian Cangany too, and his wife, both pious people, who lived in the same locality, often talked with him on religious subjects. That during this time he was giving his mind to what he read and heard, is manifest from the fact, that scarcely a catechist visited G—— estate whom Kolunthuveyl did not interrogate, either as to some Christian doctrine or some article of Hindu belief. One of these questions, and the answer given to it by a catechist still in the employ of the Mission, it may not be out of place to mention here, as it appears to have had some connexion with the mason's subsequent conversion. As soon as the catechist had one day finished preaching, Kolunthuveyl spoke thus—"You say that the Christian religion forbids this and that sin; but any other religion you can name does that; in what, therefore, does the superiority of the Christian religion consist?" The catechist replied, "The fact of every religion, as you say, prohibiting sin, is not the chief matter, for every man, despite these rules, has sinned and does sin: what is required, therefore, is, that for sin committed some way of forgiveness should be shown, and it is in this that the Christian religion possesses so great a superiority over all others. Other religions do indeed attempt to prescribe means for the expiation of sin committed; but the way of forgiveness which Christianity declares, is the only one that, when thoroughly examined, will stand good."

For a year or two after this conversation the man made, as far as was apparent, no direct progress towards embracing the Christian faith; but when, in August last, he came to the Rev. D. Fenn as a candidate

for baptism, and was questioned by him as to what had led him to desire to become a Christian, he replied that it was through being convinced that the Christian religion alone pointed out a satisfactory way for the forgiveness of sins.

But we have anticipated a little. Up to July 1867, Kolunthuveyl showed no disposition to confess himself a Christian, though it was evident from his conversation that he was acquainted with a great deal of Christian truth. But God had gracious designs towards him, and so checked him in his course, as to oblige him to think of the salvation of his soul.

As he was one day working in the water-mill of the estate, he fell down, was entangled in the wheel, very seriously injured, and brought to Kandy to the hospital. While there, he was led to think what would become of his soul if he should not recover from his illness, and, by God's grace, he determined from that moment that he would declare himself a Christian. He was raised up again, and lost no time in making known his resolve to his employer. To him the man's announcement was no small cause of joy and thankfulness. He immediately communicated with Mr. Fenn, and afterwards sent the mason to him. Mr. Fenn found, upon examination, that the man's knowledge of Scripture truth was so very satisfactory, and his desire for baptism so earnest, that he consented at once to baptize him. A little delay unavoidably occurred, but, on the 1st of September, he—with his two eldest sons (youths of seventeen and twelve years respectively)—was admitted into the Christian church. Since then his conduct has been so consistent, that he has been admitted to the Lord's Supper, and through the influence of his example a great spirit of inquiry has been awakened upon G— and the adjoining estates. Twelve or thirteen adults have placed themselves under Christian instruction, and are attending the Sunday services held in the bazaar school-room Kandy. Of these, six persons are now preparing for baptism, and there is reason to hope that they are sincere inquirers after salvation. The proprietor of G— estate, one of the best and oldest friends of the Mission, writing to the superintendent in January of this year, says, "I think, in God's mercy, the people are ripening for harvest." And again, to another friend, three months later, "I am glad to say that some of my people continue stedfast in the apparent desire to embrace the Christian faith : I do hope and pray that, by God's blessing, something may come of it." It should be added, that subsequently to the mason's baptism, five other members of his household, making up the whole family, have also been baptized.

THE SHEPHERD TRUE.

I WAS wandering and weary,
When my Saviour came unto me ;
For the ways of sin grew dreary,
And the world had ceased to woo me ;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way—
" O precious souls come near me,
" My sheep should never fear me,
" I am the Shepherd true."

At first I would not hearken,
 And put off till the morrow ;
 But life began to darken,
 And I was sick with sorrow ;
 And I thought I heard Him say,
 As He came along His way,—
 " O precious souls," &c.

At last I stopp'd to listen,
 His voice could ne'er deceive me ;
 I saw His kind eyes glisten,
 So anxious to relieve me ;
 And I thought I heard Him say,
 As He came along His way,—
 " O precious souls," &c.

I thought His love would weaken,
 As more and more He knew me ;
 But it burned like a beacon,
 And its light and heat go through me ;
 And I ever hear Him say,
 As He goes along His way,—
 " O precious souls," &c.

Let us do, then, dearest brothers,
 What will best and longest please us ;
 Follow not the ways of others,
 But trust ourselves to Jesus ;
 We will ever hear Him say,
 As He goes along His way,—
 " O precious souls," &c.

THE HINDU VILLAGE.

As you travel along the broad and sunny rivers of Bengal, you notice belts or knots of trees scattered amongst the wide rice-fields, which everywhere extend almost down to the water-side. You will hear the distant lowing of cattle, the shrill crow of the cock, and the familiar bark of the dog, but there is no sign, seemingly, of a human habitation. You will see cows feeding comfortably on the short grass that fringes the bank, and goats tethered to shrubs growing along the well-trodden footpath that lies between the fields and the river. You will observe other footpaths winding their zigzag way from the water's edge to the woods beyond ; and not unfrequently, lying along the bank where these paths terminate, you will find long, narrow fishing-canoes, fastened by ropes to poles stuck into the soft mud ; showing plainly that you are in the neighbourhood of men who cultivate these fields, and own these cattle, and use these boats. Still you see nobody, and begin to wonder where the people have gone to.

But now let us get on shore, and follow the pathway that leads to yonder clump of trees. You have a mile to walk, but I think you will enjoy the exercise. The morning is fresh, and the sun will not grow hot for two or three hours yet, so we may stroll along leisurely. The rice crop promises well, and is fast ripening. As long as the rice is in the

husk we call it paddy, and the natives call it *dhan* ; when separated from the shell it becomes *chaool* ; and when it is cooked it becomes *bhat*. Rice is the staple food of the Bengalees, who could do no more without it than you could without bread. They eat it boiled, and flavoured with vegetables or fish-curry, made pungent with chillies. Chillies are the Indian capsicum. Do you see that field on your right, with the dark green plant on it, growing like miniature trees ? That is a chilli field. Observe how the plants are laden at every tiny branch with the capsules, that hang from them like ladies' eardrops, some green, some golden, some fiery red. No village is without its chilli plantations. The people cannot do without chillies in their food.

The field before you, decked out in yellow blossoms, is a mustard field. The mustard is cultivated for the sake of the seed, from which an oil is expressed. Possibly, when we get to the nearest village, I shall be able to show you an oil-mill. The Bengalees use the mustard-oil in the preparation of their food, and in the lighting of their houses. They are also fond of anointing their bodies with it after their morning bath, and of applying it outwardly as an unfailing remedy for all aches and pains that flesh is heir to.

And now look at that field of tall sugar-canes, as they are clustered together, with their bright green spear-shaped leaves waving to the wind. The knotted stems of some of them are still green, but thick and juicy ; others are yellow, and fast sweetening in the sun. You may possibly see a sugar-mill too in the village we are coming to. This broad prickly-leaved plant that you see in this plot of ground on your left is what is known in some of your conservatories at home as the egg-plant. We call it the brinjal : the natives call it bagoon. The fruit, you will observe, is not white, like the specimens you are familiar with, but of a dark purple. It is cooked in curries, and sometimes roasted whole, and then flavoured with chillies and vinegar.

And now we have come nearer the belt of trees we saw from the river. It is composed of clusters of the graceful bamboo, growing side by side with the sturdy banyan, the neem, the jack, the mango, and numerous broad-leaved plantain trees. Under their sheltering boughs, and in this cool retreat, are twenty or thirty mud-walled cottages. They are built irregularly, and are in some instances separated from each other by hedges, or by walls of matting. Three or four huts, built round an open square, form a homestead, and accommodate severally the parents, the married sons of the family, and the smaller children. The fourth is a kitchen or cook-house, to which may be appended a cow-shed or a store-room, and a large stack of hay. Each homestead is surrounded by a high fence or mat-wall, and is thus entirely hidden from the public view. A number of these homesteads form a village, and present, on the whole, a striking as well as an interesting scene.

Standing at the entrance leading into one of them, you may watch the family at work. In one, the women, young and old, work at a treadmill, where the rice is beaten out of its shell ; whilst a second group are handling the wicker sieves which separate the husk from the corn. At the doorway of yonder hut stands a spinning-wheel, with heaps of raw cotton by its side, and the grandmother is replenishing her reel. Else-

where they are grinding at a stone mill, in which lentils are loosened from the pod, and made ready for the market. Thus employed, the household pass the livelong day; and in the evening sit quietly in the open court, smoking their hookahs and chewing the pawn leaf and betel-nut. Their children play around them, or join their companions in the lanes at races, top-spinning, and other games.

The men are usually employed in the fields, or in conveying the produce of their labour to distant markets. At night they go out a-fishing in the little boats we have already seen moored to the bank. These boats are long and narrow, and easy to manage. They are propelled by paddles, which are worked by the foot as dexterously as by the hand, and shoot across the water with wonderful swiftness. The fishermen continue far into the night plying their nets, and rowing up and down the moonlit waters, beguiling the long hours with songs, whose refrains are often joined in by voices from distant boats in different parts of the river. Sometimes, instead of fishing, these villagers, when they are evil-disposed, go out to plunder the boats laden with merchandise that may be moving up and down the rivers. They are then known as *da-coits*, and need to be carefully looked after by the river police.

That continuous screeching, screaming sound that you hear as you pass through the village comes from the oil-mills. Look in at yonder shed: a patient bullock, blindfolded, is for ever pacing round and round, yoked to a horizontal pole which is attached to a perpendicular beam; this beam passes through a large wooden socket, through which, too, the mustard-seed passes in between the huge grinding-stones. The bullocks are well trained to their monotonous labour, and need no watching to be kept going. The mill keeps working all through the night as well as by day. It is in mills very similarly constructed, and worked also by bullocks, that the juice of the sugar-cane is extracted.

When matters of great importance or of general interest need to be discussed, the heads of families assemble for the purpose under the shade of one of their largest trees. There, seated in a circle, they talk in loud tones, and often with angry gestures, until the headman, or *mundul* of the village, utters his decision as the decision of all others, and so ends the dispute. Under some such tree the Missionary takes his stand. The spot is well chosen, for most of the people, as they go to and fro, must pass by it.

At first the women and children take flight, and the men stand gazing suspiciously at the white-faced intruder. They say in undertones, "It is the Magistrate Sahib come to punish us for some evil committed in the village." A Missionary once tried to calm the fears of a villager by chatting with him familiarly about his field and cattle. He succeeded, after a little difficulty, in drawing him out into pleasant talk. His wife, however, who had listened behind the door, still continued suspicious; and fearing that her husband might have his own words turned against him, and might be suddenly seized and carried off, she cried out, "What a fool you are! Cannot you come away? Don't you know that he will suddenly seize you, and take you to the police station? Run in, and I'll shut the door!"—*Scenes among which we labour.*

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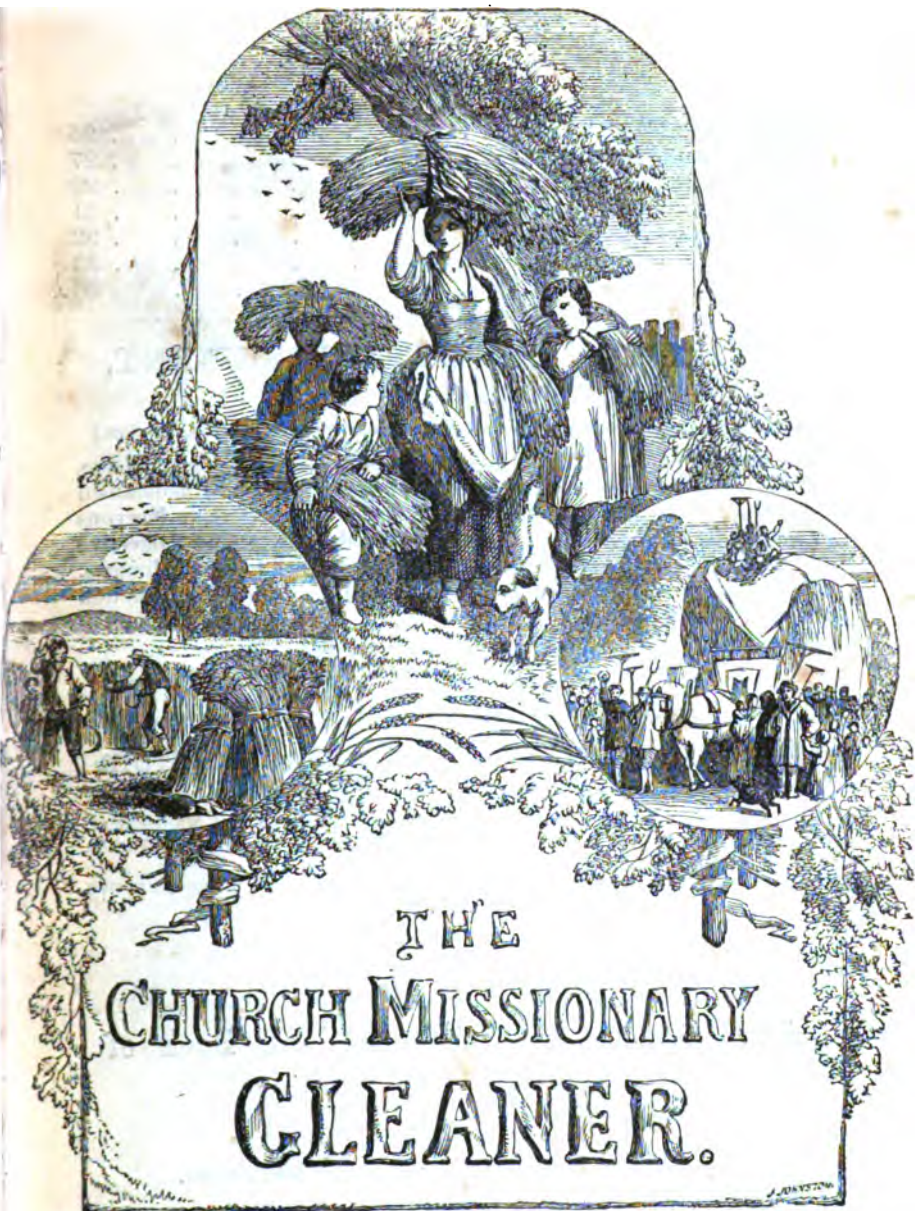
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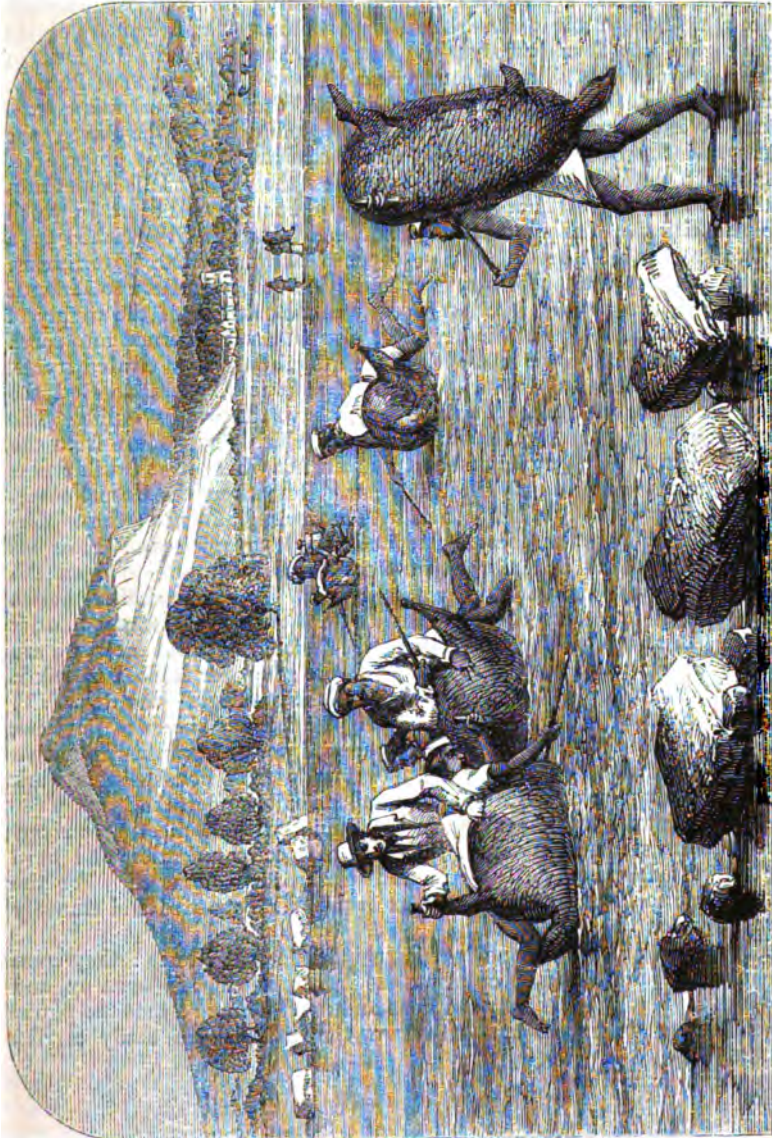
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THE PUNJAB.

WE ought to be well acquainted with this territory, for there is no portion of India more important in a political sense, or more interesting in a Missionary point of view. On the north it is bounded by one of the



CROSSING THE BEARS, A RIVER IN THE PUNJAB

March 1869.

Himalayan ranges, and on the west by other ranges, the Khyber and the Suleiman. It is traversed by five large streams, the sources of which lie amidst the mountains to the north, and which, breaking forth into the lowlands at different points, gradually approach each other, until four of them unite in one stream, which at Mittunkote merges in the Indus; the great river thus formed pursuing its course southward through Sindh, until it enters the Indian Ocean. The five rivers divide the region into four doabs, as the tracts inclosed between the forks of the rivers are termed in the country, and give to it the name of Punjab, or "Country of Five Rivers." The names of the rivers, reckoning from west to east, are the Indus, the Jhelum, the Chenab, the Ravee, the Beas and the Sutlej. The doabs of the east are the most productive, especially the one between the Ravee and the Beas. It is sometimes called the Manja, and is peopled chiefly by Sikhs; and this tract, in which lie the cities of Lahore and Umritsur, has been greatly enriched by a network of canals, opened at the expense of the British Government. Water is everywhere necessary to the earth, but particularly so in lands exposed to the powerful action of eastern suns: there, if the supply of water be sufficient, there is fertility, else the soil is turned into sand. There are therefore to be met with in the Punjab vast uncultivated tracts, and others which are like a garden. If man is to yield to God the pleasant fruits of righteousness, he must have the waters of life. The Gospel of Christ is the fertilizing stream which flows down from the grace of God. Without this, man, it matters not where, is as a wilderness to God, and yields only thorns and briers. But where the Gospel comes in the power of the Spirit, it comes with renewing influence; the wilderness and solitary places become glad, and the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose. This is the work of the Christian church—to open the channels whereby the waters may flow onward. We have had Missionaries in the Punjab ever since the great battles on the Sutlej were fought, and it became British territory, and open to Missionaries; and now we are commencing a new effort, on which we would pray our readers to ask a blessing: two clergymen, formerly fellows of their colleges—the Rev. T. V. French, and the Rev. J. W. Knott, having just left the shores of England, that they may give themselves to the special work of training up native Missionaries in the Punjab. So important do they consider this work to be, that they gave up valuable incumbencies to undertake it.

A man cannot travel very far in the Punjab without meeting a river. These rivers work both ways: they interrupt communication and have to be crossed, and they also are water-roads for commerce. For the latter purpose there are various boats in use, flat-bottomed and clumsily formed, yet strong and safe.

For crossing rivers the natives have a simple contrivance: they cross on inflated buffalo and sheep-skins, the mouth of which is sewn up, and the legs made air-tight below the knee and hock-joints, so that the figure is somewhat preserved, and on these the natives are easily carried across.

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THESE are three new stations at the mouth of the Niger.

Our readers are aware that the Niger is a great water-road into the very heart of Africa, and we are anxious that, as it has been often used to carry on the slave-trade, so now that it should be used to introduce into the interior that Gospel of peace which puts an end to slave-trading. Stations were commenced some ten years ago at one or two places along the banks as far as the Confluence, that is, the point, about three hundred miles from the sea, where the Quorra from the north-west, and the Tshadda from the east, unite and form the Niger. More recently it has been felt, in order to obtain free access to these places, that the entrance into the river should be secured by conciliating the good-will of the natives thereabouts, and that this could best be done by commencing among them Missionary Stations.

Now at a certain distance from the sea the channel of the Niger, which had previously been confined between high banks, reaches a lowland district, one indeed of its own formation, made by the deposits of successive inundations. Here the river has found itself at liberty to do as it pleased, and breaks up into various branches, one flowing in a south-westerly direction, others to the south-east, the main channel running straight on to the southern coast. One branch to the south-west is called the Bonny, and at the point where this enters the sea one new station is placed. The direct channel is called the Nun, and at the mouth of this Akassa stands. Between Akassa and Bonny is a kind of backwater, or connecting channel which is called the Brass River, and there stands the third of these stations.

Now our readers must bear in mind that the whole of this Niger work is carried on by native Missionaries—Africans engaged in the evangelization of Africans. That the Mission may be strong it must be united; and as, in order to union, there must be a head, and the other members working subordinately, one of the Missionaries, whose age and experience, and tried Christian character, qualified him for such an office, has been appointed Bishop, with power to ordain fitting men as the necessities of the Mission require it.

We shall first speak of Bonny. The people of this place applied to Bishop Crowther for a Missionary. Now the Bishop is very careful not to put the Society at home to more expense than is absolutely necessary. He knows the less is the cost of a Mission, the greater the prospect is of its being enlarged. Expensive Missions contract themselves. From the very first, therefore, he has been anxious that these stations should become, to some extent at least, self-supporting; and when King Pepple—a native chief who had been in England, and who had been baptized there—sent to him for a Missionary, he told him at once that if the chiefs of Bonny wished for one they must contribute to his support. This they have done, having engaged to bear half the expenses of the Mission.

Two native agents have been placed at Bonny, a school opened, and, after a time, the children were examined in the presence of the King and chiefs, and their answers astonished every one. Since then the light has been making way, and some of the grosser superstitions have been given

up. One of these was referred to in a previous number of the "Gleaner,"—the slaughter by the people of the iguanas, or great lizards, which they used to reverence as gods, and which, taking advantage of the licence which was given them, intruded their slimy bodies everywhere.

Now there was a grove between the Mission-house and the town, and the want of a road through it greatly interfered with attendance at the school. The Bishop, on one occasion, brought with him a pony from Lagos to compensate for the length of the way between the Mission station and Bonny town, and to expedite his own movements. Such a phenomenon had never been seen in Bonny before. The sensation was extreme. "The beast that carried a man" excited universal astonishment, and the Bishop soon found himself with a motley crowd at his heels, so that he was glad to get rid of the pony and the crowd by handing over the pony and its admirers to his son Dandeson, and sending him on to ride about the town, otherwise the pony, instead of helping, would have hindered him in getting through his work; but for a whole week the Mission premises were turned into a kind of zoological garden, the people coming daily in from the surrounding villages that they might see the beast that carried a man.

However, one pony could not carry all the schoolchildren, and a road through the grove became urgent. The grove was, however, a sacred grove. No sacrilegious axe had ever profaned it, and the gods, such as they were, had been left in undisturbed possession of it. It was a bold request that had been made to the king and chiefs, that they would permit a road to be opened right through it; but it was made, and, beyond their expectations, granted. No time was lost in making use of the permission, for the wills of heathen princes are proverbially inconstant, and what is permitted to-day may be forbidden to-morrow. Early in the morning the Bishop rose, called all his people round him, and, seizing a cutlass, desired each of them to do the same, for, the grove being sacred, none of the natives would help them. Thus armed, they sallied forth to carry on an uncompromising warfare with the trees, so as to open a path through the wood from one end to the other. Never had such a bruit been heard in that grove before. If the gods, whose dreary temple it had so long been, were not aroused from their slumbers, it was not from want of noise, for the blows fell thickly, and the trees groaned heavily as they fell. At length the guardians of the sacred precincts began to stir, and a large snake, gliding forth from its hiding-place, startled the intruders, who gave way for a moment, but, recovering themselves, put the snake to death. But now appeared new avengers, sharp-stinged and vindictive. Some hollow trees had been long the home of swarms of bees. There they had deposited the golden treasures they had collected, and these they came forward to defend. The native agents proved sufficiently vulnerable, as they had but little clothing on. They bore up bravely for a while, but soon the pain could no longer be endured, and, casting away their weapons, which, however destructive to the trees, were powerless against the bees, they betook themselves to an ignominious flight. It was otherwise with the Bishop. Ridiculous as the matter seemed to be, it might nevertheless turn out very serious, for if they all fled from the wood the people of Bonny would be sure to say that the gods had

driven them out. Armed in a panoply of European clothing, all except his face and hands, he thought that he could brave the bees, and that, encouraged by his example, his people would be sure to rally round him, and so win the day. Onward, therefore, he rushed, but the bees seemed instinctively to detect the weak point of the defences, and attacked him in the face with such fury that he too was compelled to a quick retreat. Brave but unhappy bees!—their doom was soon sealed, for as the shades of night fell, fires, stealthily lighted round the homes they had so valiantly defended, suffocated them all, and the next day, no doubt to the great discomfiture of the heathen priests, the new road through the sacred grove opened into the town of Bonny.

These may seem to some small details, yet a failure would have seriously obstructed further progress. He who would achieve great results must begin with trivial matters, and the man who thinks them unworthy of his notice shows that he does not understand and is not fitted for such a work as this. The Apostle's exhortation is, "in malice be ye children, in understanding, men." Amongst these African tribes, this is reversed. In understanding, indeed, they are children: would we could say in malice also. It is a common sense, and for that reason a very rare greatness, which does not deem a little opportunity unworthy of attention, but carefully stoops to pick it up. We have often admired the movement of an elephant's trunk, which will tear the strong branches from a tree, and lift heavy timbers, and yet with delicate touch take a biscuit or an apple from a child's hand; and we have often marked with admiration the action of Nasmyth's great hammer in the dockyards, when, divesting itself for a moment of the ponderous force wherewith it smites the heated mass, it touches the nut that is placed on the anvil at its mercy with such a gentle and admirably adjusted force, as to break the shell, and leave the kernel unbroken and unbruised.

That, indeed, is the great mind, which, when lesser duties require attention, deals with them as carefully and conscientiously as though they were great things.

We have much more to say at another time on the subject of these Niger Missions.

ADAM'S PEAK, CEYLON.

CEYLON is a pear-shaped island. The narrowest part, where the pear seems to have been broken off from the stem, points northward, and lies nearest to the mainland of India: to the south the island is broader. In the centre of this south limb of the island is a mountain range, the highest peaks of which rise, one of them, to the height of 8280 feet: another, Adam's Peak, to 7420. This latter is a place of pilgrimage, for the natives believe that Buddha stood there, leaving on the spot the imprint of his sacred foot. There is a hollow place in the rock, about five feet long and two broad. This is the supposed footmark, and around it the priests have placed a ring of brass, ornamented with a few gems of trifling value.

Recently some Missionaries climbed these heights, and we find a narrative of their enterprise in the "Wesleyan Missionary Notices." But

we consider we have a joint-partnership in it, because, of the three Missionaries who climbed together, two belonged to the Church Missionary Society, and one to the Wesleyans. We shall take the liberty, therefore, of selecting and putting together briefly the main features of the narrative, so that our readers also shall have the opportunity of climbing the "aerial ascent." They passed through the coffee estates, where the Tamil Coolies are growing the coffee, and our native catechists, Tamils also, are bringing the Coolies under Christian cultivation, so that, as the earth brings forth fruit for the use of man, they also shall bring forth fruit to God. At length they reached a point about twenty miles from the Peak, where they had to leave their horses and trust to their feet, taking with them a guide and provisions for the way; for beyond, with the exception of a pilgrim's lone hut, they would meet with no human habitation. The pathway was like human life, up and down, mountains and valleys, rivers and streams, about nine feet wide, leading through the midst of a forest, with the stumps of the trees which had been cut down standing about. It was often very difficult, and sometimes even dangerous; but it was shaded, for the surrounding forest was so thick and high as to exclude the sun, and thus the air was cool and pleasant. The worst part to climb was up the Peak itself, an ascent of 4000 feet, and in some places the ascent being steeper than the pyramids; but steps had been cut on the rock, and chains placed to help the travellers. About half way up the forest ceases, and the bare rock stands forth. On reaching the summit the traveller finds himself standing on a platform of rock, not more than twenty yards square, while on every side there is a precipitous depth of from 3000 to 5000 feet. The view, as may be conceived, was very grand. Westward might be seen villages and houses, while, looking inland, a vast sea of forest was partially hidden by a veil of fleecy clouds.

Dangers had to be guarded against: one was, lest they should be bled to death by land-leeches; another was, meeting with wild elephants, whose foot-marks were often so fresh as plainly to show that the huge animals had only just left the spot to get away from the travellers.

Many pilgrims were met, in bodies of forty or fifty, toiling on wearily to and from the mountain. There were old men and women; strong men and maidens; youths of both sexes; and even infants in arms. Some were evidently ill; others so wearied as to need the strong arm of another at every step. The fatigue is great, and the expense also; and truly it may be said of them that "they spend their money for that which is not bread, and their labour for that which satisfieth not." What they seek is *merit*—merit that will save; and this they hope to gain by enduring the pains and penalties of this wearisome pilgrimage, during which many die. Merit sinners need, so that we may be accounted righteous before God; but this has been obtained for us by Him who came forth from the glory which He had with His Father before the world was, and, entering upon a weary pilgrimage through this world, finished His work by offering himself for us, a full, perfect and sufficient sacrifice, oblation and satisfaction; so that by Him "all that believe are justified from all things. When shall men come and look on His foot-marks, for "He has left us an example that we should follow His steps."

On descending from the Peak, they found assembled at its foot such a strange mixture of races and people, some intent on going forward, others, having fulfilled their vow, and having rendered their homage at the sacred foot-print. The Mohammedan had climbed the peak to do homage at the shrine of Adam; the Hindu to worship at that of Siva; Singhalese also had come to see the Sri Peda, or illustrious foot of Gautama Buddha; for of those poor blinded devotees, one said the foot-print was that of Adam, another claimed it for Siva; another for Buddha. The Missionaries spoke to and reasoned with the people as they had opportunity. There was no rudeness, no opposition: nay, by some of the people there was kindness shown. They shared their jaggery and oranges with our brethren, and very refreshing they found them after their toilsome climb. May they be willing to accept at our hands the better things that we would gladly share with them!

LABOUR FOR CHRIST.

Come, labour on!

Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
While all around him waves the golden grain?
And to each servant does the Master say,
"Go, work to-day!"

Come, labour on!

High office which the angels cannot share—
To young and old the Gospel message bear:
Redeem the time, its hours too swiftly fly,
The night draws nigh.

Come, labour on!

The labourers are few, the field is wide,
New stations must be filled, and blanks supplied;
From voices distant far, or near at home,
The call is "Come!"

Come, labour on!

The enemy is watching night and day,
To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away:
While we in sleep our duty have forgot,
He slumbereth not!

Come, labour on!

Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear;
No arm so weak but may do service here:
By feeblest agents can our God fulfil
His righteous will!

Come, labour on!

No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
Till the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,—
"Servants, well done!"

Come, labour on!

The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure;
Blessed are those who to the end endure:
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
O Lord, with thee!

RAJPOOTANA.

IN our last Number we mentioned the famine which was threatening this province, and which is now, we fear, at its height. News, however, reached us by the last mail, which leads us to hope that rain may have fallen.

It is remarkable how evil is made to work for good ; so much so, that in many instances the good never would have been reached if the sorrow had not prepared the way for it. Rajpootana has been a neglected province. No one knew much about it, and no one very much cared to know. Yet in extent it is larger than the North-west Provinces, and within its limits are grouped together a number of native States, under British influence, but ruled by their native princes, chiefly Rajpoots, who are not interfered with by the paramount authority, except they grossly abuse their power. In the midst of them lies a British district called Ajmerc, which is directly under British government, and whose improving condition contrasts favourably with that of the native districts around.

In some of these native States nothing has been done to mitigate the horrors of the famine. Such is the case with Marwar, and, we fear, with Jodhpore, both under native princes. The people, left without help, have one only resource left—to emigrate ; and so they flock into the British districts, which, having husbanded their resources, have enough to support their own population, but find them unequal to these new and unexpected demands.

In the British districts much has been done. In that of Mairwara very little rain fell. Famine works were immediately commenced. We were told lately, that, at an over-crowded English workhouse, the able-bodied men were set to work to displace so much sand one day, and put it back into the old place the next. The works done in Mairwara are not of this kind. They are what we call remunerative : they will pay. One of these is the opening of a road through the Burr Pass, and thus through the mountains which obstruct the trade between Ajmere and Bombay. From 6000 to 8000 poor, with 300 cattle, are daily employed there, at a cost of 800 rupees a day, and it is estimated that there are sufficient funds to maintain on the pass all who can work until July next. Taking Ajmere as a centre, another road is being made across the hills westward into Jodhpore ; another to Jeypore, on the north-east, so as to bring the suffering districts into communication with the great main line which runs from Agra southward. Other roads are being made for the relief of the districts to the south-east. Rajpootana, like Orissa, has been neglected, and now the famine has forced it into notice.

It is to be feared, indeed, that in some of the districts which are most disadvantageously circumstanced, notwithstanding all that can be done, great distress already prevails. In the remote parts of Bikaneer, numbers it is said have already perished from want of water. In the semi-desert state of Jeysulmeer the inhabitants have left in such numbers, that those who remain are but a minority. Yet these districts were once densely peopled. But the forests have been cut down, and there have been no vegetable deposits supplying new sources of fertility : the hot winds have

carried away the lighter portions of the soil, and only sand has been left; there have been no trees to attract the clouds; the rainfall has been deficient, perhaps has failed altogether, and the springs have dried up.

Meanwhile all who can leave flock into British territory, and it is said that some of these emigrants have offered their children for sale at from three to five rupees per head.

Our readers will no doubt feel pained at accounts like these. May they not help us to realise a worse famine, which involves not merely hundreds of thousands, but hundreds of millions; not "a famine of bread, or a thirst for water, but of hearing the words of the Lord." If men feel for the one, how is it they are so little affected by the other? Is the famine which destroys the body so perilous as that which destroys the soul? See the British officials, how they toil and labour to meet the crisis of physical famine, and contrast it with the inertness of Christians who profess to commiserate the destitution of the heathen, and yet do so little for their relief? And is it true that men at home, who call themselves Christian, and yet cannot be aroused to any active effort to communicate their Christianity to those who need it, are beginning to lose it themselves? How many persons are there not in England who have lost the essence of Christianity, not merely by being outside its influence, but by the denial of its distinctive doctrines? How much infidelity, not secret and disguised as it used to be of old, but open and avowed, now exists in England?

If we wish to conserve our Christianity, let us be active and earnest in communicating it to others. If we propose to ourselves to adopt a medium course, to shake off all responsibility about our heathen brother, and yet conserve our Christianity for our own use, we shall be disappointed—God will not suffer it. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." There are many things which increase by use, and diminish by want of usage, and our sense of the value of Christianity is one of these. The more we pray and strive to extend its blessings, the more we shall prize it for ourselves. In denying it to others we are learning to disregard it for ourselves.

ELLORE AND BEZWARA.

Two of our Missionaries have recently visited the Telugu country, and have given some interesting accounts of what they saw there. At this part of the coast two great rivers enter the sea, the Godavery to the north, and the Kistna to the south. The lowland, formed to a considerable extent by the deposits of these rivers, extends inland and westward for a distance of forty or fifty miles. It may well be called lowland, for at some distance from the sea it becomes more depressed than the shore, where sand ridges have been thrown up by the waves, and this may help our readers to understand how it was that the great tidal wave during the cyclone of Nov. 1864 wrought such havoc, including both loss of life and property, at our Mission station at Masulipatam; for when the sand ridge was overpassed,

there was nothing to arrest the spread of waters. Beyond the lowlands is seen the mountain range through which the rivers force their way from the far-off central and even western provinces.

The points visited, each being Church Missionary points, were Rajahmundry, on the Godavery ; Ellore, a town with 20,000 inhabitants; Bezvara on the Kistna, with 4000; and Masulipatam. At the three latter points they found much to interest. First let us take Ellore.

We started at 5 A.M., with the Missionary of the district, for a ride of sixteen miles across the country, to visit one of the most hopeful of the little congregations which have of late years begun to be gathered in. We spent ten minutes with some Christians five miles on our road, and went into their palmyra-thatched school-church, at the door of which they all assembled to greet their spiritual father and his two companions. Our journey thence was not very agreeably diversified by the pranks of the country pony, the only animal that could be procured for the occasion, one evidently, as the Irishman said, "not *amayneable* to the bit," and who, after maiming one of us by a good kick as he was dismounting, threw another of the party, and then bolted over the country. In spite of the delay thus caused, we reached the little village church in which we were to spend the day, by 10 o'clock, glad enough to find ourselves at the journey's end, for the sun was hot. It is a long, narrow building, its walls of mud and the roof of thatch, one end being walled off to make a room in which the Missionary may be accommodated on his periodical visits. It stands in a large churchyard, given over by the Zemindar, whose property the village is, upon the application of the Missionary, and that notwithstanding the opposition of his subordinates. In the same way this Zemindar spared a large tree in the centre of the street where the Christians live, and in the shade of which they carry on one essential part of their weaving operations, when he stripped all the other trees of the neighbourhood to feed his elephants.

In the evening I went into the Christians' street with the Missionary, and had a talk with them, mainly in reference to their heathen relatives. It was encouraging to hear that the twenty families still nominally heathen in the place have given up the worship of their idol, which used to stand under a tree now within the churchyard fence. Their main objections to professing themselves Christians are, (so their Christian relatives told me,) two, viz. that they would have to cease working on Sundays, and that they must abstain from eating carrion.

Next day we were disappointed in the hope of joining with these Christians in worship, through two of our number being laid up. However this gave an opportunity to the people of showing their kindly feeling. It was touching to see the solicitude with which the women particularly came to inquire after us, and to bring whatever remedies they fancied would benefit us. To one good woman who expressed her anxiety at my having to take so long a journey in such a state, I had remarked, "I am much more afraid of you, so young in the faith, so poor, and so ignorant, with so powerful an enemy as Satan opposed to you." "Oh!" said she, "why should you fear? God will not desert us." Our evening ride of ten miles was safely performed, and brought us to another

small congregation on the bank of the canal. We just had time to get a comfortable tea, and then the Ellore boats came up, and we bade good bye to our Missionary brother, and went on our way to Bezwara.

Let us go on with them to Bezwara, and make ourselves acquainted with some of the points of interest which they saw there.

It was Saturday morning when we arrived, and we found that arrangements had already been made for us to start that afternoon in order to spend the Sunday with an interesting congregation twenty-eight miles distant. The English and French astronomers, twenty miles off at Guntoor, had appropriated most of the scanty means of locomotion in the district; but by taking time by the forelock, and then riding and bandying alternately, we accomplished our appointed task, and by seven next morning were all three of us safely housed in the small Missionary bungalow erected in the tope outside the village in question, and were ready for the sacred services of the day. At eleven we went in single file along the foot-path through a field of rising corn to the village church, a chunammed, tile building, which would perhaps hold, if crammed, 200 people. It looked fairly full with the 139 that were counted in it. The men and boys sat in front, the women and girls behind. In the centre, looking like the patriarch of his tribe, with a grave and somewhat heavy-looking countenance, sat Venkiah, the first convert. Nearer us on either side were three or four young Christian schoolmasters. The people present had come from various Christian villages, one of which is twenty miles distant. The service commenced with a hymn sung to a native tune, in which many joined, including some of the women: portions of the prayers were read in Telugu. One of the young schoolmasters read the Second Lesson, and I preached (the Missionary himself interpreting) from the appropriate words which occurred in the Epistle for the day, "Ye know that we were Gentiles, carried away unto these dumb idols."

In the afternoon we went again to church for a second service, very similar to that of the morning. It was preceded, however, by a sort of Sunday school, in which both children and adults were pupils, Venkiah and the young schoolmasters being the teachers. Texts of Scripture were committed to memory. Some of the classes were in the church, some in the broad chunammed verandah outside. It was very interesting to watch this line-upon-line self-instruction going on. We were to start early next morning. The poor people, who showed the same naturalness and affectionateness as the villagers in the Ellore district, came back with us in the afternoon, and sat round us in the verandah of the little bungalow in the tope till we retired to rest. I tried to say the few sentences I knew in Telugu, and they helped me out. But when I repeated, "Man can build a house, can he make the stones for it?" Venkiah said, "No, he cannot even build the house, for the wisdom and strength for doing so must all come from God." I was struck with the apparently comfortable circumstances of these people. Though of a low caste according to Hindu notions, yet many of them wore golden earrings, and some of them had double silver chains round their waist. Only three heads of houses remain heathen, and in one at least of these the younger members (married sons) show an evident wish to embrace Christ-

ianity. On the way home after service in the afternoon, a shower had driven us for shelter to a shed near one of these heathens' house; and we had a good deal of talk with its owner, a fine hale-looking old man. His main excuse was, "God had not given him a mind to be a Christian." The Christians clustered round, and seemed very interested in our talk with him. The account of Venkiah's conversion is striking. His is one of those few instances in which there was a real earnest "feeling after" the truth, and after the Saviour, before any clear testimony concerning Christianity had been received. His prayer at that time was very remarkable: "O God, who art Thou? Where art Thou? Show me Thyself!" And he had a confidence that he should be heard. But his story has often been told in Missionary periodicals, and need not here be repeated.

The case of Venkiah was given to our readers four years ago in the pages of the "Gleaner." It is worth while to go back to our volume for 1865, page 22, and read what is there said of him. It is very pleasant to hear of him again. Interesting cases come before us from time to time, and then they disappear, and we hear no more of them. Very gratifying it is, after several years, to meet them again, and find that they have been kept steadfast, immoveable, and doing their Lord's work.

There are other points of interest in the account which our Missionaries have given us of our Telugu stations, but we have no place for them in this Number.

JAPAN.

It appears that Japan is not yet open to Missionaries, in the same sense in which China is; for in China, according to the terms of the Tien-tsin treaty, Missionaries may rent a house, and reside and teach the people, and distribute the Scriptures *where they will*. But the treaty signed by Great Britain with Japan at Yeddo, on August 26th, 1858, "takes, there is reason to fear, no notice of Missionaries or their labours." It accords to British subjects the privilege of residence at certain free ports for commercial purposes, the free exercise of their religion, and the erection of suitable buildings for that purpose.

Again, there is nothing that refers to the protection of Japanese converts at present. By their country's laws they are liable to fine, imprisonment, exile, nay, even death itself. In China, on the contrary, no Chinese convert can be persecuted avowedly on the ground that he is a Christian. The anti-Christian statutes of Japan are not a dead letter, having been recently put in force against certain native Romanists. Their lives have indeed been spared on the intercession of the European converts, but they have been sent into exile.

Missionaries do, however, reside in Japan, and are unmolested. They travel, learn the language, translate the Scriptures, teach the natives by conversation and class instruction, and by preaching, on the Mission premises, the truths of Christianity; and have even baptized natives. But it cannot be said that in Japan there is as yet the possibility of an open proclamation of the Gospel.

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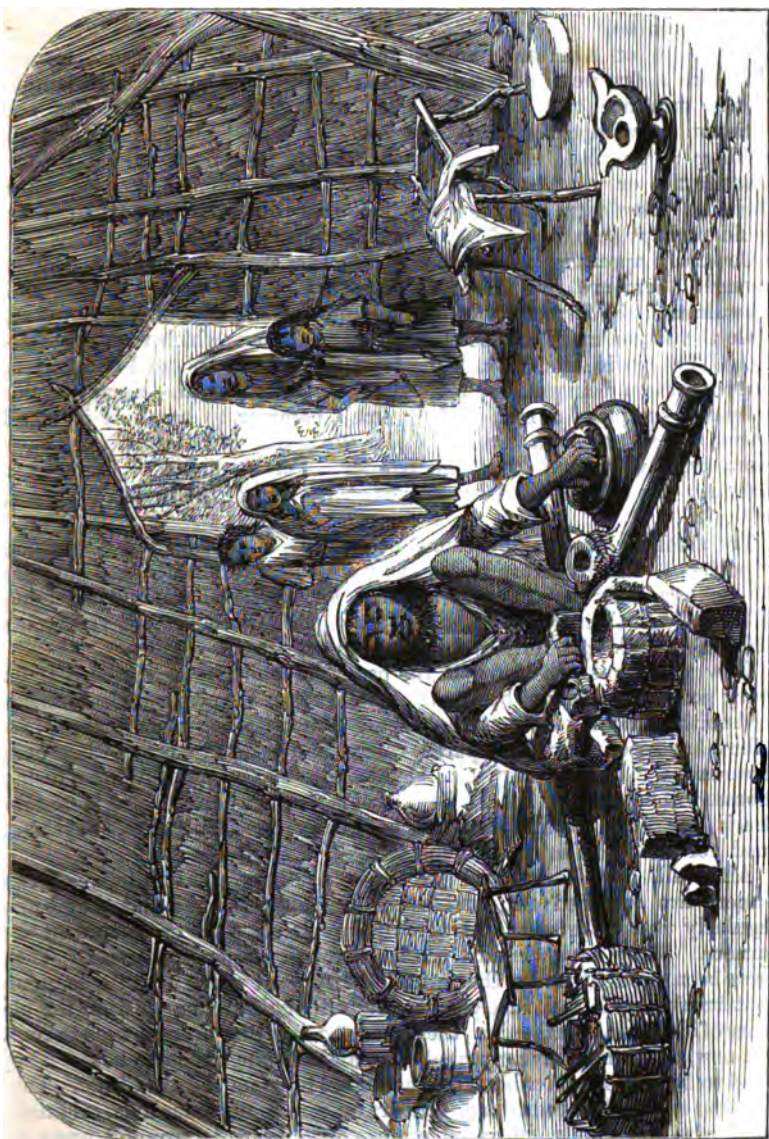
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THE KOOMBARS.

In our February Number we introduced a picture of the town of Khetree, lying at the foot of the Arabullee range of hills—the same hills through which roads are now being opened for the relief of the famine in Raj-



KOOMBAR MAKING A SMELTING FURNACE FOR COPPER ORE.

April 1869.

E

pootana. They run across the province in a direction from north-east to south-west until they join the west extremity of the Vindya range, which, forming the northern boundary of the Nerbudda valley, crosses the peninsula of India from east to west.

About the spot where the town of Khetree stands some lofty spurs are thrown out from the main range, and these are rich in mines of iron copper, alum &c.

The town of Khetree contains about 1000 or 1500 houses, among which are a few wealthy families, one of which has built a large temple at the entrance of the town. What a pity these idolaters had not Christian knowledge, for then they would have used their money, not in building a temple, but in making Christ known to their fellow-townsmen; or what a pity it is that those among us who have Christian knowledge have not the idolaters' liberality, for then they would perhaps help forward the evangelization of India.

Generally speaking, the people of Khetree are poor, and the poorest amongst them are the miners. These are of two races, Hindus and Mussulmans, the former working the alum and sulphate of copper works, while the Mussulmans confine themselves to the ores which require smelting. The one is brought into the town in baskets, and sold by auction, the purchasers being Mussulman Bhoras. The Bhorah—money-lender or trader—employs a man with a small hammer to break it in small pieces, which are then brought under the action of "Ghuns," or heavy hammers, and reduced to a fine powder. For six hours of hard work each day the Ghun labourer receives at the end of the month 5 rupees, or 4s. 2d.

The smelting process now commences. This is done by the Koombars, or potters. The Koobar builds and works his own furnace, and supplies the bellows, four people being required for each furnace, and receiving collectively as their wages 11 rupees a month. Our engraving represents a Koobar making a furnace for smelting copper ore.

How numerous the castes of the people of India! In northern India every possible profession has its separate caste. Carpenters, blacksmiths, goldsmiths, bricklayers, potters, barbers, confectioners, washermen, spirit-sellers, have each their own separate castes, and eat and marry within only those castes. How are they to be blended into one people? What a fusing process will be required here. Yet there is One in whom "there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, but Christ is all and in all."

After all, our Missionaries are the true miners and smelters. When sinners are searched out, and so far wrought upon as that they come regularly under Christian instruction, they are like the ore placed in the furnace. They have already passed through various processes. They have been brought under the action of that word which is as "a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces." But although broken off from the old mass of idolatrous heathenism, they need the smelting process, so as to come out new, old things having passed away and all things become new. They need to be melted and subdued, so as to fuse into one body in Christ. This, to some extent, has been done. In Travancore some thousands, originally of diverse and wholly separated castes, have been so wrought upon by

the power of Christian truth as to become one people and one church—Brahmins, Nairs, Chogans, Syrians, Arrians, slaves. And what has been done there, may be done in other parts of India.

Let our Missionaries toil on—some as the miners, searching for the treasure where they can find it; some building their furnaces, although, in the estimation of the wise men of this world, they are no better than Koombars, or potters. Let them not be discouraged. They have already prepared and transferred into the Lord's treasury much that came into their hands in a rude state, but which, through the Lord's blessing on their work, has become refined and purified.—“Such were some of you; but ye are washed, ye are sanctified, ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God.”

AKIBODE.

It is now twenty-five years since Badagry, a native town inhabited by Popos, and situated on the coast between Lagos on the east and Porto Novo on the west, was first visited by our Missionaries. Abeokuta was their destination, but they found a war raging, and, the way being blocked up, were obliged to remain for a short time at Badagry, and there they preached the Gospel.

We soon read of the priest of Ifa as being constantly present at the services on the Lord's-day. In various ways this man showed his interest in the Mission, so much so, that he was accused by his friends of receiving payment from the Missionaries, and that he was thus induced to attend their services, and send his children to their school. He had an interview with the Rev. C. A. Gollmer on this matter, which much troubled him. At that time he had taken off the charms which he had been wont to wear about his neck, and he then made the following remarkable declaration—“I only wait for the day when God will give me strength and resolution to rid my arms of the others. That shall be the day, the decisive day, when I and my whole family will entirely forsake Ifa, and become the Lord's.” That was in 1848.

At one time, when Badagry was in great excitement, and a civil war imminent, Akibode was on the point of removing his two children from the Mission school, and retiring, with the rest of his family, to Pokia, a town about nine miles distant. He asked the advice of Mr. Gollmer. “You may go,” was the reply, “but as for me and my house, we commit ourselves to God, and in Him we will put our trust.” These words fell on his heart: he reflected on them; and, the day after, he came, and said, “I cannot take my boys away from you, for I will, with you, put my trust in God.”

Soon after, Dahomey attacked Abeokuta, and was defeated. Kosoko, who was in league with Dahomey, attempted to possess himself of Badagry, and Akibode fled to Ado, a town lying between Badagry

and Abeokuta. Ado and Abeokuta had been enemies, and after the defeat of Dahomey our Missionaries came from Abeokuta to Ado as peace-makers between the people of that town and the Egbas. There they found their old friend Akibode, and very useful he made himself. He assured the Ado chiefs that they might trust the white men, and advised them to follow their advice. On the morning of the day when the Missionary and the chiefs were to meet in conference, he made his little boy, Philip Ije, read a chapter to the chiefs from his English Bible, and a large portion of prayers from the Yoruba Prayer-book, to all which they listened with attention.

Yet, hopeful as he seemed to be, year after year passed away, and still Akibode continued to halt between two opinions. He was indeed an unwise son, lingering thus in a perilous position; convinced of the truth of Christianity, yet unwilling to part with all his gains and influence as the priest of Ifa, that he might follow Christ. Such cases are like the spring of the present year. A month back vegetation promised to be so forward; but the cold and cutting winds have kept it back, and it looks so pinched and perished, that we do not know when it will unfold. How forbearingly God dealt with him, sparing him from year to year, as still from year to year he tarried outside the open door, often invited, yet undecided; on the threshold, yet not within the refuge.

At length came the year 1868—twenty years after there had been hopeful mention of his name in the reports of our Missionaries. His case had become almost hopeless; when, at the eleventh hour, at an unexpected moment, came the following letter to Mr. Gollmer, dated Badagry, August 20th, 1868, and signed “Akibode”—

You will doubtless be surprised if your attention is first drawn to the name subscribed at the end of this letter; but when you shall have read its contents, and considered its subject, as well as the author, your surprise will not be exactly and altogether changed, but it will be mingled with joy and gratitude to God for His wonderful and distinguishing mercy vouchsafed to unworthy me.

I am most thankful to inform you, that after mature consideration of my spiritual condition relative to the obstinate resistance I had formerly made to all arguments, persuasions and entreaties urged by yourself, and several other Missionaries who have laboured in this town, it has pleased the Lord to bless all those Christian efforts with success to my soul, and, after all, before it is too late, to bring me to my right mind, and to enlighten me to see the great folly of idolatry. About the 27th day of June this year, I was enabled to break through all my objections, prejudices and difficulties, and to renounce my Ifa, and everything else that was superstitious about me, and to enlist myself among the followers and children of Jesus Christ, the only Saviour of sinners, who has borne with me with such uncommon patience. Is it not wonderful that Akibode should become a believer? Though there is nothing too hard for the Lord, yet you, and all who knew me, must feel a debt of gratitude to the

all-patient, all-merciful Saviour of the world for having conquered such an obstinate rebel like me. So you will see that the madness which reigns in this, as in all other heathen countries, can be cured. You, among other Missionaries, were entrusted with the only remedy for such deeply-rooted and inveterate madness. That remedy you brought to this town and country at large, and you offered it to me. I refused it; but you compelled me to drink it when you used to visit me in my house here at Badagry, preaching the only true and right way of salvation to me. That remedy which you then compelled me to drink has taken the desired salutary effect, and cured me of my madness. And, feeling so greatly indebted to your instrumentality on my behalf, I cannot but adopt the present course of expressing my feeble thanks to you, and, through you, to all the other Missionaries who have ever spoken to me, such as the Rev. I. Smith, Rev. H. Townsend, and the Rev. A. Mann, whom you will soon see in England. I must also beg you to convey and express my thanks to all such Christian friends, to whom I am personally unknown, as the Rev. H. Venn and others, who have so often manifested and expressed their Christian love and anxiety on my account, and prayed no doubt for my conversion.

You will doubtless be glad and thankful to hear, that, having felt and proved the efficacy of that remedy myself, prescribed and administered by you to me, I am endeavouring to prescribe and administer the same to all with whom I have any influence, beginning from my whole household to all my distant friends and relatives—especially those at the towns of Pokia and Ado. Since my renunciation of idolatry I have visited these my heathen and idolatrous relatives and friends about three times, endeavouring to lead them from their error and folly to the right way—the way of the Lord. All in my house, together with myself at the head of them, are in the class of candidates for baptism. On the 5th of July last, after I had delivered my Ifa and all my other Orisas to the catechist of this station, I had three of my children, born since you left this coast, baptized by the Rev. J. B. Wood. Two other daughters of mine, now living with my son Simeon at Lagos, will be baptized shortly. In this way I am endeavouring to show my gratitude to the Lord for His sovereign mercy to me, and I crave the assistance of you all, by your prayers to help me, that I may continue steadfast unto the end.

EARLY SPRING IN THE MISSION GARDENS OF CEYLON.

THE Singhalese are apathetic, so it has been said; and they will never respond to the labours of Missionaries, so it has been thought; and in sending out your men to preach the Gospel there, you send them forth to till the barren sand, where the crocodiles' eggs might be warmed into a reptile life, but where the seed which they sow will never quicken into fruit. Yes, the world is not encouraging in the notice which it takes of Missionary enterprise, and even our well-wishers, who acknowledge the duty of making the Gospel widely known, and who readily admit that the furtherers of this work deserve the thanks of all, because they, a few, are charging themselves with responsibilities which belong to all, are often

disposed to question, if not our zeal, yet our judgment, and to think of some, at least, of our fields of labour, that to bring them under cultivation is beyond our power. So we read of "the listlessness and indifference to all religion," by which the Singhalese are characterized, and of "their feeble moral sense." "To strangers," we are told, "the mass of the Singhalese people appear courteous and mild, but to those who have penetrated to their secluded villages their genuine character presents itself in far less-pleasing features. Jealousy, slander, litigation and revenge prevail to an unlooked-for excess. Every household has its internal differences, every circle its concealed feuds and animosities. The women especially cherish the spirit of discord, and rise in furious passions against each other, which are vented in railings, loud and virulent." The same writer, the late Sir. E. Tennant, mentions other points, over which, however, we think it better to throw a veil.

There is no doubt of the havoc which sin has wrought in the human character. There are fell diseases which destroy the beauty of the most comely countenance—so completely has sin obliterated the traces of that high image in which man was at first created. But this may be restored. In this lies the difference between men and devils: the latter are incapable of such restoration; but man may be renewed in the image of God. He may be recreated, and the preached word is the instrument by which the Spirit of God works to so glorious an issue. He who of old said, "Let there be light, and there was light," speaks so now, and thus shines into men's hearts, to give them the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ; and we are persuaded that there is no race, no nation, however depraved, that is beyond the reach of, or incapable of being acted upon by this renewing power. Some races are more barbarous; others more sensual; the latter being usually found in the warm and fertile regions of the tropics, where lodging and clothing, the two necessary things after food, are rendered almost superfluous by the climate, and where food itself is produced by little exertion. We do not attempt to say which class of character is the more difficult to be acted upon, but we say that each extreme has been approached, and on either hand results have been obtained quite sufficient to prove that the attempt has not been a vain one, but that "the Gospel of Christ is the power of God to salvation to every one that believeth."

Has it been so among the Singhalese? Is it true that "Christianity requires an exercise of thought, and an exertion of intellectual power which seems almost beyond the power of the lethargic Singhalese?" It is indeed true that it may be longer before the fruits show themselves, and that the growth of Christianity in the minds of that people may be the very reverse of that rapid productiveness for which the soil of Ceylon is so remarkable. But "though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry."

Some fruits are now showing themselves; the tender grape appears, and the pomegranates bud forth. Let us look upon them as they are presented in letters from the Rev. W. Oakley and the Rev. J. Allcock, both Missionaries in the Kandy district.

"You will be glad to hear we had two very good public meetings in Kandy in commemoration of the Jubilee. The meeting held on the

Mission premises was a great success. The decorations, put up chiefly by members of the Kandy congregation, were beautiful, and the public meeting was by far the largest that has ever been held in connexion with the Church Missionary Society in Kandy. The whole of the addresses were by Singhalese gentlemen, and in the Singhalese language. After the addresses had been delivered, several members of the congregations came forward with subscriptions, which amounted to 113*l*.

"In the afternoon of the same day there had been held a bazaar for the sale of articles contributed almost entirely by our native friends, and by them, with very few exceptions, they were purchased. The sum realized at the bazaar was nearly 40*l*. On the following Friday evening, a public meeting of our English friends was held in Kandy, at which the Archdeacon took the chair. The room (the Kandy library) was completely filled, and many were standing in the verandahs. The addresses were very good, and were very warmly applauded. The Jubilee Fund now amounts to about 430*l*."

Mr. Allcock adds some particulars respecting the bazaar—

"There was also what may be called an auction, for the disposal of a number of free-will offerings, which included coffee, yams, pines, cocoa-nuts, oranges, vegetables, rice, plantains, ferns, flowers, paddy, walking-sticks, toys, and various kinds of fruits.

"There was displayed an extraordinary amount of almost an interperate zeal and enthusiasm, which, in my belief, disproves the oft-repeated opinion that the Singhalese are an apathetic and ungrateful race. All the speakers expressed their gratitude and thankfulness to the Society for having established a Mission, and for having sent so many good and faithful Missionaries to this benighted heathen land. One Singhalese Christian man collected about 60*l*. for the Jubilee Fund."

"COMING."

"It may be in the evening,
 When the work of the day is done,
 And you have time to sit in the twilight
 And mark the setting sun—"
 Then watch and pray
 At the close of day,
 For it may be through the gloaming
 I will come.

It may be when the midnight
 Is silent o'er the land,
 But for the waves which sleep not,
 So restless on the sand :
 But let your heart be wakeful
 When all around is still,
 For to come at the midnight hour
 I might will.

It may be at the sunrise,
 When the morning is so bright,
 And all God's creatures are exulting,
 In the newly-born light ;

Then girt with surpassing splendour,
 A better Sun may rise—
 Let your heart be lowly and tender
 At your morning sacrifice.

It may be in the evening time,
 Or it may be at the morn,
 Or when the day is in its prime,
 That the true light may be born.

A day that shall have no morrow—
 A sun that shall know no eve—
 A joy that shall know no sorrow—
 A friend that will never leave.

Come, whene'er thou choosest, at midnight or at noon,
 This only we would ask thee, let it be very soon."

J. R.

A SERMON ON TITHES, AT HARPOOT.

BY BLIND HOHANNES—THE "WALKING CONCORDANCE."

THE following article is printed from the "Monthly Notices of the American Missions in Western Asia," published at Boston. We trust that, in transferring it to our pages, we shall not be regarded as trespassing on the garden of others, and appropriating what does not belong to us. But the facts which it makes known are worthy of having a wide circulation at home and abroad.

In the tenth chapter of his valuable book, "Ten Years on the Euphrates," Mr. Wheeler, of the Eastern-Turkey Mission, has given an account of the commencement of the movement for paying tithes in that Mission field, in one of the poorest of their churches, under the influence of a blind native preacher, Hohannes (John), surnamed the "Concordance," on account of his wonderful readiness in quoting Scripture by chapter and verse. Miss West, of Harpoot, recently sent to the Missionary house an abstract of a discourse which she had just heard from this blind preacher—a graduate of the Harpoot seminary—and the hope is expressed, in behalf of the Missionaries there, that it may be published, and may *do good*. It will surely interest, and can hardly fail to benefit the thoughtful reader.

Miss West writes—"I wish you could have been present, and *seen* for yourself, how interested the people were in the delivery of the discourse. The blindness of the preacher added to the interest. Saying—'We will *read*' such a 'chapter,' or 'hymn,' he would repeat the same, word for word. When he called upon the people to read, it was for their sake rather than his own; and when the reader had reached just the point he desired, he never failed to say 'stop,' that he might take it up just there. Doubtless many a more learned and talented man among those educated by Missionaries would look with pity upon this poor preacher, who has little book-knowledge except of his blessed Bible; but oh, how far above them he stands in this respect! This one book is his *theological library*. It is his study, by day and by night, and he is really a walking Concordance." The account given of the sermon is as follows—

The preacher commenced his discourse by repeating that striking passage in Malachi—"Will a man *rob God*? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings," etc. He then, in a few words, told us what he proposed to show from the word of God, that the giving of a tenth to the Lord was a primitive institution, attended with great benefits and blessings to the givers, and perpetuated and enforced under the new dispensation no less than the old.

"Open your Bibles," he said, "at the 14th chapter of Genesis, and let some one read the 18th and 20th verses." Bibles were instantly opened all over the house, and the passage read in clear tones by one of the congregation. "Abraham gave tithes to Melchizedek," said the preacher, "more than four hundred years before the giving of the law to Moses—Abraham, 'the father of the faithful,' whose children the Jews gloried in being—Abraham, whom even the Moslems honour and call 'the blessed.'

"Now turn to the 28th chapter and read the 20th, 21st, and 22nd verses." Jacob's vow was read, concluding with the words, "And of that thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth to thee." He then rapidly drew the contrast between Jacob's *going* to Padan-aram—alone, and in utter destitution—and the *return* with his flocks and herds, and camels, men-servants, and maid-servants; for the man had increased exceedingly, in spite of the covetousness of Laban. "And now," he said, "open at the 27th of Leviticus, and read the 30th verse. 'And all the *tithes* of the land *is the Lord's*' repeated the preacher; "nine-tenths for yourselves, but one-tenth 'is holy unto the Lord.' Open at Numbers xviii. and read the 20th, 21st, 26th, 28th, and 29th verses." This was done, and then Hohannes briefly commented upon each verse. He said the Levites, who ministered in the house of the Lord, were to have no part or inheritance in the land, for the tithes of the people were to be their inheritance; and of these tithes *they* were to offer a *tenth* to the Lord, "even of all the *best* thereof." "Read Deut. xiv. 22d; and xxvi. 12th. See the abundant provision made, not only for the Levites, but for the 'stranger, the fatherless and the widow.' Read also 2nd Chron. xxxi. 4—10, where the people are described as obeying the command of God, and bringing in 'abundantly' of the 'increase of the land.' And the chief priest answered king Hezekiah, when he questioned him concerning the 'heaps,'—'Since the people began to bring the offerings into the house of the Lord, we have had enough to eat, and have left plenty; for the Lord hath blessed His people, and that which is left is this great store.'

"Now read Nehemiah xiii. 10th, 13th, and 14th verses. Mark the contrast! The people no longer gave tithes; the house of the Lord was desecrated, and the Levites had forsaken their sacred office, and '*fled every one to his own field*!' And now," said the preacher, "we will turn to the new dispensation. Open at the 23rd of Matthew, and read the 23rd verse: 'These *ought* ye to have done, and *not* to leave the other undone,' are our blessed Saviour's words to the Scribes and Pharisees. Ye do well to pay tithes,—it is your duty,—but ye ought also to do judgment, mercy and faith. Now turn to Luke xi. 42. 'Wo unto you Pharisees, for

ye tithe . . . all manner of herbs, and pass over judgment and the love of God: *these ought ye to have done* and not to leave the other undone.' Read Luke iii. 7—12, 'Bring forth fruits *worthy of repentance*,' repeated the preacher. "John the Baptist was a connecting link between the Jewish and the Gospel dispensations, and he spake as he was moved by the Spirit of God—'Now also is the axe laid at the root of the tree.' What tree? It was nothing less than the tree—the *root*—of *self* and *selfishness*. What this good fruit is he tells us in the 11th verse: 'He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat (food), let him do likewise.' Where now remains the *tenth*?" he exclaimed. "Under the new dispensation, not one tenth merely, but one half is required!" (At this announcement there was an evident sensation in the audience: many a face lighted up with a smile as the electric current shot through the assembly).

The preacher continued: "Read now the 6th of Luke, 38th verse, 'Give, and it shall be given unto you.' *Give*, and you shall have the wherewithal to give! Shut your hand and your heart, and you shut the windows of heaven; you keep back the blessing of God. See what Christ says in Luke xii. 33, 'Sell that ye have and give alms,' &c., which means—Consider yourselves as *stewards* of God's grace on the earth, seeking your inheritance in the world to come. You are to set light store by your earthly possessions, and lay up treasures in heaven. Now read Luke xiv. 33." Slowly and solemnly the preacher repeated the words of the Master—"So likewise, whosoever he be of you that *forsaketh* not ALL that he hath, he CANNOT be my disciple!" Ah, my brethren," he said, "it is not merely a *tenth*, or even a *half* of our worldly possessions that Christ claims, it is our ALL! Think upon the *meaning* of those words. It is thus He speaks to you: 'If you wish to be my disciple, you must *count the cost*. You cannot serve *two* masters. You must give up everything that the children of this world seek after. You must hold yourselves aloof from your earthly possessions, (the Armenian version of the text quoted from Luke xiv. 33), holding to them *loosely*, setting your affections on things above. Your comfort, pleasure, honour, ease, yea, your very life, you must esteem as *nothing* in comparison with my service! And in thus losing *all* you will find ALL, and that for ever.'

"Open your Bibles at Matthew xix. 29, and Mark x. 29, and the glorious promise to those who truly '*forsake all*' for Christ and His cause. 'See,' exclaimed Hohannes, after solemnly repeating the passage, 'see how rich the reward! A hundred-fold in this life, and *life everlasting* beside! Now open at Luke xix., read from the 2nd to the 10th verse. Note the words of Zaccheus, 'The half of my goods I give to the poor,' and mark the answer of our Saviour. But what say you? Is salvation to be *bought with money*? We all know that it is 'without money and without price.' Why then this blessing upon Zaccheus?' 'Because,' answered one of the congregation, 'the *giving* was the fruit of his *faith*!' 'Yes,' rejoined the preacher, 'Zaccheus brought forth fruit worthy of true repentance, and immediately received the promised blessing.'

"Now let me tell you a story. When I was in the class in sermonizing in the seminary, our teacher was very anxious that we who were soon to go forth as preachers, and perhaps become pastors, should work upon

right principles ; and he often talked to us of our duty, as leaders, to teach the people to do for themselves. He sometimes told us of places where much money (of the Board) had been expended by Missionaries, and little real good accomplished, because the people had not been taught to give for Christ's cause. 'In one little village,' he said, '40,000 piastres of the Board's money was spent, the people giving only 50 piastres during thirteen years ! And the work in that place amounts to nothing to-day, in consequence of this unwise course.'

"It so happened, that when my course of study was finished, I was appointed to that village. It was the last place I should have chosen. I had no desire to go to that field, but God had so ordered, and I went. The Missionaries told me that my wages would be 1500 piastres a year,* of which the people were to raise 600 piastres ; and, before I left, one of them took me aside, and counselled me to make it as easy for the people as possible, by eating at their houses, because it would come hard to them at first to do so much. Soon after I went there, a neighbouring pastor came over to the village, and we held a meeting with the brethren. We talked about my support, and it seemed that they had, with much difficulty, subscribed 500 piastres per year. I told them the Missionaries had said they would raise 600. '*Never !*' they exclaimed, 'we cannot raise another *para !*' And pastor M. said it was impossible, they were too poor. 'Where then shall I get my other hundred ?' I asked. 'We will help you from our place,' he answered.

"But my mind was not at rest. That night I thought much on the subject. I said to myself—'Suppose the American Board should some day withdraw its support from this and other feeble churches, what will become of them ?' And I prayed—'O, Thou that knowest all things, and with whom are all plans, show thy ignorant servant how thy kingdom can best be established in this land,' And it seemed to me that a voice said in my soul, 'It can be done *by giving one in every ten !*' When I thought it over, it occurred me to test it first in my own case. One tenth of my 1500 per year would be 150 piastres. 'No,' I said, 'I can't give as much as that ; I should suffer for it.' But when I came to take it out of every *month's* allowance it did not seem so much. 'One tenth of my 125 per month will be 12½ piastres ; *I can do it,*' I said, 'and *I will,* even if I do have to pinch a little !'† It happened that pastor — visited us about that time, and I laid the subject before him. 'It can be done,' he said, 'and it must be. I will give a tenth of my salary.' And so said preacher —, who also came over. 'Well, then,' I said, 'do you think it will do for me to lay it before the brethren ?' 'Yes,' they replied ; 'it is the best thing you can do.' So I prepared myself and preached to the people on the next Sunday. The Lord blessed his own word. They accepted it, and came together to be 'written' for their tithes. When we made a rough estimate, it appeared that their *tenths* would amount to more than my entire salary ! 'Why, how is this ?' they all said ; 'it was so *hard* before, but now it becomes very easy, and is truly pleasant.'

Now, to show you how God blessed that little flock, I will mention one

* 60 dollars. The piastre is about four cents.

† Hohannes has no family to support.

case. There was one of the brethren who had a vegetable garden, which the Turkish official, in writing down the taxes, had estimated at 900 piastres (for that year's produce), taxing him 90 piastres. Others said it was too much; it would not produce that amount. But mark the fulfilment of the promise in Malachi iii. 10. That brother sold 3000 piastres worth of vegetables, besides what was eaten by a household of 32 persons, and given away, amounting to full 3000 more. Others were also blessed, and all acknowledged that they had never known a year of such prosperity. The people not only supported their preacher and school-teacher, but also paid over 2000 piastres for other purposes."

The preacher was about to close his discourse, when a member of the congregation arose, and asked permission to say a few words. "I have learned," he said, "from one of the Missionaries, another truth which has great weight in this giving of one tenth of our income to the Lord. Under the old dispensation the Jews were only required to care for their own nation, but under the new dispensation the command is, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature!' Therefore a *tenth* is not enough for Christians to give." To this the preacher responded—"A *tenth* is the *very least* that a disciple of Christ should give. Over and above that he should give as God prospers him." "And now," he added, "let us seek the aid of the Holy Spirit, that we, and all our offerings, may find acceptance before God."

To the foregoing account Miss West adds—"It is difficult to do justice to a scene and a sermon so unique. When that sightless man was led up into the pulpit his appearance was anything but attractive. He looked rough and uncared-for; quite inferior in person. But he had a message from the Lord of hosts, and well did he deliver it; reminding one of the words, 'God hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world, and things which are *despised* hath God *chosen*,' &c.

"It was worth much to see and hear one who had been so evidently taught of the Spirit, and made the honoured instrument of laying down a new foundation-stone for the building of Christ's church throughout the world! For the new ray of light that dawned in that obscure village in Armenia two years since has begun to radiate from many distant points, and we believe that it will solve the problem of the support of Christian institutions in all lands, and hasten the day when the earth shall be filled with the glory of God. Well may every worker in foreign lands say, with Jesus, 'I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight.'"

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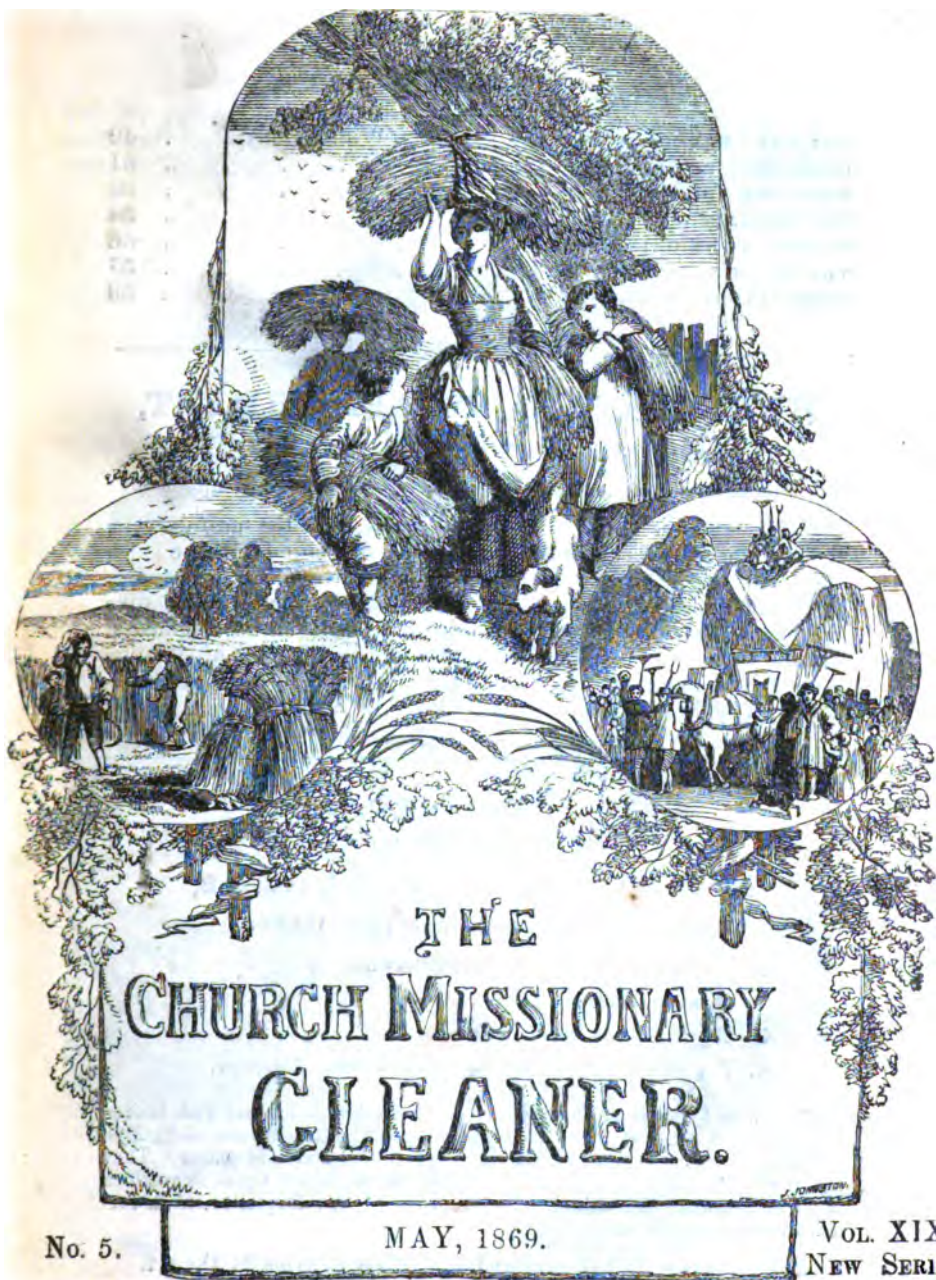
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MAY, 1869.

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**THE HALF-BREEDS OF THE RED RIVER.**

IN the Red-River Settlement there are to be found not only Europeans and Indians, but a mixed race whose parentage combines the European and Indian element, and who are known by the name of Half-breeds.



"WIGWAM," A HALF-BREED OJIBWAY.

May 1869.

F

They are a race endowed with many remarkable qualities, but they require to be especially cared for, and Christianly trained, or they will lose whatever they have derived of superior energy from their European parentage, and sink down into the improvidence and indolence of the Indian. They are hardy and skilled hunters, but indifferent and indolent cultivators of the ground. Buffalo hunting is their chief delight. "About the 15th of June they start for the summer hunt of the buffalo. There are two distinct bands of buffalo hunters, one being those of the Red River, the other of the White-Horse plain on the Assiniboine." The Red-River hunters go south-west in the direction of the Missouri, the other band more west by north, between the branches of the Saskatchewan, although the two bands not unfrequently traverse the same grounds.

"The flesh of the bison or buffalo, either in the form of fresh meat, dried meat, or pemmican, has been the mainstay of the fur trade in Rupert's Land for more than three-quarters of a century." Without this the Company's posts, scattered over immense districts, could not have been provisioned, nor the long voyages made by boats.

But even more necessary is this supply to the Indian tribes. "The buffalo, together with the horse and dog, occupy the same relation to Prairie Indians that domesticated animals and the productions of the farm and the forest do to civilized races. During the greater part of the year the Prairie Indians follow the buffalo, and not only subsist upon its flesh, but from its skin and sinews they make their tents, clothing, saddles, bow-strings and dog harness. The hide, cut into strips, serves them for cordage; the sinews, split into threads, for twine. The dried dung is often used for fuel for weeks together on the treeless plains between the Assiniboine and the grand Coteau, and on the south branch of the Saskatchewan. Dried meat, pemmican, marrow, soft fat, sinews, dressed skins and robes, all from the buffalo, form their articles of commerce, in exchange for which they demand tea, which is now becoming a most coveted luxury, tobacco, powder, shot, and, if possible, rum."

"The summer and fall buffalo hunts are the grand events of the year to the Red-River settlers." For the summer hunt the start is made about the middle of June, the hunters remaining on the prairie between two and three months. In carrying out these hunts there is much cruelty and improvidence. Instances have been known when the half-breeds have killed many thousands of buffalo in mere wantonness, taking only their skins and tongues. Thus the buffalo diminishes, and goes away farther towards the Rocky Mountains, so that the half-breeds are compelled to travel much greater distances in search of them, and consume more time in the hunt. Hence they become indisposed to settled habits of life. Hitherto, for the produce of farms at the Red River there has been no market, nothing to stimulate effort, and the half-breed prefers the excitement of the prairie life to the dulness of farm life at the Red River.

There are several hundred half-breeds, who, after the fashion of their Indian ancestors, pass their lives on the prairies. When they want necessities they come into the trading posts, bringing with them for

barter buffalo meat or robes, and obtaining in exchange ammunition, clothing and ornaments. They are a race to which much attention should be given: they will rise in importance, and exercise a powerful influence for good or evil.

### GOOD NEWS FROM IBADAN.

OUR readers know of Ibadan, and of the persistent labours of Mr. and Mrs. Hinderer at that place, and the hardships they have endured. "The husbandman hath long patience." Such they have had, and now the blessing comes like the rain from heaven.

"On Advent Sunday eight adults were admitted by baptism into the visible church. One was a very old man, of the real old royal family, and had seen Mungo Park and other travellers. His name was Adeyeme, ("A crown fits me"); but the earthly crown had indeed failed him. From different war engagements he has been taken captive three different times, by different tribes, and has undergone many hardships. A few years ago, being old and nearly useless, he redeemed himself for a few bags of cowries, and reached Ibadan, where he practised his great medicine and charm knowledge. He found a sister in Ibadan, and had a room in her compound; but, when he was very ill, she put him out in the street to die, "as it would be impossible for her to bury one who had been heir to a crown." The poor mandwelt under a tree, and struggled through his illness, and the passers by, knowing, or learning who he was, gave him cowries or a little food. One of our young schoolmasters, who, sixteen years ago, was one of the first African children we took into our house, became much interested in him, and, while administering to his bodily needs, would talk to him about his soul; but the old man was greatly enraged, and heaped curses on the youth for daring to speak to him of a way better than his own, stoutly defending the worship of his idols, and only wishing to go to the heaven that they would take him to. To the surprise of all, he recovered, and our schoolmaster still visited him, and at last light broke in upon his poor, dark mind, and he now seems rejoicing in his Saviour, and the prospect before him.

"On the day of their baptism the candidates had been sitting on the front benches in the church, in their white garments, and, as they walked down the aisle to the font, we all sung a hymn, which my husband had composed in Yoruba, on "Be thou faithful."

"It was very touching to see the old man at the font, leaning on his long staff, as we might imagine Jacob to have done before Pharaoh, his lips quivering with old age, and his eyes gleaming with pleasure and perfect childlike belief and trust, making the responses, and he certainly put in some which were not in the book.

"The others have a history more or less interesting, which gives us every reason to believe that they have laid hold of the hope set before them. This is the bright side of our life in this country, and often such a time has cheered and comforted us while passing through many storms and waves."

Mrs. Hinderer, in the letter from which the above extract has been taken, through the kindness of the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth of Christ

Church, Hampstead, to whom it was addressed, takes occasion to thank him for a gift of 30*l.* contributed by his congregation for the erection of a much-needed church at Ibadan. Mr. Bickersteth's letter and enclosure reached Mr. and Mrs. Hinderer on New-year's eve, and on the next day the church was to be opened. Its arrival, therefore, was most seasonable, and added much to the pleasure of the day's proceedings. After the service Mr. Hinderer gave the people an account of where the money had come from, and delivered to them the greetings of their friends in Europe, describing to them the church at Hampstead, and other details which he thought would interest them; and much interested they seemed to be, and wished back many blessings to their kind benefactors.

"We then told them of your sainted father's visit to Sierra Leone more than fifty years ago, and of the first Lord's Supper in that land."

Afterwards some 300 persons partook of a feast we make for them every year, having had the children a few days before. It was a very happy day.

"The church is very neat and nice, and stands on a hill, and we mean to call it Christ Church. It has a nice company of about 100 Christians to begin with. It is an offshoot of our own church. It was remarkable our getting so many converts from that quarter of the town, which is nearly two miles distance from ours. They used to come to us, and bring their dinner. After a while we made a large shed in that quarter, and gave them a service in the afternoon. Now, for many reasons, we felt it was time they should have a separate church. Some of them were getting into years, and felt it burdensome to come so far to church; and we also felt that having a church there would be a fresh inducement to try and draw others in. We have been trying for some time to teach our people the privilege of giving. This is not generally an agreeable lesson to real Yorubas, and I think when we first set about it they thought us little less than thieves. However, we brought them to commence a sick medical fund, and last year we started them with large bags, having small mouths to take in cowries, which is the money of the country, and to receive various droppings and thank-offerings. Considering that there is not a rich person among them, and only ourselves to add to their mite, we were very glad to receive from their bags nearly 20*l.*, which, as the Church Missionary Society's funds were low that year, they wished to be sent to the Church Missionary Society. This last year the bags amounted to 30*l.* 5*s.*, which has been sent to the Native Pastorate Fund."

#### RAZU AND THE KOIS.

THE works undertaken on the Godavery for the purpose of making its waters available for irrigation purposes led to the commencement of our Mission to the Koi people. The engineering officers at the head of this movement found themselves on the threshold of a vast country, as yet untouched by Europeans. They were godly men, believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, knowing the value of their own souls, and feeling for the souls of others. The first heathen won to Christ was the head purveyor at Dumagudiem, the centre

of operations on the Upper Godavery, where 2000 men had to be fed daily in a country which is miserably bare of food. This man became a convert to Christianity, and was baptized in August 1860. He gave himself zealously to the work of instructing the ignorant people amongst whom he was, and soon he became the instrument of bringing three young men within the fold of the Good Shepherd, who gladly gave up caste and friends to follow Christ. Razu, for such was the first convert's name, now resolved on giving himself entirely to the work of an evangelist, and resigned the lucrative post, which he had held as head purveyor, that he might do so.

The Kois, an aboriginal tribe found in that part of the country, especially moved his compassion. Their villages were visited, and everywhere the same objection was urged—"Why should we leave the way of our fathers?" to which Razu answered in the following way—

"It is now the beginning of the rainy season: what will the winged white ants do?"

"They will come out of their holes and fly about."

"And what will you do?"

"We shall make dranzalu (fires which last a moment or two), and they will fly in, burn off their wings, and we shall catch them."

"Yes, you will. Now, when the foremost ones are burnt, do not those see which are behind?"

"Yes they do."

"Well, when they fall in, suppose an intelligent insect were to say, 'What are you doing? Don't you see the fate which has befallen the others?' If they were like you they would say in reply, 'Oh, yes, we know; but our fathers and mothers, our grandfathers and grandmothers did the same, and we won't fail to join them—lap a lap, whizz.'"

The poor people received them in a very friendly manner, and listened attentively to what they had to say. Very dark indeed they were. Their chief worship was paid to Korra Razu, their guardian from tigers, which abound in the jungle.

Since then the Mission has been going on.

Razu, in September last, was about to leave Dumagudiem for a time, to prepare for and receive ordination. At that time he had acquired influence over two Koi lads, of whom Captain Haig thus speaks—

There is one Koi lad who has recently joined the church. A few weeks ago, after long consideration, he came over with his bundle of clothes and his books (he had learnt in the Undacudi school) and placed himself under Razu's care for further instruction and baptism. He has been repeatedly, almost incessantly, visited by his relatives and village people ever since, but he steadily refuses to go back, and waxes bolder in his confession of Christ. He lives with Razu, or close by.



A companion of his, about the same age, is also in a very interesting state of mind. The two had long held together, reading the Bible and praying together, and coming in here occasionally to spend the Sunday : but Passana (the last mentioned) has not come out from among his people like Gangulu : he is perhaps less decided, but, on the other hand, there are strong reasons why he should not leave his house unless compelled to do so by violence, or seductions which it would be sinful not to flee from. His father and mother are both old, and dependent on him, and, as long as he can, he should remain with them. The village is only two miles off, and he can visit and be visited by Razu frequently. He came in for such a visit last week, after considerable opposition from his people when they learnt his intention, and no less than eight of them followed him to see that he did not remain. They refused to enter Razu's house when the time for midday worship arrived, and earnestly dissuaded Passana from doing so ; but in spite of them he went in, they looking in all the time, and, uncovering his head, openly joined in singing, knelt in prayer, and listened to the word of God. He makes no secret, indeed, of his faith in Christ, and earnestly begs that he may be prayed for and guided. I think Razu is managing the case most judiciously : while cautioning him against the danger of shrinking from an open profession of Christ by baptism, he yet assures him that in his own village is his proper place so long as he can remain, and exhorts him to faith and patience.

There was nothing to prevent the other lad from joining Razu and leaving his village, as he has elder brothers abundantly able to provide for his parents, and had nobody dependent on him. He is receiving instruction in school, and we are trying to continue it, with labour also, in the field, as he has been accustomed to that from childhood. Both are most promising and interesting cases. They are both, I should judge, about eighteen or nineteen years of age, big, stout fellows. Gangulu's conduct has caused much excitement among the Kois, and, I hope, will be productive of much good.

### THE DERAJAT.

THE Derajât is that long reach of the Punjab frontier which lies between the right bank of the Indus and the eastern slopes of the great Suleiman range which separates British India from Afghanistan. It extends from the salt range, which is the southern limit of the Peshawur division, to the north-eastern frontier of the province of Sindh ; and may be more than 300 miles long by 50 or 60 miles broad. The name Derajât means literally "The Camps," and arose from the conquest of the country by three chiefs, Ismael Khan, Futteh Khan and Ghazee Khan, who parcelled it out between them. They were evidently nomads, for their resting-places were called The Camps, or, in Scripture language, the tents of Ishmael, Futteh and Ghazee. Gradually the wanderers took root, houses replaced the tents, and towns grew up ; but the whole tract embraced by the occupation of these invaders is still called the Derajât."

Its other name of Damin signifies "the border." The inhabitants of this province consist of many different races : the Puthan tribes, of

Affghan origin, who possess the Upper Derajât, and the Beloochees, who dwell in the lower half of the district ; but besides these, there are Mohammedan Juts who cultivate the soil, a large sprinkling of Hindoos, and, above all, the Lohanee and Powindee merchants, the great carriers of the trade between India and Affghanistan.

They have their homes about Ghuznee, where they spend the summer. Since the trade *viâ* Tatta and the Indus was extinguished in the latter end of the last century, these people have supplied themselves with seaborne goods *viâ* Calcutta. They descend the passes before they are blocked up by snow, between Ghuznee and the Indus, in vast caravans of 8000 or 10,000 souls, the whole tribe moving bodily, men, women and children, and cattle, their goods being on camels and ponies.

Arrived at the Derajât, they leave the aged men, women and children in black felt tents, with their flocks and herds, in the rich pastures bordering on the Indus, while the able-bodied men push across the Punjab with their goods for sale, either in that province, or on the banks of the Ganges. The leading merchants precede the main body on dromedaries, taking with them a few samples, letters of credit, &c., make their purchases at Delhi, Agra, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Mirzapore, and even Calcutta, and return with them express, collect their families and flocks, and force their way up the passes. Their numbers generally enable them to compound with the tribes of the mountains for a reasonable amount of black mail, but they have sometimes to fight their way.

The passes are traversed in martial array ; and often there are desperate and bloody conflicts with the Wuzurees, "the Gael of the Punjab," "the proudest mountainers of Affghanistan." The late Sir Herbert Edwardes tells us that "No one can fall into the company of these traders without being struck with the number of their scars and wounds, yet undaunted they go on from father to son ; and almost as certain as the wintry frosts, the hardy Lohanee merchants, with their wiry little camels, make their appearance on the plains of the Derajât. Here they are in British territory, the land of law and order, and most striking must the transition seem to them. At once precautions cease ; arms are laid aside, except when pasturing the camels under the skirts of the Affghan hills ; the loads are opened out, and exposed for sale in the bazaars of the Derajât, and the whole company of the caravan enjoys a peaceful rest within the Christian border. But the mass of their goods have hundreds of miles yet to go ; and after a few days' rest, the onward march towards Hindustan (by Mooltan and Bawalpore) begins. The English magistrate who saw the Lohanee caravans *débouche* from the mountains into his district, with an advanced guard, rear guard, skirmishers, and well-primed juzails, has now a reward for his daily labours in Cutcherry (Court of Justice). He sees one or two Lohanees deputed by their comrades, to take charge of a long string of camels heavily laden with merchandize and conduct them through the whole length of British India with a staff in their hands for a weapon, and a dog at their heels for a guard. I have myself seen them thus within a march or two of Calcutta, with their hill cloaks piled upon their heads to protect them from the fiery sun of Bengal. The main body of the Lohanees remain throughout the winter in the Derajât, pasturing their camels and await-

ing the return of their friends from Hindustan with Manchester goods, and indigo for central Asia."

Thus, in the Derajât, our Missionaries are brought into communication, not only with the Hindus and Punjabee Mussulmans on the cultivated lands towards the Indus, but with numerous hill people, who, having come down from their fastnesses, have settled as cultivators of lands at the foot of the hills, and who are the advanced bodies of new nations who have not yet been touched by Missionary effort. The merchant tribes of the Lowanees are also placed within their reach, not less than 2000 of them being encamped for several months every year in the plains. When the Rev. T. V. French was in the Derajât, in 1862, he was much interested in these people. "I visited them year by year in their strange and yet not uncouth villages, erected afresh year by year within their brushwood enclosures, and composed partly of boughs of the nearest shrubs of the desert, and partly of black blankets, literally, "tents of Kedar and curtains of Solomon. In some of these villages I was received with true Affghan courtesy, and was able to maintain lengthened and friendly conversation with the chief men, who were sometimes of princely bearing and noble person. A few copies of single Gospels will, I trust, find their way across the mountain barrier to the west, which those Powindahs annually cross."

May the Gospel in its power take hold on many of these men, so that they may become the carriers of the message of peace to the uplands of Asia, and scatter the seed in Cabul and more distant lands.

#### THE GAIN OF LOSS.

NAY, give me back my blossoms,  
Said the palm-tree to the Nile ;  
But the stream passed on unheeding.  
With its old familiar smile.

Give me back my golden ringlets,  
Said the palm-tree to the Nile ;  
But the stream swept by in silence,  
With its dimple and its smile.

With its dimple and its smile it  
passed,  
With its dimple and its smile,  
All heedless of the palm's low wail,  
The sunny, sunny Nile !

By Rodah's island garden,  
With its ripple and its smile ;  
By Shubra's myrtle hedgerows  
It swept, that glorious Nile ;

By Gizeh's great palm forest  
It flashed its stately smile ;  
By Bulak's river harbour,  
It flowed, that mighty Nile !

Come, give me back my blossoms,  
Sighed the palm-tree to the Nile ;  
But the river flowed unheeding,  
With its soft and silver smile.

With its soft and silver smile it flowed  
With its soft and silver smile,  
All heedless of the palm-tree's sigh,  
That strange, long-wandering Nile !

It seemed to say, " 'Tis better far  
To leave your flowers to me ;  
I will bear their yellow beauty on  
To the wondering, wondering sea.

" 'Tis better they should float away  
Upon my dusky wave,  
Than find upon their native stem  
A useless home and grave.

" If your sweet flowers remain with  
you,  
Fruitless your boughs must be ;  
'Tis their departure brings the fruit :  
Give your bright flowers to me.

"Nay, ask not back your blossoms,"  
To the palm-tree, said the Nile;  
"Let me keep them, said the river  
With its sweet and sunny smile."

And the palm gave up its blossoms  
To the friend so wise and old,  
And saw them all, unsmiling,  
Deck the river with their gold.

The amber tresses vanished,  
And the dear spring fragrance fled;  
But the welcome fruit in clusters  
Came richly up instead.

'Tis thus we gain by losing,  
And win by failure here;  
We doff the gleaming tinsel  
The golden crown to wear.

Our sickness is our healing,  
Our weakness is our might;  
Life is but death's fair offspring  
And day the child of night.

'Tis thus we rise by setting,  
Through darkness reach our day;  
Our own ways hourly losing,  
To find the eternal way.

'Tis by defeat we conquer,  
Grow rich by growing poor;  
And from our largest givings  
We draw our fullest store.

Then let the blossoms perish,  
And let the fragrance go;  
All the surer and the larger  
Is the harvest we shall know.

All the sweeter and the longer  
Our song of harvest home,  
When earth's ripe autumn smileth,  
And the reaping day has come.

BONAR.

#### THE BLIND TEACHING THE LAME.

WHO has not read with wonder the explorations of the "Rob Roy" canoe, at one time finding its way along the upper waters of the great German rivers, then amidst the lakes and streams of Norway, and now in Palestine, the springs of Jordan, and the lake of Genesareth? It shows what one energetic man can do. His paddle, with its alternate stroke, now on the right hand now on the left, propels the little skiff swiftly along; and so his researches have a double action, for they interest those of us who at home ply the web of daily life, and also they are the means of doing much good abroad, for the "Christian steersman never fails to scatter amidst wondering crowds words from the Book of Life."

Among other objects of interest stand prominently forward the Syrian schools at Beirut, carried on by Mrs. Bowen Thompson. There is a Training School, where a number of girls are being prepared to act as native female teachers for girls' schools; then there is the Elementary School, attended by forty girls, too old for the Infant School, and too poor to pay the fees required of the day pupils in the Training School; then there is the Infant School, with 110 children; the Boys' School, composed of Protestants, Roman Catholics, Greeks, Maronites, Mohammedans and Druses; and, lastly, the Blind School, a much needed institution, there being no less than 200 blind at Beirut.

The brother-in-law of Mrs. Bowen Thompson, Mr. Mentor Mott, on his return to Syria in Feb. 1868, having made himself master of Moon's system of raised character, prepared in it large portions of Scripture in

Arabic for the blind. He hired a small room, and the master of Mrs. Thompson's boys' school having charged each of his pupils to bring one blind person, a goodly number were collected.

The story of blind Bartimæus excited their liveliest interest, and they sang many hymns, such as, "My faith looks up to Thee," and "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," &c.

The pupils, above twenty in number, are of the most various conditions and ages—from the sightless mother, with her blind babe, to the old muezzin who calls the hour of prayer from the Turkish minaret.

After examining the Normal Training School Mr. Macgregor says—

"But there are several branch schools besides at mountain outposts in connection with the head-quarters of Mrs. Thompson's work in Beirut. These, or some of them, I hope to see. A very interesting, but very difficult work has also been commenced for the blind, and one for the maimed, as well as that for the hapless orphans and the ignorant. Mr. Mott's little class of blind men reading is a sight indeed for us who have eyes. Only in February last that poor blind fellow who sits on the form there was utterly ignorant. See how his delicate fingers run over the raised types of his Bible, and he reads aloud and blesses God in his heart for the precious news, and for those who gave him the new avenue for truth to his heart. 'Jesus Christ will be the first person I shall ever see,' he says, 'for my eyes will be opened in heaven.' And now even this man becomes a Missionary.

"Down in that dark room again, below the printing-press of the American Mission (for *he* needs no sunlight in his work), you will find him actually *printing* the Bible in raised type, letter by letter, for his sightless brethren. This is one of the most impressive wonders I have ever looked at. As we leave the place, some of the maimed, and lame, and halt, scramble along the road to their special class for a lesson, so that all kinds of suffering are provided for, and the mission of Christians is following closely in the actual personal work in which He, the great Missioner Himself, described His mission to mankind."

This graphic scene has been placed before our English eyes by an interesting photograph representing the actual personages in the above sketch. Here sits blind Gantoor, whose sightless eyes are looking upward in faith to Him whom he expects to see eye to eye when he hears the welcome Ephphatha. This humble Druse is full of practical ideas. He not only prints and corrects the press, as Mr. Macgregor describes, but he has also invented a method of communicating some of his favourite texts to his sightless brethren in the kindred school at Damascus. Nor are his sympathies restricted to his own class. He was among the first who commenced reading the Scriptures to the halt, the lame, and the crippled, who throng the highways of Beirut. The words of Jesus' love come with irresistible power and sweetness to their desolate hearts, nor did they rest till their blind guides had prevailed upon their generous friend to open a school for the cripples.

Another upturned face rivets our eye. We ask his story—a dear boy of gentle mien, who, having been present with other blind pupils at the large annual examination of Mrs. Thompson's school, replied in unconscious simplicity to the questions of the astonished Turkish officials—

"I am a little blind boy. Once I could see; but then I fell asleep—a long, long sleep: I thought I should never wake. And I slept till a kind gentleman, called Mr. Mott, came and opened my eyes: not these eyes," pointing to his sightless eyeballs, "but *these*," lifting up his tiny fingers—"these eyes; and oh! they see such sweet words of Jesus, and how He loved the blind." Another near him, placing his fingers first on his poor blind eyes, and then on his heart, said "It is dark here; but it is light there!"

There were few in that large assembly who were not affected even to tears.

We now turn to another beautifully executed photograph—the Cripples' School, in which the happy Gantoor is reading the words of Jesus to the halt and withered. They have gained their point: above sixty assembled in the room provided by Mr. Mott. "Indeed it was the blind who led, and in many instances carried, these impotent folk to the school to hear the sweet words about Jesus. On one occasion above sixty of these outcasts were collected, one being carried a distance of six miles. Here the 'old, old story' of Jesus healing the lame, the halt and the sinner was read to them; and when they were told the service was over, and it was time to go, they set up one piteous cry, 'Dachelih, dachelih—let us stay—to hear more sweet words.' 'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden.' And thus the Cripples' School is now formed and nursed by the kind originator of the Blind School, who will, however, rejoice if fellow-Christians in England will share with him in its support."

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#### NORTH-INDIA—KOTGURH.

KOTGURH is a hill station, between forty and fifty miles from Simlah, standing on a mountain spur 3000 feet above the level of the Sutlej river. The following are extracts from a recent report of our Missionary, the Rev. W. Rebsch:—

There was a movement among the schoolchildren in spring, especially among the girls: several of them expressed a wish to become Christians and stay with us. However, as they were too young, and their parents much against this, we could only remind them of what they have continually heard in school and church, to keep in mind God's word.

The case of Hannah, a girl of about nineteen years, is rather interesting, and shows how our teaching is not lost, but kept in mind. She has been in our school nearly six years, left it four years ago at the wish of her relatives, but was never happy since, wishing only to return and stay with us. Her relatives watched her closely: still at last she found an opportunity to leave them and come to the Mission compound for protection at night. Her relatives made their appearance next morning, with the intention to take this poor girl away by force, which we could not allow: they had stripped her of every bit of clothing, and whatever she had, before leaving, so that we were obliged to provide for her to be enabled to come out of the house. She absolutely refused to go with

them to her village, as she said that for years she had believed in our Saviour Jesus Christ, and could have nothing to do with idolatry, to which she will be exposed among them, telling them fearlessly she would live and die among the Christians. We asked the people whether they had any complaints to make against the girl, if she had behaved ill, or done something wrong at home. "Nothing," was the reply; they only would not allow her to become a Christian; upon which followed abuses in profusion. The girl being of age, and no more a child, having neither father nor mother, we reasoned with the people as much as was possible. Our native Christians said that they could not allow anybody who takes refuge in the Mission compound for Christ's sake to be taken away by force; they would protect the girl to the utmost. The people were at last obliged to leave the Mission without the girl, who expressed, in the strongest terms, her wish to be baptized as soon as possible. As she possessed a tolerable knowledge of Christianity, her wish was fulfilled after a fortnight. She was baptized by the name of Hannah at her own request. Since then her relatives have given her up, and she is happy, being a Christian.

Another girl, who lives close by Kotgurh, who was also a pupil of our school for several years, when she heard of this, told some woman that she will at once do the same as Hannah, and not remain with the heathen, because she also believes in Jesus Christ, and feels not happy since she is away from school. She was, about eight years ago, ready to be baptized, but was frightened away from the Mission compound by her heathen relatives: till now she has not come. In another village a whole family wished to come and join our church, but when it became known, the heathen neighbours and relatives troubled them so much, and watched them so closely, that these poor people are afraid of coming near us.

All this had some effect upon our schools. For some weeks we had only a few children; The girls' school suffered most. After a couple of weeks we went to the village Kotgurh to remonstrate with the parents. It was touching to us when we came near their houses, and asked them to come together, as we wished to speak to all of them. The children enjoyed our visit most. They came round us and made so many salaams, appearing quite happy to see us among them. At first I had some misgivings as to the behaviour of the people. I explained to them the reason of our coming, and that it was for their good we labour here. I asked why they withhold their daughters from school. We pointed out the good the school had done for the people in Kotgurh, as was apparent from the outward circumstances of those people who were in school. This entirely disarmed them of all ill-feelings. All behaved most politely towards us, and promised to send the smaller children again to school the next day, which they did, to our joy and astonishment; but those who had spoken of becoming Christians were kept away, under pretext of their services being required by their mothers at home. We have heard since that arrangements are made for their being soon married to heathen husbands, though they are only from eleven to twelve years old. One of them refuses to marry a heathen. She insists on becoming a Christian in the presence of her parents.

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## THE HALF-BREEDS OF THE RED RIVER, N.-W. AMERICA.

IN our last Number we spoke of the half-breeds of the Red-River Settlement, and referred to the importance of this race of people, and what need there is that they should receive a large share of the attention of



PORTRAIT OF "SUSAN," A SWAMPY HALF-BREED.



**Missionaries.** It is true there is great difficulty in keeping them under regular Christian instruction, and this because of their wandering habits, and the preference which they give to the plains and buffalo-hunting above settlement life and cultivation of the land. Nevertheless, they are worth the most persistent and self-denying efforts. The pure native races are passing away. Here and there, on the high banks of some valley, may be seen the remains of ancient encampments in the form of rings and stones to hold down the skin tents, testifying to the former numbers of the Plain Crees, and affording a sad evidence of the ancient power of that people, and its decay.

There is now but a remnant. The few that remain are like the living pines, which are left alone amidst the ruins of the forest, of which they once formed a part. But there came one of those floods of fire which rage over the prairies and destroy all before them, such as that which occurred twelve years ago, when, beyond the south branch of the Saskatchewan to the Red River, a conflagration extended itself for 1000 miles in length, and several hundreds in breadth, and here and there, in the tall trunks of white pine, branchless and dead, rising in clumps or in single loneliness, and in the many prostrate half-burnt trees of the largest size, may be seen the traces of its destructive progress. After a space of some thirty years these desolated tracts become clothed by a second growth, but different from that which had preceded it. Instead of the pine may be seen the black cherry, the birch, the alder, the sugar maple, which, with a thick undergrowth of hazel-nut, occupy the domain of the ancient forest.

The half-breeds are the second growth, some of British, others of French Canadian blood: they are springing up instead of the pure Indian tribes which once possessed the land.

It would be well to lay hold upon the half-breed squaws, and the children, both boys and girls: they must be in some degree less migratory than the men.

Prairie Portage is one of those spots where is to be found a Christian congregation, partly Indian and partly half-breed. It is delightfully situated about sixty miles west of Fort Garry, Red River, on the banks of the Assiniboine. The prairie here is of the richest description, and towards the north and east boundless to the eye. The river bank is fringed with a narrow belt of fine oak, elm, ash and ash-leaved maple, while on the south side a forest extends from two to four miles in depth, and then passes into aspen groves. The congregation is composed of Plain and Swampy Cree Indians and half-breeds. At the door of the church, inside the building, may sometimes be seen squatted on the floor, a number of heathen Indians some clothed in dressed skins, others robed in blankets. Curious to see what is going forward, they yet remain quiet and grave, although La Prairie is a rough place—"revolvers always in readiness; threats continually interchanged;" the public safety often endangered by drinking-bouts, and the fierce feelings of opposite races; yet there is a large leaven of consistent Christians who value their Christian ordinances, and rejoice in the work of the blessed Gospel. At this station there are many half-breeds, and we commend them to the special attention of the Missionary. They need it much,

for their present state is far below their capabilities. They have but little, and their tendency is to sink rather than rise above the bare necessities of the present hour. Yet they have not been niggardly. They have given during the last year what they could ill spare—the very bread which might have been reserved for the sustenance of their children; and they have done it heartily, as to the Lord. They are worth caring for, being far ahead of the emigrant in intelligence and education, though not so in physical ability, and in energy. In the sterling quality of a labourer, the capability of downright hard work, they are deficient, and are content with small houses, small farms, and the most limited efforts in the different branches of manual labour.

Last year they suffered grievously from the grasshoppers. This plague is thus described by an eye-witness—

“The air, as far as the eye could penetrate, appeared to be filled with them. They commenced their flight about nine in the morning, and continued until half-past three or four o’clock in the afternoon. After that hour they settled around in countless multitudes, and immediately clung to the leaves of grass, and rested on their journey. The number in the air seemed to be greatest about noon; and at times they appeared in such infinite swarms as to lessen perceptibly the light of the sun. The whole horizon wore an unearthly ashen hue from the light reflected by their transparent wings.

“Lying on my back, and looking upwards, as near to the sun as the light would permit, I saw the sky continually changing colour from blue to silver-white, ash-grey, and lead colour, according to the numbers in the passing clouds of insects. Opposite to the sun the prevailing hue was a silver-white, perceptibly flashing. On one occasion the whole heavens towards the south-east and west appeared to radiate a soft tinted light with a quivering motion, and, the day being calm, the hum produced by the vibration of so many millions of wings was quite indescribable, and more resembled the noise popularly termed, “a ringing in one’s ears” than any other sound. The aspect of the heavens during the greatest flight was singularly striking. It produced a feeling of uneasiness, amazement and awe in the mind, as if some terrible, unforeseen calamity were about to happen.”

#### COMMENCEMENT OF OUR MISSION TO JAPAN.

OUR readers will rejoice to learn that our first Missionary has reached Japan, and that a Mission has been commenced which we trust will be persistently carried on, until a little company of Japanese has been won over to the faith and service of the Lord Jesus Christ; men who shall be ready, so soon as the door opens, to go forward into the interior to make known to their countrymen the true Gospel.

The following letter from the Rev. G. Ensor to the Rev. H. Venn is dated Nagasaki, Feb. 4, 1869.—

I cannot sufficiently praise the goodness of our heavenly Father for having been brought, in the enjoyment of so many mercies, to the haven

where we would be, and I trust to enjoy that blessed time when we shall have gained, not a temporary but a permanent resting-place, and have left the waves of this world for the peace of eternity. An unusually calm and favourable voyage brought us to the shores of China, where we received much kindness, and enjoyed much the society of our dear friends in Ningpo. During a residence in that city of just three months, I had an opportunity of seeing the Native Christians and Catechists every day, and meeting with them in their house of prayer. In company also with Mr. Moule I had the privilege of visiting nearly all the Missionary Stations in the outlying districts of Ningpo, and was thus initiated into the circumstances of Mission life in the far East, as much as it was possible in that short time, and for one unacquainted with the language. My heart, however, was in Japan, and most earnestly did I long for the arrival of Mr. Russell, under whose wisdom and guidance I had the happiness to be placed by the Committee. At last he came, and, to my great joy, decided to despatch me as soon as possible. Principally because Mr. Moule's departure for England was approaching, he thought it good to remain a season longer himself, and to follow soon after. After a short delay in Shanghai, where we enjoyed the hospitality of that excellent friend of the Society, Mr. Krauss, we left on the 21st of January, and, after a very calm passage of forty-eight hours, we found ourselves, on the morning of the 23rd, in the grey dawn, approaching the beautiful country of the rising sun, from whence it has its name. As we approached the land, the sun-light shone over the fertile and, even at this season, well-cultivated hills, which rose sharply from the water's edge. On the waves we could see the boats of the hardy fisherman, or the larger junks laden with coal, which is here very good and cheap, bound to Hirado. A very picturesque and winding entrance opened out to us soon a view of the beautiful land-locked bay, which might have been the crater of a huge volcano were it not that the sides were ranges of hills bright with cultivation and wooded to their summits, and instead of fiery lava tossing in seething foam, there slept a calm and tranquil little sea of exquisite blue. But before we entered this delightful harbour we had to pass the beautiful little islet of Pappenburg, from whose frowning height many Christians were hurled, "mother with infant, down the rocks," at the time of the fiery persecution fomented by the pride and intrigues of the Romish ecclesiastics, and which have thrown such immense difficulties in the way of the teachers of a better and a purer faith. The sun was now shining brightly, and we saw the excellent site of the foreign settlement on the right, stretching on to the extensive Japanese town, containing some 80,000 inhabitants, the low roofs extending to the head of the bay and overlooked by the overhanging hills, on which rose the narrow tablets of the neatly-kept tombs. Very different indeed was the country from the marshy swamps and low paddy-fields around Shanghai and Ningpo. The air, too, was bright and exhilarating, and only one thing was needed to render the picture one of perfect beauty—liberty to listen to and embrace the Gospel of Christ. We thought it better to proceed at once to the little residence set apart for us, and as soon as possible we had our effects transported on the sturdy backs of a number of Coolies to the summit of the hill adjoining the

native town, where our residence, formerly occupied by Bishop Williams, is situated. Much of the inconvenience and discomfort of taking possession of a house without stove or fireplace was mitigated by the kindness of some of the residents, and we are at last getting very comfortable.

Soon after my arrival I met one of the Japanese whose acquaintance I had made in England: he expressed much pleasure at seeing me in Japan, and, a day or two afterwards, sent us a couple of sea ducks, with a kind note in English. It was indeed very gratifying to meet with such kindness on our arrival from a Japanese. Nor was this the only evidence of it: from another came a basket of oranges; from a third a large cake, tastefully enclosed in a box. These are indeed valuable as evidences of kindly feeling and friendliness. This leads me to allude to what is to me a matter of intense interest, an interest in which I know the Committee and the Christian people of Britain so deeply share—the present state and prospects of Mission work in Japan. You will naturally think that the experience of some ten days cannot be very accurate or profound, and I should not feel justified in advancing the results of my own observation as furnishing reliable information. But I cannot refrain from bringing before you as much as I have collected on the spot from those whose words are substantiated by years of experience and acquaintance with the people. It is well known that there exists a most stringent edict adverse to Christianity, and the fact cannot be concealed that this edict is no dead letter. True, blood, as far as we know, has not been shed; but no man would consider his life safe were he known to be a Christian. Consequently exceeding caution must necessarily be exercised in approaching the people, as any act of imprudence might suspend, at least for a time, the opportunities at present possessed. Over against this may be set the encouraging fact that the Natives are willing to hear. There are many means of access to them through the medium of their intense passion for the acquisition of the English language and sciences; moreover, were toleration once granted, the only difficulty for the Missionary would be to keep out the rush which would ensue of masses who would consider it an honour to be named Christians, and thus identified with the advance of science and civilization. In private intercourse the Gospel may be preached, and the consistency of a Christian life be silently urged as a living example of the truth taught. More than all, it has proved a savour of life to some. Bibles in Chinese—the Latin of the educated—and Christian tracts are given or sold, and at times in large quantities, without hindrance; indeed the entrance of them into Japan is expressly guarded by an article in the American treaty. The door is in part open; the Word of God is not bound; and shall not God's people earnestly plead for this land that it may be filled with His glory, and many precious souls be gathered into His fold?

Two Japanese youths called to-day to take me through the native town. I visited with them a large Buddhist temple, the neatness and cleanliness of which contrasted very favourably with the negligence and untidiness of those in China. Standing on the steps before a stone image of Buddha, I spoke to them of the folly of the creature worship and the duty of worshipping the only Creator. They



at once told me they were not the victims of such superstition. Indeed I have never found an intelligent Japanese believer in idolatry. To-morrow morning I trust, with God's blessing, to commence my studies with my teacher, and I have arranged to have a class, for an hour in the evening, of Japanese young men whom I have promised to assist in English. But I pray for the time when the sole instruction imparted by the Missionary shall be that knowledge which maketh wise unto salvation. I am thankful, however, that this opportunity of intercourse is afforded me, as I can thus freely and frankly unfold to them the truth. Since writing the above, I have had my first lesson here from a Japanese teacher. He is a very intelligent old man, and noted as a good teacher. I procured him through Mr. Verbeck, the only other Missionary at this place. He expects a colleague by to-morrow's mail from America. I have also received an intimation from some Japanese friends to meet them at their homes. It is very encouraging to meet with such a kindly reception here. I trust this letter may find you well. England is perhaps to-day clothed with snow or parched with frost; in Nagasaki to-day roses bloom, beautifully scented flowers are bursting into blossom, oranges hang from the green boughs, and daffodils, rising from beds of green, are in flower. Ere long I trust the sweet summer of Christ's reign shall appear, and this people, beautiful in the Lord's loveliness, shall rise from darkness and death, and come to the everlasting light of the Gospel.

#### A MISSIONARY HYMN OF PRAISE.

CHIEF Shepherd of Thy people !  
 We own with joy the union  
 Of souls that know, where'er below,  
 The Spirit's blest communion.  
 Our voices join the concert—  
 The strain of rapturous cadence—  
 That springs and rolls between the poles,  
 Swift as the solar radiance.

When o'er Pacific billows  
 The Sabbath wakes in glory,  
 Their praises due thy chosen few  
 In China sing before Thee.  
 They sing ; and westward ever  
 The daylight speeds the chorus  
 From Burmah's shore to far Lahore,  
 From Araby to Taurus.

Anon awakening Europe  
 Begins her loud devotion,  
 Her song that flies from Lapland's ice  
 To Moorish gates of ocean.  
 And hymns from Britain mingle,  
 With voices gathering ever,  
 Where rises bright Leone's height,  
 Where Niger pours his river.

Soon as the arch of morning  
 Atlantic waves embraces,  
 Before Thy throne, from zone to zone,  
 Ascend Columbia's praises.  
 And onward swells the echo,  
 On southern waters flying,  
 To blend with songs of island tongues  
 From rock to rock replying.

All, all, as one we praise Thee,  
 Great giver of salvation !  
 Whose equal grace, nor time nor place,  
 Nor language knows, nor nation,  
 We praise—and wait imploring  
 Thy hour of final favour :  
 Call in Thine own ! Reveal Thy throne !  
 And o'er us reign for ever.

H. C. G. M.

### THE BULLOM SHORE.

THE Bullom shore is that which lies opposite to Sierra Leone, across the Sierra-Leone river, the channel being about eight miles across. There is the place called Yongro. A Mission was commenced there in 1812, and in 1818 the Rev. G. R. Nylander was stationed there. At some hours' distance was another place called Rogbannah, a small Bullom town, consisting of about fifteen houses, the houses being neatly built. This spot was wont to be visited by Mr. Nylander. He used to read to the people a little tract which he had written in their own language, and much surprised they were when they heard the book talk Bullom ; but the Bullom people cared little for the instruction which was offered them : the sound of a drum, a jug of palm-wine, and a few leaves of tobacco being in their eyes of superior value. Then came a revival of the slave-trade. Dealers came from the Rio Nunez to purchase slaves. Red-water trials became frequent, in order to procure victims for sale, few of those who were accused of witchcraft escaping. If so be the Bulloms could sell slaves and buy rum, they cared nothing for the Christian Missionary. Complaints were brought against him at a public palaver that he spoiled the country by not bringing rum. They said—"He only sit down to teach children, and talk God palaver ; that good : but suppose he bring good trade, that better."

The Missionary was withdrawn ; the Mission suspended. The Committee of that day, in reporting these facts, added, "The Mission may be hereafter resumed ." and for such a recommencement of the work preparation had been made, the four Gospels and other parts of the New Testament having been finished, the morning and evening services having been translated and revised, and tracts and hymns prepared.

It was not, however, until 1862 that the Mission was resumed, the Bullom Shore having been left for forty-four years in utter darkness. In that year a native catechist, since ordained, the Rev. H. Boston, arrived at Yongro. He found there many Sierra-Leone people, who had become

like the heathen. He commenced a school, the first pupils being only five in number; his congregation on Lord's-day consisting entirely of Sierra-Leone people, the natives looking on and wondering. He formed a class of eight men and six women, who seemed to be in earnest; and one of these, an old woman, a native of the place, upwards of an hundred years old, was his first convert. Her name was Damor Pursey. One day, when he was instructing her in the folly of idol-worship, he was told by the interpreter that she had some stones in her possession. It was a custom with this people, when any member of their respective parishes died, to select a smooth stone, to represent the departed relative, and this being placed in a corner of the house, became an object of worship. The longer human life is, the more of sorrow is experienced. Her life had been long, and she had sustained many losses, the memorial stones in her possession being as many as eighteen; but, on being told how sinful all this was, she readily gave them up, saying, "I am willing to do all that you say is good to be done, in order to please God."

The baptism of this aged woman in November 1861, by Bishop Beckles, was full of interest. The palaver house, where it took place, was filled with people, there being from eighty to one hundred present, besides several heathen standing round. She was dressed in white, with a white kerchief tied round her head in the usual manner, and was supported by a long staff. She answered the questions in her own words, and with much feeling. When the bishop was about to apply the water, she knelt down and removed the kerchief from her head, showing a head of hair perfectly white, owing to her extreme age. Its appearance was very singular, for she herself was particularly dark. Her conduct throughout was most becoming, evincing intelligence and an inward feeling of peace and solemnity. She died three years afterwards, faithful to the end, never uniting with her countrymen in their heathenish customs, and always in attendance on the means of grace until prevented by illness. The last time she was visited she said, "I pray always, night and day: I have the desire to go to church, but have no strength. I look to God alone. I remember that I was washed in His name; so I trust in nothing besides Him."

In June 1862 the mud-walled chapel was completed and opened. The first Lord's-day morning service was attended by 150 people, and ten days after a Missionary meeting was held, at which the chief, David Wilson, or Bay Sherbro, made a speech in the Timneh language, referring to the time of Mr. Nylander, and expressing his gratification at having a Missionary once more amongst them.

There are now twelve Bullom converts. There are others who occasionally attend Christian worship, but the majority are unbaptized. Some from amongst the Sierra-Leone people have been turned from their evil ways. Until the Mission was commenced the profession of Christianity which these people brought with them from the Colony had no power to resist the influence of heathenism, and they fell away into vice and superstition. Now that some of them have been brought under the power of Christianity, they not only separate themselves from the ungodly ways of the heathen, but endeavour to convert them, and manifest peculiar affection to those from among the Bulloms who embrace

Christianity. They visit and admonish them; and, especially in seasons of sickness and affliction, are often found, in companies of two or three, reading and praying with such, and giving whatever they can to relieve their wants. In fact, the Christian converts have formed themselves into an institution called the Bullom Evangelistic Association, for the purpose of helping on the evangelization of the Pagans and Mohammedans around. Besides this, there are several of the Christians who do what they can in a quiet, unpretending way. At several of the out-stations there are helpers of this kind. At Ma Lökkoh two of the elder members in that village hold prayer-meetings every morning, and often give addresses from God's word, to their fellow-Christians once or twice in the week. Some women of Mr. Boston's congregation hold meetings every Friday among themselves for prayer, and as often as they meet they throw in one halfpenny each, to form a fund from whence to assist the sick and distressed ones of the congregation.

We bless God for the ray of light which has broken in upon the long night of the Bullom Shore. May it prove to be the early dawn!

#### SELECTIONS FROM NOTES OF A TOUR IN CHINA.

THESE notes appear in the "Calcutta Christian Intelligencer." It is very desirable that Christians at home should have accurate ideas respecting the diverse classes of people amongst whom our Missionaries are labouring. The diversities are very great—in appearance, language, habits of life, and religious thought and tendencies. On the most important subject of religion, all races who have not the light of revelation go astray, although not in the same way. The Hindus, for instance, are superstitious; the Chinese mind tends to scepticism.

It is of the latter people we wish to speak in this paper. They are being brought before us with increasing prominence. The Gospel of Christ having gained a footing on the shores of that great empire, is penetrating into the interior, and winning souls. We are privileged to hear of interesting conversions at Peking, Ningpo, and Fuh-chau. We are becoming increasingly interested in them, and wish to know more of their character. The testimony of an eyewitness, accredited by a periodical of so well-known reputation as the "Calcutta Christian Intelligencer," may well claim some place in our pages.

"The Chinese have their gods truly, but small is the reverence they bestow on them. Sometimes they deal with their gods in a very cavalier style. In time of drought they will supplicate them for rain. Should no rain be vouchsafed, they will remove them from the shelter of the temple, and, placing them in the blaze of the scorching sun, say, 'Now, you stand there and see how pleasant it is for us to be enduring this parching heat.'"

But there is something wonderful in the devotion of the Chinese to the departed. Indeed, the worship of ancestors is the religion of China.

They have "gods many, and lords many," but a scant measure of honour is meted out to these compared to the attention bestowed upon their ghostly predecessors. Every Missionary feels that this is his greatest difficulty. He can get on admirably until he touches the sore point: touching that, he touches the apple of the eye. A word on that subject will convert an attentive, good-humoured audience into a furious mob. Many a time the Chinese will admit the superiority of the Gospel and the beauties of Christ's character; but when at length they learn that Christianity discourages their favourite worship, they will turn away with disgust and aversion, and protest that a religion which is opposed to such devotion can only have sprung from a foul demon.

The mode of worship consists in burning incense, sticks and strips of paper, on which certain precepts of Confucius are inscribed. It must not be supposed that the people are disinterested in their attention to their ancestors. The opposite is the case. They evidently worship the manes of the departed less to benefit them than themselves. They believe that negligence in this respect would incense the restless spirits against them, and that dire calamities would be sure to overtake them.

The filial piety of the Chinese has ever been proverbial, and deservedly so; though this good trait is carried to a guilty excess. Disobedience to parents is regarded as the most horrible of crimes, and it is a sin of comparatively rare occurrence. But every child is taught to regard his parents as standing to him in the place of God, and he is bound to render to them divine homage. On stated occasions the parents ascend a kind of throne and there sit, whilst the children prostrate themselves before them, and invoke them in terms which belong alone to the Deity. These prostrations take place even amongst the native Christians, and the Missionaries are not a little troubled to know how to act under the circumstances. The idolatrous addressess are not made by Christian children; still there is a tendency to excessive homage, in appearance not far removed from worship.

Care should be taken not heedlessly to offend the religious prejudices of the people. The Missionary's duty is to teach and preach Jesus Christ. That will do its own work. "The entrance of Thy word giveth light, it giveth understanding to the simple."

A Governor of Macao some eight years ago wished to make a road. He made, it but did not count the cost. He cut through a Chinese cemetery. He was warned against the measure, and assured that no greater insult could be offered to the natives than to meddle with the resting-place of their ancestors. His Excellency sneered at the warning and laughed at the danger. One evening he was going out for his usual ride. A faithful Chinese servant implored him to stay at home. Again he smiled and sneered. As if to show his coolness, he spurred his horse, and left his aide-de-camp far behind. In an instant four men sprang like lightning on the rider. A moment sufficed to bring him to the ground, and, ere the aide-de-camp could reach the spot, the assailants had made off with the head and right-hand of the unfortunate man.

The present Governor is wiser in his generation. He, too, had occasion lately to make a cutting through a burial-ground. He did the thing

discreetly, and proved that he respected the prejudices of the people, though, it may be, he respected his head likewise. Before turning a sod for his own purposes, he very carefully opened every grave, and, with religious caution, collected the bones. These were deposited in an earthen jar, covered up, and ticketed with the name of the departed. We saw a vast number of these jars ranged in rows, awaiting the arrival of claimants who would remove the sacred relics to some other place of repose.

It may seem strange that such a disturbance of the dead as is described should not arouse the ire of the people. The fact is, they do not regard removal as desecration in any sense. They look upon the collecting and preserving of the bones as an act of pious attention. In many parts of the country it is customary to bury the dead *above ground*. They put the body in a strong wooden coffin, and place it in a field or garden adjoining the house. There it remains for a year or more, when they open it, and, taking out the bones, place them in one of those jars. In this way whole rows of such urns adorn the side of the house, and the survivor, as he eats his meal or smokes his pipe, may contemplate the earthen memorials of his ancestors for many generations.

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#### CATHERINE ECKHARD, OF LOVEDALE, SOUTH AFRICA.

CATHERINE ECKHARD was a woman of the Hottentot race, though not of unmixed blood, and was generally known as Old Catherine. Of her earliest days little is known beyond the fact that she was brought up on a farm in the Graaf Reynet division. She was probably in the employment of some Dutch farmer; and as a girl she seems to have gone with her master's family on the annual journey to Cape Town, with dried fruit, skins, and various other products of the farm, to exchange for the supplies of the year.

In the year 1820 the British settlers first arrived in Algoa Bay. Port Elizabeth, now a flourishing town, and the largest seaport on the East Coast of Africa, was then a barrack and a few huts built on sand-hills, with a population of thirty-five souls. The Scottish division of settlers was headed by Thomas Pringle, the only poet of any name whom South Africa has inspired. Mr. Pringle held service, in the shape of public worship, with the people on his place on Sundays; and it is probable Catherine's first religious impressions were received there, and that she was also baptized about that period, when the services of a minister could be secured.

In 1829-30 a settlement was formed in a picturesque valley called the Kat River. Thither Catherine removed, to be with her people, she having been previously married to a young man, also a Hottentot, though of mixed blood like herself. He died early, leaving his widow with one daughter. When the Rev. Mr. Govan arrived in this country, about 1841, Catherine, on the recommendation of her minister, entered Mrs. Govan's service. With one brief interruption during the Kaffir war of 1846, her wanderings were now at an end; and for the next twenty-five years she remained about this place, living under its shadow, and being a sort of established fact in connexion with the Institution.

In the Kat-River valley her husband received, as a grant from Government, a small piece of land. After the last war of 1850-51 land rose greatly in price on the frontier, and this small allotment became valuable on account of the right to extensive commonage attached to it. Her small property was sold about ten years ago to a respectable coloured man for 400*l*, a certain portion remaining at interest at six per cent., which has been regularly paid.

After she got the money she wished two things done. The first was to live by herself, and with more comfort than she had previously enjoyed. A cottage was built for her close to the Institution. That she occupied till the time of her death. The second thing she wished was to have a will made. No one even suggested to her the mode of disposing of her property which she ultimately carried out. The will is *bona fide* her will, and expresses her own views and wishes; and it is very remarkable that a poor uneducated native woman should have made such a disposal of her money, which amounts, after paying various expenses, to about 300*l*. This sum is left to form bursaries for native students, Hottentots, Kaffirs, or Fingoes, at Lovedale Institution. The bursaries are to be open to competition, the competitors to be recommended by the Missionaries under whose care they may happen to live, and the preference is to be given to superior scholarship; and these bursaries shall be held only while the student continues at Lovedale Institution, and conducts himself satisfactorily, and in no case for a period longer than five years.

This deed, so unusual for a woman in her position, is signed as far back as 1860; and she has never been known by any one here to make any reference to what she had done. Her mind seems to have been quite made up on the subject.

From having been nearly twenty-five years about the place, her character was well known. Like all the rest of us, she was not quite perfect. Old Catherine, both as old and young, had a somewhat fiery and impetuous temper, which often showed itself in outbursts of indignation at some real or fancied injustice to herself or her neighbours, or at some wrong-doing on the part of others. Long ago, before age had abated this undue natural force, Catherine would, when her anger was raised to white heat, go and sit outside the door, refusing to take part in the labours of the forenoon, or to work with her native fellow-servants, whose probable indolence or slovenliness had aroused her wrath.

In the early days of the Institution, when the native lads came in karosses and sheep-skins to be taught, Catherine employed her spare time in making clothes for them, and taught the Kaffir girls many of the employments of civilized women. Some of these girls, now grown to womanhood, are on the station still. She was also a kind and faithful nurse to both Europeans and natives in times of sickness, and was always ready to go to the assistance of the latter, even when roused in the night.

She several times spoke of the state of her mind in prospect of death, saying that her trust was in her Redeemer, and that she committed herself to his care for life or death, and that all her sufferings were necessary. Her native friends regret her loss, her failings of temper being forgotten, and her good deeds preserved in grateful and fragrant remembrance.—*Free Church Monthly Record*.





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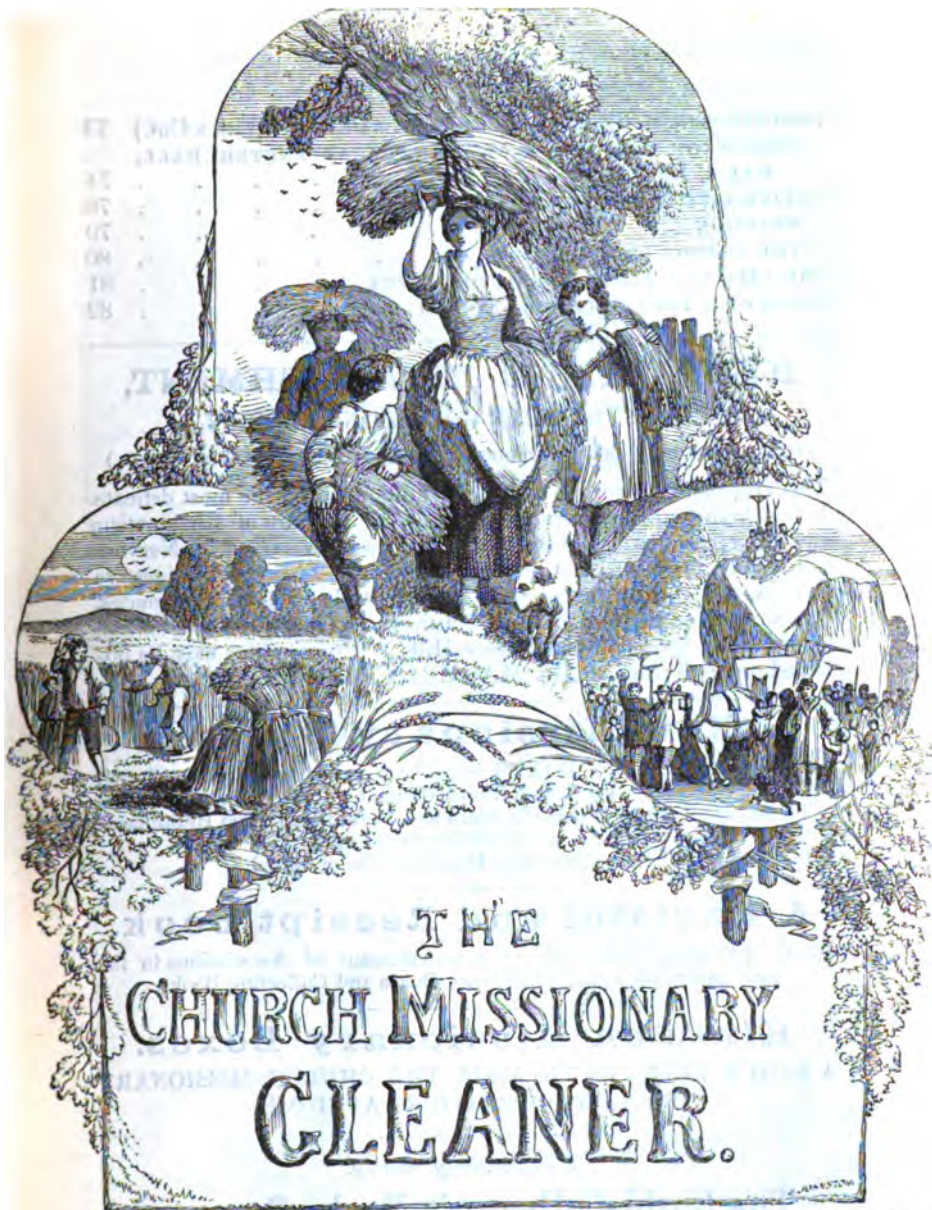
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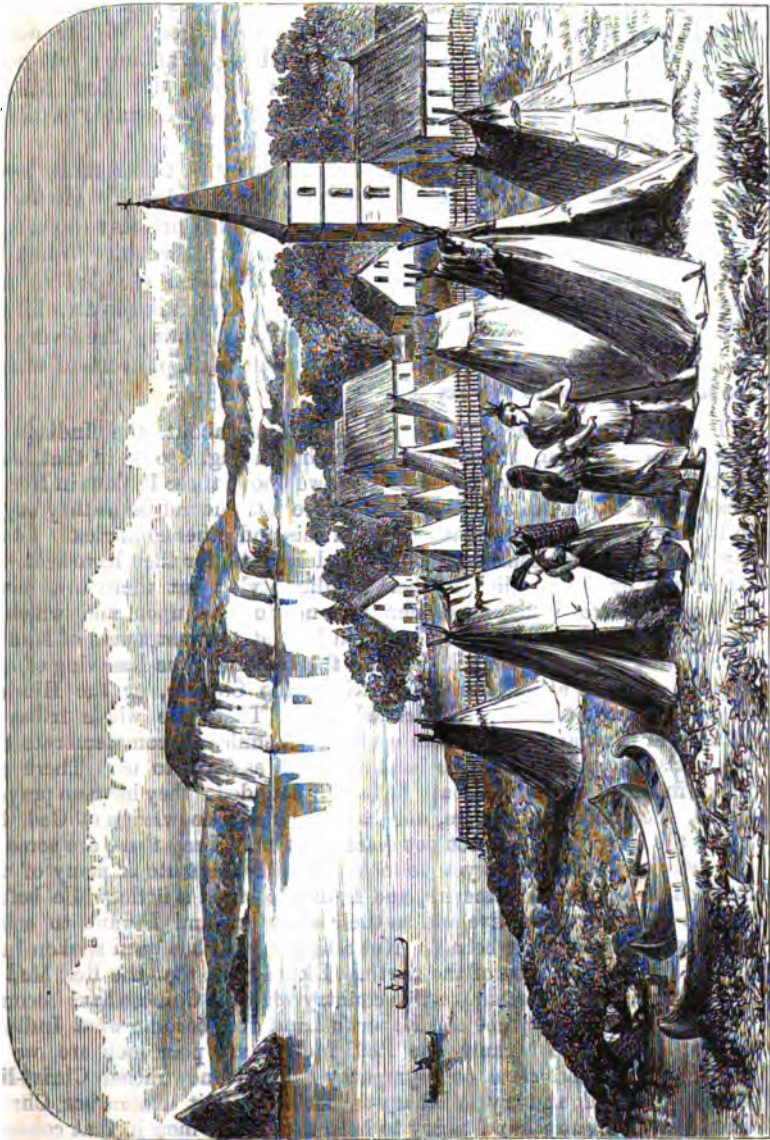
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FORT SIMPSON, MACKENZIE RIVER, NORTH-WEST AMERICA.
 OUR engraving is a picture of Fort Simpson on the Mackenzie River, the station of the Rev. W. W. Kirkby, who is now at home, and, by his descriptions and appeals, drawing forth much sympathy on



FORT SIMPSON STATION, MACKENZIE RIVER.

July 1869.

H

behalf of the Indians of the far North-west, amongst whom he has laboured so long and so earnestly.

The Fort stands on an island, at the junction of two rivers, the River of the Mountains, and the Mackenzie. It is 2250 miles from the Red-River Settlement. When our Missionaries first reached the Red River, we seemed to think that they had gone so far north that it was scarcely possible that they should go further; but now we find them at Fort Simpson, 2000 miles beyond the Red River, while the Youcon, the station of the Rev. R. McDonald, is some 1000 miles further to the north-west.

Archdeacon Hunter was the first Missionary at this remote spot. He was succeeded by Mr. Kirkby in the summer of 1859. He found himself face to face with a strong body of Romish priests: nevertheless the Lord stood by him, and blessed him in his work. What the nature of the work has been, and what he has been enabled to accomplish, Mr. Kirkby had the opportunity of explaining in an address which he delivered in Exeter Hall at the Evening Anniversary Meeting of the Society, held on Thursday, May 4th, portions of which we now introduce to our readers—

I am going to place before you something about the Indians in North-west America, and something which you ought to do in that land. In the first place, let me say a word or two about these Indians in North-west America. I feel that those people are not understood as they ought to be understood by Christian people in this and other countries. I dare say you have heard something of the Red Indians, for they have been put before you by the novelists in their peculiar style; but there is a phase in their character which these men have not touched upon, and which I should like to place before you. If you look at the vast tracts of land in North-west America, you will see that the Indians are as deserving of, and require, as much attention as the African, the Chinese, or the Hindus, whose case has been so well pleaded here. There are whole tribes of Indians in that land upon whom no Sabbath smiles to commemorate the Saviour's resurrection and the blessings thus assured to us. There are tribes in whose ears no Sabbath bells ever sounded: they have no prayer-books, they make no prayers, nor have they any knowledge of God, because the Missionary has not yet reached them. I say these are some of the evils on which I want you to look. That is the state of many of the Indians of North-west America, and I wish to stand a little while before you as their representative and as their advocate, and I want to enlist your sympathy in their behalf. Not a single word has been spoken here to-day for the Red Men of the north. I know well that the Red Men of the north can never become to this country what the Chinese have become, and may yet become; nor can Rupert's Land ever become what India is to England. But because the Red Indians are poor men are we to neglect them, and close our sympathy? Is it not rather Christ-like to help the weak and try to lift up the feeble? Is it not rather Christ-like to stretch out a hand to try to help those poor men in that country, who are without hope, and without the knowledge of Christ? I say that.

these people are a very interesting people ; and although they may not long have a name amongst the nations of the earth, is not that rather a reason than otherwise why we should be up and doing, in order that every one of them may have a name in the record which shall never perish ? There are some very interesting particulars which I should like to place before you with reference to the Red Men of the north. Cooper has told you about their camps, and their council-chambers, and some of their mental characteristics, but some of the most interesting points in these men have never been laid before you. I am glad to say that the Indians would stand high amongst some of the nations of the earth, as far as their mental characteristics go. I believe there are many classes of people here in England who have not such a scope of thought as these Indians of the north. They can reason upon things coming within their range of knowledge, and express themselves in a manner which the working-classes in this country could not do. How deeply touching was it when the American Minister went to a tribe to make a treaty with them for land. He said, "I want to make a treaty with you for land." When the chief said to him, "Sit down upon that log," the American minister sat down upon the log: when the chief said, "Move on a little further," and he moved on further, the chief said, "Move on further," and he moved again. The chief then said, "Move on yet a little further," but the minister said, "I cannot move further." The chief said, "Why not?" and the minister replied, "Because I have got to the end." The chief replied, "That is it. In years gone by our forefathers lived out there with the rising sun, and the white man came and said, 'Give us room to spread our tents.' We gave them room to spread their tents, and they then said, 'Give us land,' and we gave them land. They said, 'Move up a little further,' and we moved up a little further. Again they said, 'Move up a little further,' and again we moved. But once more they said, 'Move up a little further,' and we did so ; and now you come to us and say, 'Move further still !' But where can we move to ; we have got to the end : the great sea is at the west ; where can we move to, where can we go?" Does not that show great scope of thought? How deeply interesting was it when a heathen came to me and said, "We Indians are like iron, and you white men are like stone." I thought this was pride. "What do you mean?" said I. "Why," said he, "if you throw a piece of iron out into the prairie, and let it remain there, it will gradually waste away, until it is soon all gone ; but if you throw a stone there it does not waste away. But," he said, "if the iron, before it is all gone, is taken up and rubbed against the stone, it soon becomes bright and useful. We are like the iron : our people are wasting away, but you do not waste away ; and if we can only manage to rub ourselves against you, then," he said, "we will become bright?" Does not this show scope of thought? And then I daresay you have heard of that bright reply which one of the converts in Rupert's Land gave to a traveller. This man was a warm-hearted Christian, fond of singing hymns ; and the English traveller said, "Why do you like to sing those hymns? What has Jesus done for you?" The man looked at him in great astonishment, but said nothing. He made a ring of some moss which he gathered, and got a worm, which he put in the centre: then, with his flint and steel he

struck a light and set fire to the moss. As the moss began to burn the worm began to writhe with pain. The Indian then took up the worm, and put it upon a stone, and said, "That is what Christ did for me. I was that worm, and felt in my spirit as much pain as the worm did in its body, but in the midst of my agony Jesus came to me, and placed me upon the rock, and can you wonder that I love Him as I do?" Now, I say that men who can reason like that ought to take no secondary place amongst the nations of the earth; and although they be a poor people, although they be a failing and wasting people, shall we neglect them? Shall we not stretch our hand to help them? Shall we not seek to save them? My dear friends, these Red Men, I may say, have suffered grievous wrongs at the hands of the Anglo-Saxon race. I do not charge any one with those wrongs, but I charge the race with them; and therefore to those who have endured the wrongs we ought to take the remedy, and that remedy is Christ.

Let me go on to tell you a little about our work in Rupert's Land. Sixteen years ago I sat in yonder gallery previous to my departure for Rupert's Land. I little thought at that time that, sixteen years after, God in His mercy would bring me back to tell you what He has been doing there; but so it is. I went to Red River. In our church at Red River—we never knew what it was to have an empty one—the people were always there in their places whenever there was service. Here in England the proverb is often too true, "Many to market and few to church," but there it is very different: it is few to market and many to church. They might not see many enter there on the weekdays, but they are sure to see it full on the Sabbath-day. You see them flocking to the house of prayer to offer their thanksgiving to God. But I cannot stop at Red River, for I want to take you with me up to Fort Simpson on the banks of the River Mackenzie. This Fort Simpson is not the Fort Simpson you have just been told about. The one I speak of is in the east, and the other is in the west. I should like you, when you go home, to take your maps and search out these places, and put a mark against them. Ten years ago there was no such thing as a Mission on the Mackenzie River; but at that time Archdeacon Hunter went up to the north; and when he came back again, God in His Providence led me there to continue the work he had begun, and I thank God that I was led to that work, and have continued in it. After I had been there a little while, and the work promised well, I had some sad trials to endure. One of those trials came from England and one from France. They were very dissimilar, but both very injurious. Shall I tell you what they were? The trial from England came last, but I would rather place it first, and then draw attention to the trial which came from France. The boats go up in that country once a month, and bring supplies for the natives, for which they exchange furs and other things. And when the boats come up it is a sort of fair day, or general holiday, and the poor people gather in the height of expectation and enjoyment. In a certain year, when those boats came, there were the poor natives full of joy at receiving their annual supplies. They received them, and on the third day after that many of them were sick and dying. Scarlet fever had been brought out from England in the goods, and those goods were, as it were, the angel

of death among them, going throughout that vast district, and no fewer than 1000 persons fell victims to that frightful disease. At my own station I think there was not a single person, except myself, who was not down at one time or another with the fever. At one time, in my own house, all were afflicted except myself; and I myself had in the morning to wash up the cups, plates, saucepans and so forth of yesterday; and after getting breakfast I had to sweep up and put all things right in the house. I then had to go out to the poor Indians' tents and give them something to eat, and then I took the poor Indian children in my own arms and fed them with a spoon, because there was not a single one to help them. But do all I would I could not keep them from dying. But there is never a dark cloud without a silver lining. Thank God, that cloud, black as it appeared to be, had its silver lining also. A great many of those people there were, about whom, up to that time, I had little hope that the truth would reach their minds; but when that sad affliction came upon them—when they saw death before them—the truth came out: they had been led to Jesus, and died looking to Him who loved them, and who had given Himself for them. When with streaming eyes I turned my heart upwards and prayed that the affliction might pass away, I could not but thank God that it had been sent, and that their faith had been manifested by it. That was trial from England. I will now speak a few words to you with reference to our trial from France. That trial came to us in the shape of some Roman-Catholic priests; and if I could only tell you some of the lies which those men used to tell the Indians you would be surprised. I should not like to pain your ears by repeating some of the statements they used to make, but I will tell you one or two of the most gentle ones. They used to say to the Indians, "Don't go where that man is," meaning me: "he is only a man like the fur-trader, and has no more power than you have. If you shake hands with him you will be sure to be sick, and will very likely die." And they said also, "If he baptize you, he will baptize you with common water out of the river, and that has no strength; but if we baptize you, we will baptize you with water from God, and that is very strong." They also said, "We will write letters to God, and put them into your coffin when you die; and when God sees that you have got the letter, He will open the doors of heaven to you; but it will surely be shut against all that minister's people; therefore don't you go where he is." But the people said, "We like to go there because he always speaks to us from the word of God." Those priests then said, "Then you are a stupid people, because, if you do not know anything about God, and do anything wrong, God will not be angry; but if you hear that book and do something wrong, as you are sure to do, for you are a silly people, God will surely be very angry; and therefore you had better not hear that book at all."

(To be continued.)

NATIVE LIFE IN BRITISH QUIAH.

DID any of our readers ever doubt the misery of the heathen? If so, let them read the following letter from our Missionary, the Rev. J. Beale, who is stationed at British Quiah, a district recently annexed to the colony of Sierra Leone, and into the midst of whose dense heathenism we have introduced a commencement of Missionary work—

Life in British Quiah may be compared in some measure to life among the English gipsies. The people live without a home. Four walls of mud, thatched with grass, enclose all they value. They manufacture nothing, and they need nothing, but live a laughing life of lazy poverty. Only now and then they seem to live a wakeful life: the planting season stirs them up. Activity is necessary then, for their plan of farming is the most laborious possible. Each year a fresh belt of forest is brought under cultivation. Every tree is cut down and burnt on the spot, and between the blackened trunks the seed is dropped into the ground. But when the work is over and the harvest gathered unto the "funk"—i.e. a roofraised upon poles, and beneath its shade the elders sit to settle all palavers—then comes the time of pleasure. Nightly the monotonous drum disturbs the stillness, and the hideous cries of the dancers, and daily the feast is spread with barbarous profusion. And when these carousals end, and the rice is low in the store, then they pay the penalty of folly, and find bare subsistence in the roots and berries of the forest. Could life be lower, or men more worthy of our pity? The very beasts are more prudent, and in the time of plenty provide for future want.

And yet there is a darker side. Ignorance and superstition always go hand in hand. Nothing elevates truly but the Gospel, and, that light obscured, all must be gloom. And so it is in British Quiah. The people live without God and without hope. To a man they follow dark delusions. Witchcraft has a terrible power. Every evil, whether sickness or accident, is traced to this source, and every man, woman, and even the innocent child, is exposed to this charge. I remember an accusation of this kind being laid upon a perfectly innocent man. A neighbour pronounced that he was guilty. This was quite sufficient, and if I had not been present to ward off the evil the unfortunate man would have had to purge himself in this way. In the presence of his accusers and witnesses he would have had to ascend a light scaffolding and there drink a cup of country poison.

In this heathen land the air is supposed to be peopled with hostile spirits: the woods echo sounds uttered by no human voice. Every cave and tree and rock has its weird inhabitant, and both the leopard of the forest and the alligator of the swamp are the agents of (supposed) spirits. Last year, at a certain town just without British jurisdiction, a woman was killed by an alligator. Native custom at once demanded satisfaction from the neighbours. Somebody had undoubtedly assumed the shape of the beast and done the mischief. The inquiry proved very serious, and it was not until after months of debate amongst the chiefs, and months of fear for the common people, that thorough quiet was restored.

To such stories as these I might add many others. Every town has its legend. The people tremble at the sound of a leaf, and flee at the sighing of the wind.

This belief in the power and appearance of spirits separated from their natural bodies, influences, nay, is the religion of, the people. The Timneh dwells in a world of his own. He never questions, he never argues, but surrounds himself with influences which, whether real or not to other men, are certainly real to him. He feels that the dead live. He often feels it with a distinctness which Christians would do well to imitate. He buries his dead in a noisy way—dancing and drinking and feasting, with sound of drum and booming gun. But yet he does not forget the departed. The immediate ceremonies suit better the joyousness of marriage, but after these are over, then with reverence he sweeps the tomb of the lost one, and, building over it a roof of palm-leaves, offers beneath the plate of rice and poured-out oil. Of course there is superstition in all this, but the sincere belief in life after death has a charm about it which even superstition cannot destroy.

Religion.

The Timnehs, properly speaking, have no idols, at least I have never seen any. Those hideous wooden monstrosities which amaze the country Missionary meeting are quite unknown here. The Timneh mind seems scarcely to have advanced to anything so definite as this. Their religion consists less in outward adoration than in that habitual terror of mind which, amongst us, is found only in children. Every home has its "Kriffis," or "Penates," as the old Romans called them, their household gods. These take many forms. I remember a chief telling me that in the old time, before he embraced Christ, the finger-nail of his ancestors, and rough stones gathered from the footpath, both representing the spirits of the departed, formed the deity he worshipped. The mass of the people adopt much the same fashion. But besides the "Kriffis," they have an outdoor worship of a somewhat peculiar nature. In some lone forest nook, where trees and winding creepers have twined a natural temple (artificial temple they have none), the bug-a-bug, or white ant, has raised her house of mud. To the eye this house is but a heap of earth, curiously fashioned truly, but not more remarkable than a thousand things scattered around. And yet this is the god. Over it, supported by two poles, is a roof of grass. With reverence the worshipper draws near, and places first a stone upon the sacred hill. Again he comes, and having in his hand the rice or fowl for sacrifice, with vast ceremony he places these, and pouring over all the drink-offering, wine and oil, completes the sacrifice. Thus he offers prayer. With entreaty, with persuasion and sometimes with menace, he begs the powers to help him. He asks for nothing spiritual: all his wants are material: a good harvest, protection on a journey, many children, success in war. These are the burden of his prayers. Would that I could stop here, and let you know that these poor heathen broke only the first commandment in their searchings after help. In times of peace they may seem simple enough in mode of life and manner of worship; but when the passions of the soul are roused by hope of gain, or fear of trouble, then they act

as men ruled by evil. Not long ago, just without British jurisdiction, a scene was enacted which might well have drawn tears from the dullest heart. The chiefs desired to influence one greater and more powerful than themselves, and so they sought the aid of heaven. On a fixed day a mighty crowd assemble on the river's bank. Every face is eager, all are watching, and through the crowd there come a youth and a girl, both bound, and both prepared for sacrifice. Their faces show no agony of mind, but only that dull apathy which the heathen face so often wears. They stand in the sight of all, and over them are spoken many words in the Sherbro language. Presently a canoe is launched, the children put on board and slowly pulled to the centre of the stream. Then comes a pause, a plunge, the wavelets strike the shore, and all is over. Two human beings have been murdered by the hands of friends and kindred ! And now I think I have said enough to give you some idea of the Quiah people.

The Porroh Brotherhood.

Closely allied with religion is the Porroh Brotherhood, a species of freemasonry. This institution is, I believe, peculiar to the Timnehs, though other tribes have institutions which bear the marks of a common origin. If I mistake not, the Porroh aims more at political than religious power. The king of the tribe is usually the father of the Porroh. If he does not aspire to this dignity he must suffer considerably in influence, for in its hands all power is vested, and the enrolled swear to pay all obedience to their superiors.

The mode of enrolment has much mystery about it. Months must be spent in the bush. No strange eye must see them. What they do there I cannot say. Only one European, I believe, ever became a Porroh, Mr. Brooks, an American Missionary, who I have heard became a Porroh man. He acted from a good motive, and I know not with what success. At the close of the forest probation, they undergo the rite of circumcision, and are branded on the back of the neck with the Porroh mark. These rites completed, the novice goes forth to his countrymen clothed with a secret, but by no means shadowy power. In honour of such an event, it is usual to keep high festival for many days. Goats and fowls are slaughtered, rice prepared, rum and palm wine provided with boundless prodigality. Each day, before and after eating, the drum strikes up the Porroh measure, and all present, young and old, join in the furious dancing. Only a few days ago I came upon such a scene. The dancers numbered about twelve, and were very prettily habited. Cloths, striped red and white, bound the head and loins. Silver bells tinkled on the wrists and ankles, glittering with silver rings, and their bodies shone with scented oil. As soon as I appeared amongst them they closed up like soldiers, in two lines, and awaited the result. It seemed a pity to disturb their evident enjoyment, but I felt it my duty to disperse them. These festivals at first sight seem innocent enough, but the lust, drunkenness and sin that crowd around the heathen revels totally alter their complexion. And, more than this, the harvest of a year is often squandered in a day, and gaunt famine treads on the heels of profligacy. Such is the Porroh system.

THE LATE REV. JAMES ANDRIS DE LIVERA.

DEATH has removed from us one of our most experienced and valued native ministers of Ceylon, the Rev. J. A. De Livera. After an illness of about a month, he died on December 23, as he had lived, resting all his hopes for eternity on the merits and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ.

At the present time, when every effort is being made to lead the native Christians to activity and self-dependence, such a man was invaluable, and his death is a severe loss, not merely to the Church Missionary Society, in connexion with which he so long laboured, but to the whole native church in Ceylon.

Mr. Livera was educated at the Cotta Institution, under the late Rev. J. F. Haslam, and by him trained with a special view to his being eventually ordained. He at that time acquired not only a thorough knowledge of English and a very fair acquaintance with Greek, but also an amount of general information, more particularly on theological subjects, which, while it bore testimony to his own diligence, reflected the highest credit on his instructor. The writer of this notice had the privilege of preparing him for both deacons' and priests' orders, and was frequently astonished by the knowledge he displayed of such books as Butler's Analogy and the *Horæ Paulinæ* of Paley. At his ordination as deacon by Bishop Chapman, in 1861, the Bishop kindly offered him his choice in the examination between the Greek Testament and the Singhalese Bible: he unhesitatingly chose the former, and passed satisfactorily in it.

But the most distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Livera, the one which made him what he was, and which now renders his loss so keenly felt, was his deep humility. God had bestowed on him an amount of wisdom and sound judgment which made his advice and counsel at all times valuable, and which fitted him eminently to be a leading man in the important work of establishing the native church; but he was through life content to be, as though last of all and servant of all, a most humble, simple-minded follower of his Divine Master.

Mr. Livera, after many years' labour as catechist in Colombo and its neighbourhood, was, when ordained, appointed to the charge of the Singhalese congregation at Kurunagala, and remained there about two years, till the effect of that trying climate on a constitution naturally weak, compelled him to relinquish the post. Many who remember his stay at Kurunagala, recall with gratitude his ministrations there, and bear witness to his patient and diligent labour.

On his return to Colombo he was appointed Pastor of the Nugegoda chapel, in the Cotta district; and the plans which he formed for the organization of his pastorate, and the manner in which he

carried them out, might well be adopted as a model by those engaged in similar work.

With so many qualifications, with so much which rendered him valuable, his presence seemed almost a necessity in the organization of the native church here, and he was regarded as the one to whom the general oversight of the whole might be entrusted should the European Missionary be withdrawn; but God seeth not as man seeth, and it has pleased Him to take His servant to Himself. Towards the close of November he was taken ill, but at first no serious results were anticipated. After some days, however, it became apparent that his life was in danger, and as his case required constant and careful attention, he was, on the advice of Dr. Willisford, removed to the civil hospital, where everything which medical skill could suggest was done for him, kind friends residing in the neighbourhood supplying him with comforts and all the nourishment which his weak state required.

During his illness no murmur escaped his lips—he seemed ever calm, grateful for everything which was done for him, and perfectly contented to commit everything to God. His extreme weakness prevented his speaking much on any subject, but he responded with evident pleasure to every remark which recalled a Saviour's love, or led his thoughts towards heaven. A few hours before his death he repeated some passages of Scripture expressive of complete reliance on Christ, and then, after a pause, desired those who were with him to kneel down and pray. As they concluded, he repeated the Amen, and a few minutes afterwards, without anything to indicate the slightest suffering, his spirit passed away. To us the loss is great, but to him, who has now entered into his rest and reward, the gain is unspeakable. We sorrow, therefore, not as those who have no hope, but can mingle with our mourning, thankful and heartfelt rejoicing that another, who was once in darkness and heathenism, has now entered into the glorious and everlasting light of God's presence, and that another witness has been borne to the truth that the Gospel "is the power of God to salvation to every one that believeth."

May God raise up from amongst the Singhalese many men of a similar spirit and like qualities, to the furtherance of His work and the glory of His name!

NOTES OF A TOUR IN CHINA—NINGPO.

THESE notes appeared in the Calcutta Christian Intelligencer. They are the production of some gentleman who has been along the coast, and who has sketched in a lively way what he has seen. The following is his description of Ningpo—

Ningpo is one of the free ports. In a commercial sense its pristine glory is waning; but it is a very flourishing Mission centre. The Church

Missionary Society has a most interesting Mission there. It cannot, indeed, boast a large number of converts, but there is an aspect of reality and genuineness about the work which affords encouragement and hope. It is impossible to be present at the worship of those people without feeling that some of them at least are worshipping "in spirit and in truth." Conversation with several, especially with the catechists and teachers, confirmed this impression. Here and there you meet with a peculiarly fervent and earnest character. One Chinese woman was pointed out to us, who had been the means of bringing twenty other women to the knowledge of Christ. We saw an old man whose devotion to the Saviour found expression in rather a curious way. He had long been seeking in vain for peace: at length he heard of the Saviour and embraced Him. Having "found peace through the blood of the cross," his love to the Crucified One led him to desire a mark of allegiance in his body as well as in his soul. He actually branded himself with the sign of the cross. There was no vain display in this, for he kept the matter a secret. When the thing was accidentally made known, he said he did it that he might be enabled for ever to remember whose he was and whom he was bound to serve. The *act* we may question, the *motive* we must approve.

Ningpo has more than once been the scene of bloody strife. It was lost and regained several times during the late rebellion. The last time the rebels got possession, the Church Missionary Society's Mission house was visited by them. Some of the common soldiers were inclined to treat the Missionaries roughly, but one or two of their officers, coming up, rescued them, and assured them, that, under their rule, they had nothing to fear. So it proved: those good men continued their work in the city for weeks unmolested. At length a combined European and Imperial force appeared before the city. Before the bombardment commenced the English commodore sent to advise the Missionaries to retire. They did so; but the rebels would not allow the native Christians to quit the city. Happily none of them were injured during the six hours' shelling which followed. Some of them, however, had hair-breadth escapes. A poor old catechist and his wife had established themselves in the Mission-house as the safest spot. The good old man was on his knees praying, when a ten-pounder shot passed clean through the walls of the house, and only just cleared his head. The catechist thought it high time to withdraw; but where was he to go. He fell back on the wisdom of his wife. The old lady suggested that they should both take refuge in a huge water-jar and cover themselves up. They did so, and were preserved; not, however, by the jar, for, had a shot come that way it would have been a bad case for both them and it. The hole left by the cannon ball in the wall is still preserved as a memento of past deliverance.

The Church Mission at Ningpo has a number of rural stations connected with it. Several days were devoted to a visitation of those stations. We thus got a peep into rural life in China. Very interesting was the tour. There is, all the world over, a pleasing simplicity and ingenuousness about country-people which you don't meet with in towns. As we passed through towns and villages, where the face of a foreigner had rarely, if ever, been seen, great was the stir awakened. Our chairs were hardly set down ere young men and maidens, old men and children, mothers and babies, came flocking together. We had to submit to rather a searching

examination : the texture of our clothes, the structure of our hats and shoes were most carefully discussed. Here and there a hand was stretched out to feel us ; the veins on our hands were remarked upon : now a strange discovery called forth an expression of surprise, now an irreverent wag said something to provoke a laugh. There was nothing for it but taking it all in good part, as in good part it was certainly meant. It was evident that nothing but a curious, kindly feeling actuated the examiners, and so we consented to their researches, and joined in their mirth. What pleased us more than all was the sight of a number of jolly, fat babies. Really some of the mothers had very good faces, but those pretty miniature Chinamen quite took our heart. We patted their heads and stroked their cheeks ; nay, we did more—forgive the weakness—we could not help it ; we actually took them in our arms. You would forgive us, dear reader, could you have seen the proud joy of their fathers and the modest delight of their mothers, when they gazed on their little ones in the foreigners' embrace. They will never forget that ; and little *Ching-chang* and *Sang-gua*, when they grow up, will doubtless transmit the stange story to the next generation. Go to, ye misanthropes of society who shrink from babies ; we cannot : away with you ; there is verily something wrong in your nature, or perhaps the fault is in your condition rather than nature. No trait, we have often thought, is more attractive in the Saviour than His love of infancy. We can see the tender sparkling love of His eye as He folded the little ones to His bosom.

On our return some days after, rather a different crowd greeted us, but we caught sight of one poor woman who had been present before. No sooner, however, did we see her than she vanished like lightning. What this meant we soon learnt ; in a few minutes she returned with a beaming face, holding the same fat baby in her arms. Of course we could not refuse the desired hug to the baby.

It did one's heart good to see, here and there, little temples to the living God side by side with the joss houses of the heathen. It refreshed one's spirit, too, to see little congregations coming together to sing the praises of Jesus, and call upon His name, whilst crowds of wondering heathen gather about the doors. The day of determined opposition has passed away ; the people at large are willing to hear the message of salvation. Those good and holy men who, in years gone-by, bore the burden and heat of the day, now are enabled to rejoice in hope. In order to give our reader a specimen of the kind of spirit which actuated those worthy men, we cannot do better than conclude this paper with an extract from a sermon of one of them. " You inhabitants of China do not believe in Jesus who came and died for your sins, nor do you love Him : nay, you hate or ridicule Him, and when I walk along the streets the boys shout and laugh, and say, Jesus ! Jesus ! how big ? how high ? But I love Him, and reverence Him, and worship Him, and serve Him. I am called the slave of Jesus ! Men have various designations, and that is mine—the slave of Jesus. And no wonder, for He bought me, and paid for my price the precious treasure of His own blood. I am His slave ; and most willing am I to obey His commandments. If He bid me do thus, I do it ; if He bid me not do that, I do it not." The same good man winds up a letter thus—" Therefore sow : if in tears, if in fears, if in much faint-heartedness, still sow."

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SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT THE RIVER SONE.

THE engraving appended to this Number presents a view of Indian scenery. The river before the spectator, on the near bank of which he is supposed to be standing, is the great river Sone, or Soane. The hills



CROSSING THE RIVER SONE.

August 1869.

beyond are the Kymore hills, the scarped cliffs of which, at this spot, approach close to the river. The Kymore hills are properly the north-east extremity of the great Vindhya range, which, running from west to east, separate Hindustan on their north from the Deccan on their south.

We wish to say a word about this Sone river. It rises in Gondwana, and on the elevated table land of Ummurkuntak, a few miles east of the source of the Nerbudda. These rivers do not interfere with one another: they take different directions. The Nerbudda flows west until it enters the Indian Ocean, after a lengthened course of 800 miles. The Sone, taking up a different sphere of usefulness, flows north-east, until, after a course of 465 miles, it joins the Ganges near Dinapore.

Surely the wise distribution of rivers ought to teach a lesson to good people. People who are anxious to do good, whether individuals or Societies, ought not to interfere with others who are intent on the same objects. Paul did not. He took care so to direct the stream of his active benevolence as to preach, not where Christ was named, lest he should build on another man's foundation.

If two rivers do approach each other they unite. Therein lies another lesson for good people. When there occurs a confluence of rivers, the lesser is lost in the greater, and usually the very name is lost. If we are enabled to contribute anything to the general good—the great good—the spread of the Gospel—let us be content and happy, although our little stream be lost in the great channel, and our names be buried in obscurity. Eventually all rivers are lost in the sea; so let all services, great and small, merge in the one great aim and object, that the Lord be glorified in the work done, until the earth be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, even as the waters cover the sea.

Rivers in their course flow on, watering various districts. In this they are unlike a lake, or inland sea, which is stationary: the rivers flow on. Usually inland seas have rivers which issue from them, and of which they are the feeders. Settled churches should be the reservoirs, from whence streams of Missionary enterprise shall flow forth to fertilize the wastes. There is one inland sea which receives and never gives out again: that is the Dead Sea. Churches which act on that principle must expect to become as dead seas.

Rivers, as they flow on, do not wear themselves out. Sometimes the waters contract, but in due time they are replenished. The Sone, from bank to bank, about the spot to which the engraving refers, is three miles wide. In the dry season the channel of water, in the midst of belts of sand, is not above eighty yards across. When the rains come, the whole space of three miles is one rapid flood. Let not those who are engaged in the blessed work of sending forth the waters of life into the parched wildernesses fear lest their supplies fail, and the channel be left dry. He who feeds the rivers with plenteous rains will send supplies as they are needed. In such a work as this good people surely may take comfort out of the Lord's words, "Take no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." Surely the souls of men are of more value than the fields: they also have a harvest to yield to God. Let the waters, then, flow on.

The Sone rises on an elevated spot; so, if we would do good, be a source of good, we must be spiritually-minded, our minds raised, seeking the things which are above.

The Sone, although a moderate-sized river when compared to other great rivers of India, flows through various provinces—the Saugor and Nerbudda territory, where, besides the usual Hindu and Mussulman population, there are the Ghonds. May our Mission at Jubbulpore be as the tablelands of Ummerkuntak, from which the streams of life shall penetrate the jungles, making the wilderness and solitary place glad. The river passes thence for eighty miles through Rewah, with its Rajpoot population, where suttee and infanticide once prevailed—amidst whose population of 1,200,000, we are not aware of any Christian Mission having been commenced. It may be our ignorance; we find however no mention of Rewah in Mullens' statistical tables. The Sone flows through the territory. In that God tells us that the Gospel should not be wanting. The Sone then enters the British district of Mirzapore, where, at the city of Mirzapore and the town of Chunar, there are Missionary stations. After this it becomes a boundary river, dividing Behar on the right hand from Shahabad on the left, and finally, at Dinapore, merges in the great Ganges.

Let Missionary work go on. It must not confine its action to some selected spot. Christianity is for the world, and the world wants it. Let each stream of effort, be it great or small, flow on, and each Christian labourer work diligently, whether his measure of strength be great or small, until his work be done. Let us not be content to occupy one district largely while another close beside it remains a waste, because nothing is done for it: let the river flow on.

On the banks of the Sone level tracts are met with, beautifully rich and cultivated, covered with indigo, cotton, sugar-cane, safflower, castor-oil, poppy, and various grains. Beautiful villages peep out of groves consisting of mango, banyan, peepul, tamarind and cassia. The date, or toddy palm, and fan-palm are very abundant and tall. Do not these tracts owe their productiveness to the fertilizing influence of the river? And the waters of life, as they flow, shall they not so fertilize the human soil, and that increasingly, until, upon the bank of the river, on this side and on that side, shall grow all trees for meat, whose leaf shall not fade, neither shall the fruit be consumed; it shall bring forth new fruit according to his month, because these waters issued out of the sanctuary, and “the fruit thereof shall be for meat, and the leaf thereof for medicine.”

A great change has been made just at the point to which our engraving refers. It used to be heavy work to get across the sands of the Sone, the heavy waggons sometimes sinking up to the axles, and the great elephants having to push them forward. Now there is a splendid railway bridge, the longest in India, being nearly a mile from abutment to abutment, and consisting of 28 spans of 162 feet each. It cost 350,000*l*.

Let us regard these great improvements as affording increased opportunities for spreading the Gospel. All human affairs are going on more rapidly than they used to do. Let not Missionary effort lag behind.

“Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.”

SPEECH OF REV. W. W. KIRKBY AT EXETER HALL.

(Continued from page 76.)

My next movement was to the Great Bear Lake, which is between 400 and 500 miles from Fort Simpson. The natives received me kindly, and permitted me to build a school, to which several of the poor children came. I brought some of those boys with me to the Red River, and sent them to the Bishop's school; and since I have been in England I have received the best accounts of them, and I trust they will go back again as schoolmasters, catechists, or as pastors to their distant countrymen in the north. Then next I thought that I would like to go further still, and I went on until I came within the Arctic circle, and the day I came there I had great cause to thank God, for that day was the first day that ever any Missionary had gone within that circle of the great continent of America. For many reasons it was very interesting, but the most interesting thing of all was to see the sun going round and round for two months without setting. You can easily understand what my first text was: it was, "There shall be no night." I went on further, and met with a band of Esquimaux. The idea which one has of the Esquimaux is that of a short, thick-set, blubbery sort of fellow. That is not the character of the men I met with there: they were all fine-looking fellows, and the Indians I took with me did not know what to make of them.

These people were a little troublesome when I first saw them: they wanted to steal everything I had; but when they found why I had come they treated me very differently. There was one kind old creature came to me with a large piece of blubber, and much wanted me to eat it, but I declined her hospitality, as you may suppose, and talked to her about something else. I stayed there three days, and, leaving my canoe, walked over the Rocky Mountains. I came to a river west of the mountains, and, just at its confluence with the Youcon, I met with no fewer than 500 natives, every one of whom is under Christian instruction.

Those people were a most interesting set of people. There were many things repulsive about them, but I will not trouble you with them; and there were many interesting things, one or two of which I should like to mention. They had a bold and brave spirit. They used to argue with much reason and wisdom, and say they could understand why it is that a child will fall into a fire and burn itself, or into water and drown itself. They say, "How is it that a child, coming fresh from the great Spirit, has not more knowledge than we have?" Does not that show that there is much thought amongst those people, and that if their minds could only be developed they would be capable of great things? They had a remarkable tradition about the deluge. They say there was a great man who was the east wind, and he had three brothers, the north wind, the south wind, and the west wind. He went to war with the king of the serpents, and the king of the serpents conquered him. He ran away, and the king of the serpents followed him, but being unable to catch him, he sent an immense quantity of water out of his mouth, which soon became a river, and began to cover the earth. East wind then cut up some wood and made himself a raft, upon which he took some of his animals, and away they went. At last he thought he would

die of hunger, so he sent the beaver out to see if he could find any land, but the beaver, could not find any, and came back again. He then sent out the musk-rat, and he dived down, and brought some up in his claws. He then blew upon the earth which had been brought up, and it covered the rat, and it soon grew to be an island, and the island became a continent, and so they were all saved. I read to them those great Missionary texts from the sixteenth chapter of the Gospel of St. John, and I told them the old story which never fails to touch the hearts of men and win them to the truth. What I said to them was not told in vain. They came to me and said they would be glad to hear the tidings I had brought to them over again; and then I spoke to them a long time, and afterwards said to them, "Do you wish to put yourselves under my instruction?" and they said "Yes: if you will only teach us we shall be thankful to be taught." They came at six for service, and I told them to select some young men and I would instruct them, and then, when I had gone, they would be able to teach. The next morning at six o'clock they were all there, and the young men remained with me. After breakfast I had the young men in my room. I had not been there long before I heard a noise outside the door, and I found about half the other people trying to hear what I was teaching the young men—the message of redeeming love; and I assure you that so great was their anxiety to hear what I was saying, that I had to nail the door up before I could get a quiet day with these young men. When I told them that I must go and leave them, if you had only seen the sorrow depicted upon those poor peoples' countenances, you would never have your faith shaken in the value of Missionary work. "Why do you want to go?" one noble old chief said: "before you came we were like brutes that did not know which way to go; but you have found us a path to walk in, and if you go we may lose it again." I said, "I cannot stay, I must go." He then said, "Will you come to us again next year?" I said, "If I do, I must first have three promises from you." Thirteen of those poor creatures had told me that they had thrown some two and some three of their little infant girls into the snow, in order that they might perish rather than undergo the sorrows which they had experienced in life. "Now," I said "you mothers must promise me that there will be no more of that." They said, "Oh, yes: when we did that we did not know you; we had not heard the book. We will never do it again." And, thank God, they never have done it again. And there has not been a single instance of infanticide at the Youcon from that time to this. I then said, "Now I want another promise from you, and that is about the medicine men. You must promise me that there shall be no conjuring." They answered, "Yes." It seems most strange that they should say so, but they kept their word; and this is the most marvellous, because no men had more influence over their countrymen than the medicine-men. The Indians never suffered, and a man never died, but it was supposed that it was caused by sorcery: they never supposed that a man died a natural death. Therefore immediately a man fell ill his relatives went to the medicine man with a large present, and the medicine man went to the sick Indian, dressed in his fantastic style, taking with him his rattle and

drum, and began hooting and making a most horrible noise. Then if the person got better, this medicine man took the credit of curing him; but if the man died, he said, "I am so sorry your friend is dead, but the fact is that somebody has been paying another medicine man to kill him, and they have been paying him more than you paid me to save him." And therefore you can understand and admire the grace of God when I tell you that these men said, "If you will come and see us next year, we will have no more conjuring." I then said, "I still want one more promise from you, and that from all of you: it is, that so far as you know what heathen ways are, you will promise to forsake them; and that, as far as you know what God's ways are, you will promise to keep them;" and they said "Yes." I then promised to return to them, and went away. The next year, as soon as the spring came, I went to the Youcon again, within two days of the time I was there before, and it was wonderful to hear the way in which they had tried to carry out their promises. One party said, "We have to hold our heads down, we are not men, we have not kept our promise. We have not kept holy God's day." They said, "We have been starving, and when the Sunday came some deer came down, and we said 'Shall we shoot the deer and so break our promise?'" Well, they talked the matter over, and decided to fire one shot only. They did so, and one deer fell. The next day a whole herd of deer came down, and from that they thought that God was not very angry, but they were anxious to know what I would say to them. You may be sure I was not angry: I was only too thankful that they had given that proof of their desire to keep holy God's commandments. I left them with a promise to see them again on the third year, and when I reached them on that occasion it was eleven at night. The Indians, hearing the splash, of my paddle, came on to the bank to meet me. I said, "Have the boats come up yet?" and they replied, "Oh, yes, they came to-day;" and I said, "Did any priest come?" for I was always afraid of those men coming among the Indians. They replied, "Yes, a minister like you has come to-day." I had been so long alone that I could scarcely believe my ears, for I was 1500 miles away from my nearest Missionary friend. Being so far away and isolated has a very deadening effect, and one has to be very watchful to maintain the standard of piety amongst the heathen in a heathen land. I compare it to logs burning: if you keep them together, they will burn well and give out heat, but separate them and they become black and cold; and so it is when many Christians are together. And therefore, when the Indians said that another minister had come, I could hardly believe them for joy. To my deep joy, I found that a Missionary had been sent there from the Red River, and was intended for a station 250 miles south-west of me. When he heard what had been doing at the Youcon, he said he would go there, and there he is a Missionary now, and a better Missionary than Mr. McDonald we have not. In a letter I had from him, he said, "You will be delighted to hear that I have been permitted to receive 270 adults for baptism, and after having had them three years under me in training I am satisfied that they are fit for the holy ordinance. And I have 150 more candidates." Is not that indeed a blessing? He himself is a native of Rupert's Land, and I am thankful

to say, that of the staff there one-third are from the country, and that number will be greater by-and-by. My dear friends, and especially the young men I see here I would say a few words to you. I had before me, at one time in early life, a biography of the grandfather of our respected chairman, and there was one sentence which I there read in 1848, which I never forgot, and I wish to impress it upon your attention. Sir T. Buxton says, "A determination once fixed, then victory or death." Let there be a determination among you with regard to this Church Missionary Society. That determination once fixed, let there be victory or death. Nothing short of this will make Christian Missionaries. When I was in Lancashire I had the opportunity of going down into a coal mine. Why do you think I went down? Why, because I had confidence in the machinery and in the rope. I have been, as it were, for sixteen years going down into the pit amongst the heathen, and why had I confidence? I had no doubt as to the power of the machinery, and that gave me confidence. I have confidence in the Church Missionary Society, and therefore I am content to go down into the pit of heathenism. I have confidence in the machinery above, and let me have confidence in you, the rope. But remember, the longer that rope is, and the deeper you go, the stronger it will have to be. The further you go, the greater the success, and the greater the success the more money will be asked at your hand. If you wish for success you must be content to pay for it. I say, my dear young friends, take up this great cause. Give your sympathy, give your money, and, above all, some of you give yourselves to the Lord in this great and noble undertaking. Nothing pleased me more than to hear that there were not less than 200,000 young men who had banded themselves together to fight, if necessary, at any moment, for their country, their Queen and their homes. But I would have you all know that there is another king, Jesus, whose battles require to be fought, and I would have you to remember that His kingdom is only one quarter of the earth, and that the black banner of death floats over the others. Missionaries are becoming aged and dying, and I want you to say, "I will take the standard as it falls from their hands, and will plant it in the midst of heathenism." Take your stand under the banner of your great Captain of salvation, and do what you can do for Him, and you will be promoted from the ranks here to the ranks where you have nothing to fear and everything to hope for. And if God grants me sixteen years longer to live I hope they will be as happy as the sixteen years I have already passed in Missionary work.

JUBILEE MEETING AT KANDY.

THE celebration of the Church Missionary Society's Jubilee in Kandy had for some time been looked forward to with much interest by the members of the Singhalese congregations in the town and neighbourhood; and they had resolved to commemorate it as a season of joy and rejoicing. For some months previously some of the more influential members of the native congregations had arranged to solicit from their friends liberal contributions to

the Jubilee Fund, which were to be presented on the day of commemoration; and in order that they might exhibit to the public, and especially to the friends of the Society, the gratitude which they felt for the benefits which had been conferred upon themselves and their families by the Church Missionary Society, they had determined to have the Mission premises, schoolroom, &c., gaily decorated, so that a hearty welcome might be offered to all who might assemble on the occasion. Accordingly, from the entrance to the Mission premises in Trincomalie street, to the large schoolroom, there was a continuous series of festoons, arches, &c., decorated with the young leaves of the cocoanut-tree, ferns, mosses, and flowers, and, as the Jubilee meeting was to take place in the evening, stands were prepared for lamps, at intervals, from the street up to the schoolroom.

Between the church and the schoolroom there was erected a large and beautifully ornamented triumphal arch, which must have been at least forty feet high. This arch, when illuminated, presented one of the gayest sights perhaps ever seen in Kandy.

The large schoolroom, in which the evening meeting was held, was also very tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers, and the walls were covered with a variety of appropriate, and, in some instances, illuminated texts of Scripture in English and Singhalese. At about three o'clock in the afternoon the visitors began to arrive. At four o'clock a bazaar of fancy and useful articles, fruits, &c., was held, and presented a most lively and animated scene for about a couple of hours.

Almost the whole of the articles had been contributed and presented by the native Christians connected with the Church Missionary Society congregation of Kandy and the neighbourhood, and it was remarked that the purchases were made chiefly by the members of the native church. The sum realized by the bazaar was nearly 40%.

At half-past six the Jubilee meeting commenced. By that time not only the two schoolrooms, but the two verandahs also, were crowded to overflowing; a gayer or more animated scene in connexion with the Church Missionary Society had never been before witnessed in Kandy.

The Rev. C. Jayesinha, having been requested to take the chair, commenced by giving out a Jubilee hymn, in which the whole assembly heartily joined, being accompanied by a harmonium, at which a Singhalese lady presided. After reading a chapter of the Bible, and prayer, Mr. Jayesinha proceeded to address the meeting on the important and interesting subject which had brought them together. He spoke of his happiness in being permitted to see so large an audience, and of the proofs which they had given of the interest they felt in the great subject of the Jubilee. Mr. Jayesinha then referred to the fact, that he himself had been permitted to take

an active part in the work of the Mission throughout the whole period of its labours in the island; and he concluded by expressing, on behalf of himself, as the native pastor of Kandy, and on behalf of the Church Missionary Society in Ceylon, his sincere thanks to all those friends who had so warmly entered into the plans for celebrating the Society's Jubilee, and so liberally responded to the appeals made to them on behalf of its funds.

Mr. Jayesinhe was followed by several native gentlemen, whose addresses (the whole of which were in the Singhalese language) were listened to with marked attention, and followed by considerable applause. A second hymn having been sung, several members of the congregations brought up the subscriptions which they had collected on behalf of the Jubilee Fund, which amounted to 113*l*. During the singing of a third hymn a collection was made in the room, amounting to upwards of 5*l*. Biscuits and tea were then handed round. These had been kindly prepared by our native friends, who closed the evening's entertainment by a very liberal supply of good fire-works. It was nearly eleven o'clock before the whole party had left. The meeting must be viewed as a complete success, both as regards the preparations made for the convenience and comfort of the visitors, and as regards the sums realized on behalf of the Jubilee Fund.

"EVEN SO, COME, LORD JESUS."

THE Church has waited long,
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still in weeds of widowhood,
She weeps a mourner yet.
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

Saint after saint on earth
Had lived, and loved, and died;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side:
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there,
Till the last glorious morn.
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

Thine enemies increase,
The powers of hell grow bold,
The conflict thickens, faith is low,
And love is waxing cold.

How long, O Lord our God,
Holy, and true, and good, [church,
Wilt thou not judge thy suffering
Her sighs and tears and blood;
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

We long to hear Thy voice,
To see Thee face to face,
To share thy crown and glory then
As now we share Thy grace,
Should not the loving bride
The absent bridegroom mourn?
Should she not wear the weeds of grief
Until her lord return?
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear Thy voice,
That shall restore her loneliness,
And make her wastes rejoice.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again;
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

BONAR.

BAPTISM OF A SUDRA YOUTH AT MASULIPATAM.

OUR Missionaries, the Rev. D. Fenn and the Rev. V. Harcourt, are engaged in making the Gospel known to the population of the districts lying around Madras. They find themselves in the midst of a people speaking, some of them Tamil, others Telugu.

We have strong Tamil Missions lying to the south, not only amongst the Madras people, but in the province of Tinnevely, where congregations of Tamil Christians have been gathered, and where Tamil pastors are feeding the flocks committed to their care. But also to the north of the itinerancy there is a flourishing Telugu Mission, where the work of conversion is going on amidst high castes and low castes. Thus the itinerancy lies midway between the two.

Now the Tamil Christians help it. They come out from Madras, native pastors and catechists and students, and live in the tents, and unite with the Missionaries in their work. We are anxious that the Telugu Christians should imitate the Tamils, and help from the north, as the others do from the south. It would be for the advantage of the itinerancy, and it would be for their own advantage also, for Missionary work always reflects back a blessing on those who aid it. They will then understand the meaning of the words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive;" for he who receives gets good for himself, but he who gives shares his blessing with another, and is nothing the poorer himself, for what he gives comes back to him.—"Give, and it shall be given to you."

As if to remind the Telugu Christians that itinerancy was not very far off, and to show that the road is practicable, Mr. Fenn and Mr. Harcourt, a few months back, visited the Telugu Mission, stopping for a time at the different centres of the Mission, the large towns of Bezwara, Ellore and Masulipatam. We gave in our March number some account of their visits to the two first of these places, but we said nothing of Masulipatam, and yet we ought to have done so, for they saw something there which particularly interested them, the baptism of a young native of high caste; yet not the highest, for the highest are the Brahmins, and this was a Sudra.

There is a school at Masulipatam, called an Anglo-vernacular school. It is so called because the pupils are not only instructed through their own language, but they are taught the English language also. The Holy Bible is read and taught, and is the foundation of all the instruction which is given them. None can be received into the school who are unwilling to submit to this rule; but they come most willingly, and the effect of the Scripture teaching has been, that not a few of the high-caste pupils have been converted and baptized, some of whom have been admitted to holy orders, and are now ministering to their countrymen.

It was one of these possessions which our Missionaries were privileged to witness while at Masulipatam.

The account of this event, and some other interesting particulars respecting the Masulipatam Mission, will be found in the following paragraph taken from one of Mr. Fenn's letters—

At one o'clock we left for Masulipatam, and, having the current with us, performed the first twenty-two miles in five hours : the remaining twenty-four took twelve more, the delay being partly owing to the many locks we had to pass. These helped to make this, our last night of canal travelling, the most uncomfortable we had yet had. All discomforts were, however, soon forgotten in the delight of being on the very spot which has been made sacred to all lovers of Missions in South India by the memories of Fox and Noble and Sharkey. The variety of Missionary operations carried on in Masulipatam was enough to occupy to the full the whole of the short time that would pass before the return steamer from Rangoon should arrive. Indeed, we had to husband every hour of the next four days. The central point of interest is, of course, Noble's English School for the higher castes. We were glad to find the number as large as, I believe, at any previous point of its history. And the standard of attainment must be as high ; for one class under the present Principal is reading for the First Arts degree. The school appears to be, however, weaker than it ever was in its staff of English masters : the Principal seems to stand solus here. But in going round the various classes, I was much struck with the vigour and heartiness and liveliness of some of the native masters.

During our stay, we were witnesses of the deeply-interesting sight of a heathen youth, making an open profession of Christianity, and bravely resisting all the entreaties and persuasions of his relatives and friends to induce him to recant. It was no sudden impulse. Even at the time of the cyclone four years ago, when the sea-wave swept off 30,000 from this town and neighbourhood, he had been greatly impressed by seeing a heathen relative, a teacher in the school, call upon the Lord Jesus in the hour of his extremity. For the last year or two he has been in constant communication with the Principal, who was only waiting for a favourable opportunity to call upon him to make a public declaration of his faith. The presence of two English clergymen was deemed a fitting occasion ; and the youth having been, I presume, apprized of the step about to be taken, the Principal, in the midst of an address or exposition with which the school daily opens, asked whether any of the students were prepared then and there to profess that faith in Christ which he believed many of them secretly entertained : if there were any one such, let him rise up now and say so. The youth, who appeared to be about seventeen or eighteen years old, rose from his place in class, and on being asked if he really wished to be a Christian, said that he did, and was directed, in proof of his sincerity, to walk out in the presence of all his schoolfellows and retire to the Principal's house. Thither we shortly followed him, expecting that his friends would come to see him. About two hours after, a brother-in-law, a middle-aged man, apparently the most influential among his near relatives, came and said many taunting and many bitter things.—“What could a lad like him know? Was he going to cause the death of his father and mother?” And then he bade him come with him.

The youth refused, and he went away. We all breakfasted together : the five or six Christian youths who board with the Principal, and one of the native clergy, were with us. The poor youth seemed not a little distressed ; much had been said to pain him, and he doubtless expected more. We had hardly finished breakfast and prayers, when loud shrieks were heard outside. We all went out, and found the lad's mother shouting *Nayana-a!* *Nayana-a!* (the abbreviation of one of Vishnu's names), with his elder brother, who is a Cutocherry peon, and about a dozen more. I was not so much struck with the mother's shrieks as I was with the apparent deep affection and concern of the elder brother. He said but little ; but the expression of his countenance, as he stood and gazed with tears at his brother's face, was very touching. There was, however, no lack of speakers. The clever, taunting brother-in-law, and some of the rest of the party on the heathen side, the native clergyman and the Christian youths on our side, spoke for some time. These last all felt, of course, the deepest sympathy, remembering each the day when he had passed through the same ordeal. They at last begged for their new brother, that the heathen party might be dismissed, as the strain would be greater than he could bear. I should not forget to say, that though at first the mother seemed to care but little, yet after a time she worked herself up, as Hindu women so often do, came close to him, imploring and imprecating him by turns. The latter she did by making a semi-circular mark with her finger on the ground, and then taking up a folded corner of her cloth and throwing it open before him. A Christian woman afterwards told me that the meaning of this is, "Henceforth you and I have nothing to do with each other." I was thankful to hear that, later in the day, an unole of the youth, came and spoke quietly and calmly on the subject, and that, contrary to precedent in such cases, there was, on the next two school-days, no diminution whatever in the number of boys in attendance. The case might perhaps have been a little different had the youth been a Brahmin ; but similar instances have lately occurred elsewhere of the declining zeal of Hindus in favour of their own religion. On the occasion of Mr. Noble's two earliest converts the school was entirely emptied, and only recovered itself by slow degrees. We examined the old school registers of 1851-52 which proved this.

Quite distinct from the departments of Mission work is the Christian settlement, a street of houses on a piece of ground granted by the Government after the destruction caused by the cyclone. Here I found a street of comfortable-looking houses. Most of the women, at least the younger portion of them, had formerly learnt in Mrs. Sharkey's school. The native pastor, one of Mr. Noble's two first converts, accompanied me from house to house, and my visit concluded with an address, which he interpreted for me, to twenty-three well-dressed, respectable, Christian mothers, seated on mats in the court in front of one of the houses. On Sunday the other native clergyman interpreted for me, and so I was enabled to preach to the Telugu congregation. Some of the heathen boys of the English school attended, expecting, it seems, that the new convert would be baptised, and wishing to witness the ceremony.

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A PAPER READ AT A CLERICAL MEETING.

BY THE REV. HENRY SEDDALL, B.A. T.C.D.

Vicar of Dunany, and Secretary of the Hibernian Auxiliary Church
Missionary Society.

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**THIBET.**

**THIS** pretty landscape brings before us one of the many dark places of our world which has never been visited by Gospel light. It is in Nepaul, an independent kingdom, lying between Thibet on the north, and British India on the south.



**SCENE ON THE TAMBUR AT THE LOWER LIMIT OF FIRS.**

*September 1869.*



Coming from our districts southward, the traveller first meets the Terai, a long, narrow strip of land. Ten miles from the frontier commences the great forest of Nepaul, much overrun with under-wood, yet containing a great variety of noble trees. Beyond this lies a hilly country, succeeded by two others of increasing elevation, the first of which may be called mountainous, the second alpine. In the mountainous region lie several valleys, and amongst them the great valley of Nepaul, with its capital of Khatmandoo. Viewed from the heights by which it is surrounded, the valley appears very beautiful, being thickly dotted with valleys, chequered with rich fields, and fertilized by numerous streams.

One of these streams we shall trace—the Tambur—following its course upwards. It will lead us into some of the wild recesses of the country. Where we first strike it, the river is in breadth from sixty to eighty yards, of a pale, sea-green, muddy colour, flowing rapidly. At the point to which our engraving refers the river has contracted very much, and has become turbulent, shooting along with great velocity. As you ascend, the population changes, the Nepalese giving place to Thibetans, groups of whom may be met, several families of this wild, black and uncouth looking people travelling together. The men were middle-sized, square-built, and muscular, without beard, moustache, or whiskers. They are dressed in loose blanket robes, girt about the waist with a leather belt, in which are placed their iron or brass pipes, and from which they suspend their long knives, chop-sticks, tobacco-pouch, tinder-box, &c. The robe, boots and cap are grey, or striped with bright colours, and they wear skull-caps, with the hair plaited in a pig-tail.

The women are dressed in long flannel petticoats and spencer, over which is thrown a sleeveless, short, striped cloak, drawn round the waist by a girdle of broad brass or silver links, to which are hung their knives, scissors, needle-cases, &c.: with these they fasten their children to their backs. The hair is plaited in two tails, and the neck is loaded with coral and glass beads, and great lumps of amber and agate. Both men and women wear silver rings and ear-rings, set with turquoises. They wear amulets, namely, boxes of gold or silver, containing small idols or relics of some sainted Lama. They are a good-humoured, amiable-looking people, square in countenance, with broad mouths, high cheek-bones, narrow, up-turned eyes, broad, flat noses and low foreheads. If they were clean, their complexion would be white with rosy cheeks, but they are begrimed with dirt and smoke. When they salute one another, they loll out the tongue, grin, nod and scratch the ear.

These groups of Thibetans are singularly picturesque, from the variety in their parti-coloured dresses, and their odd appearance. First comes a middle-aged man or woman, driving a little silky black yak, grunting under his load of 260lbs. of salt, besides pots, pans, and kettles, stools,

churn, and bamboo vessels, keeping up a constant rattle ; and perhaps, buried amongst all, a rosy-cheeked and lipped baby, sucking a lump of cheese-curd. The main body follow in due order, and you are soon entangled amidst sheep and goats, each with its two little bags of salt : beside these stalks the huge, grave, bull-headed mastiff, loaded like the rest, his glorious bushy tail thrown over his back in a majestic sweep, and a thick collar of scarlet wool round his neck and shoulders, setting off his long silky coat to the best advantage : he is decidedly the noblest looking of the party, especially if a fine and pure black one, for they are often very ragged, dun-coloured, sorry beasts. He seems rather out of place, neither guarding nor keeping the party together, but he knows that neither yaks, sheep nor goats require his attention : all are perfectly tame, so he takes his share of work as salt carrier by day, and watches by night as well. The children bring up the rear, laughing and chatting together : they, too, have their loads, even to the youngest that can walk alone.

Suddenly the narrow gorge widens, and furnishes a site for a Thibetan village, consisting of large and good painted wooden houses, ornamented with hundreds of long poles and vertical flags, and swarming with good-natured, dirty Thibetans. The name of this village is Wallanchoon.

The houses crept up the base of the mountain, on the flank of which was a very large, long convent, two-storied, and painted scarlet, with a low black roof, and backed by a grove of dark junipers ; and the hill-sides around were thickly studded with bushes of deep green rhododendron, scarlet barberry, and withered yellow rose. The village contained about one hundred houses, irregularly crowded together, from ten to twenty feet high, and forty to eighty feet long ; each accommodating several families. All were built of upright strong pine-planks, the interstices between which were filled with yak-dung ; and they sometimes rested on a low foundation wall. The door was generally at the gable end : it opened with a latch and string, and turned on a wooden pivot. The only window was a slit closed by a shutter ; and the roofs were very low-pitched, covered with shingles kept down by stones. The paths were narrow and filthy ; and the only public buildings, besides the convents, were Manis and Mendongs : of these, the former are square-roofed temples, containing rows of praying-cylinders placed close together, from four to six feet high, and gaudily painted : some are turned by hand, and others by water : the latter are walls ornamented with slabs of clay and mica slate, with "Om Mani Padmi om" well carved on them in two characters, and repeated *ad infinitum*.

A Thibetan household is very slovenly : the family live higgledy-piggledy in two or more apartments, the largest of which has an open fire on the hearth, or on a stone if the floor be of wood. The pots and teapots are earthen and copper ; and these, with the bamboo churn for the brick tea, some wooden and metal spoons, bowls, and platters, comprise all the kitchen utensils.

Every one carries in the breast of his robe a little wooden cup for his

daily use, neatly turned from the knotted roots of maple. The Thibetan chiefly consumes barley, wheat, or buckwheat meal—the latter confined to the poorer classes—with milk, butter, curd, and parched wheat, fowls, eggs, pork, and yak flesh when he can afford it, and radishes, a few potatoes, legumes, and turnips in their short season. His drink is a sort of soup made from brick tea, of which a handful of leaves is churned up with salt, butter and soda, then boiled and transferred to the tea-pot, whence it is poured scalding hot into each cup, which the good woman of the house keeps incessantly replenishing, and urging you to drain. Sometimes, but more rarely, the Thibetans make a drink by pouring boiling water over malt, as the Lepchas do over millet. A pipe of yellow, mild Chinese tobacco generally follows the meal: more often, however, their tobacco is brought from the plains of India, when it is of a very inferior description. The pipe, carried in the girdle, is of brass or iron, often with an agate, amber or bamboo mouth-piece.

Many herds of fine yaks were grazing about Wallanchoon: there were a few ponies, sheep, goats, fowls, and pigs, but very little cultivation except turnips, radishes and potatoes. The yak is a very tame, domestic animal, often handsome, and a true bison in appearance: it is invaluable to these mountaineers from its strength and hardiness, accomplishing, at a slow pace, twenty miles a day, bearing either two bags of salt or rice, or four to six planks of pine-wood slung along both flanks. Their ears are generally pierced, and ornamented with a tuft of scarlet worsted: they have large and beautiful eyes, spreading horns, long silky hair, and grand bushy tails: black is their prevailing colour, but red, dun, parti-coloured and white are common. In winter the flocks graze below 8000 feet, on account of the great quantity of snow above that height: in summer they find pasturage as high as 17,000 feet, consisting of grass and small tufted sedges, on which they browse with avidity.

When shall the Gospel of Christ reach these uplands, give light to the great Mongol family, which, on the elevated tracts of Central Asia, sits in darkness and the valley of the shadow of death? How little, after all, have we done? how much remains to be accomplished? What need have we not of powerful reinforcements, in order that the Lord's command, "Preach the Gospel to every creature," may be carried out? The nations of our world which profess the Christianity of the Bible, how little, after all, do they value it, or they would do more to impart it to the millions of the unevangelized.

Of earth's twelve hundred millions, not more than two hundred millions can be said, even nominally, to know the word of life; that is to say, five out of every six of the inhabitants of this world, to which salvation has been sent, are yet entirely ignorant of the salvation of Jesus Christ. In China alone, there is not a Missionary for every million of the population; and while such vast empires as India and China have so scanty a portion of light, there are whole kingdoms, such as Japan—whole regions, such as Central Asia—numberless isles of the ocean, some of them vast territories, like Borneo and Sumatra—countless tribes, such as those of the Caucasus, and South America, and Central Africa—whom

the glad news have never reached. Think of these myriads in the realms of unbroken heathenism, of swarming cities and depths of continents, never fanned by a breath from heaven; think of unpenetrated forests of population, to not a soul of which the word of life has ever come, and surely you will feel something rising in your hearts, like what is said of your Lord and Master, that He "had compassion on the multitudes." Add to this the consideration of another fact. Of earth's twelve hundred millions, three thousand six hundred die every hour. Sixty pass away every minute, so that, with every second's pulse, with every beat of the great clock of time, a soul passes into the other world; and of these, five out of every six cannot have knowledge, in any way or degree, however faint, of the great salvation. Is not the word of the ancient seer still true—"They are destroyed from morning to evening. They perish for ever without any regarding it?"

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### THE FIRST BRAHMIN BAPTISM IN TINNEVELLY.

THE first Brahmin baptism—not the first convert. There have been Brahmin converts in Tinnevelly. There have been such, but they were afraid openly to profess Christ where they were known, and in the midst of their own friends and relatives, and therefore they went to other places. We are glad to find that one has had the courage, manfully to confess the faith of Christ crucified, in his own locality; it is so much more to the glory of God. The particulars are thus related by the Rev. E. Sargent of Palamcottah—

It has been my happy duty this year to baptize the first Brahmin convert who was willing to profess himself a Christian in this province. The men of this class desiring to embrace Christianity have hitherto removed to other places, and there joined the Christian church, being fearful of the consequences if they remained here. The young Brahmin I am now speaking of came to me frequently, opened his mind, and sought Christian instruction and counsel. I found, that although he had been in our native-English school, and had read the Bible there, his mind had only been impressed with the folly of heathenism; but the chief inducement which drew him towards Christianity was what he witnessed of the influence of the Gospel in the character of some of our converts. I urged him, as an imperative duty, to let his friends know of his intentions, and after that, if he sincerely desired to profess Christ, I would receive him. He said his father was dead, and that he was in his nineteenth year, and that his mind was fully made up to become a Christian. His appearance every way verified the statement. After a few days he came again, said that his relatives were fully aware of his intentions, and that he now placed himself under my care, with a view to baptism. His relatives came to my house, and I gave them every opportunity of speaking with him, and of using every influence short of personal violence. After a very lengthened interview, failing to move him from his purpose, the poor mother gave vent to her grief in the most violent manner. They then went to the judge. On



the strength of their statement, I was very properly required to appear in court the next morning with the young man. It was of course an anxious time, but we committed the matter into His hands at whose disposal are all our concerns. On the judge taking up the case, and seeing and speaking with the young man, he at once said that it was a matter in which he could not exercise his authority in opposition to the wishes of the individual; that the youth was evidently old enough, and had sense enough to act on his own responsibility, and he could not order him to be placed under the custody of his relatives: he was at liberty, therefore, to go where he pleased. The relatives were so confident of the young man being given up to them, that they were completely thrown aback by the decision of the judge, and I was allowed to go away with the youth, without the least molestation, although, from what had occurred on my way to the court, I had expected no little trouble. The Sunday following I baptized him by the name of Thomas Isudasen. I have also had two or three other high-caste people come to me, in some measure anxious about their souls, all of them thoroughly convinced of the folly of idolatry; but, fearful of the results in the alienation of friends and relatives, they hesitate to take the final step.

#### PERILS IN THE DEEP.

A RECENT number of the periodical which furnishes accounts of the Missions of the United Brethren contains a very interesting paper—a review of the perils to which the ships employed in the service of the Labrador Mission have been exposed, and the deliverances from imminent danger which they have experienced. There have been several of these vessels. The first, “The Jersey Packet,” was fitted out in 1770; then came “The Amity,” somewhat larger; in 1777 “The Good Intent” took her place; then came several others. In 1816 “The Jemima” experienced a great preservation on her voyage out.

*July 14*—Land was discovered a-head. It was the coast of Labrador, sixty or eighty miles south of Hopedale. We were close to the ice, and, as a small opening presented itself, the captain ventured to push in, hoping, if he could penetrate, to find open water between the ice and the coast. For some time we got nearer to the land, but were obliged at night to fasten the ship with two grapnels to a large field. This was elevated between five and six feet above the water's edge, and between fifty and sixty feet in thickness below it. It might be 300 feet in diameter, flat at the top, and as smooth as a meadow covered with snow. We were all well pleased with our place of refuge, and lay here three whole days, with the brightest weather, and as safe as in the most commodious haven.

In the night between the 19th and 20th we were driven back by a strong current to nearly the same situation we had left on the 17th, only somewhat nearer the coast. On the 20th, the morning was fine, and we vainly endeavoured to get clear, but towards evening the sky loured, and it grew very dark. The air also felt so oppressive that we all went

to bed, and every one of us was troubled with uneasy dreams. At midnight we heard a great noise on deck. We hastened thither to know the cause, and found the ship driving towards a huge ice mountain, on which we expected every moment to suffer shipwreck. The sailors exerted themselves to the utmost, but it was by God's merciful providence alone that we were saved. The night was exceedingly cold, with rain, and the poor people suffered much. We were now driven to and fro at the mercy of the ice, till one in the morning, when we succeeded in fastening the ship again to a large field. But all this was only the prelude of greater terrors. Deliverance from danger is so gratifying, that it raises one's spirits above the common level. We made a hearty breakfast, and retired again into our cabins. At one o'clock the cook, in his usual boisterous way, aroused by announcing dinner, and putting a large piece of pork and a huge pudding upon the table, of which we partook with a good appetite, but in silence, every one seemingly buried in thought, or only half awake. Shortly after, the wind changed to north-east and north, increasing gradually till it turned into a furious storm. Top-masts were lowered, and everything done to ease the ship. We now saw an immense ice-mountain at a distance, towards which we were driving, without the power of turning aside. Between six and seven we were again roused by a great outcry on deck. We ran up, and saw our ship, with the field to which we made fast, with great swiftness approaching towards the mountain, nor did there appear the smallest hope of escaping being crushed to atoms between it and the field. However, by veering out as much cable as we could, the ship got to such a distance, that the mountain passed through between us and the field. We all cried fervently to the Lord for speedy help in this most perilous situation, for had we but touched the mountain we must have been instantly destroyed. One of our cables was broken, and we lost a grapnel; the ship also sustained some damage. But we were now left to the mercy of the storm and current, both of which were violent; and exposed likewise to the large fields of ice, which floated all around us, being from ten to twenty feet in thickness. The following night was dreadfully dark; the heavens covered with black clouds driven by a furious wind, the roaring and the howling of the ice as it moved along, the fields shoving and dashing against each other, were truly terrible. A fender was made of a large beam, suspended by ropes to the ship's sides, to secure her in some measure from the ice; but the ropes were soon cut by its sharp edges, and we lost the fender. Repeated attempts were now made to make the ship again fast to some large field; and the second mate, a clever young man, full of spirit and willingness, swung himself several times off, and, upon such fields as approached us, endeavouring to fix a grapnel to them, but in vain, and we even lost another grapnel on this occasion. The storm indeed dispersed the ice, and made openings in several places; but our situation was thereby rendered only still more alarming, for when the ship got into open water, her motion became more rapid by the power of the wind, and consequently the blows she received from the ice more violent. Whenever, therefore, we perceived a field of ice through the gloom, towards which we were hurried, nothing appeared more probable than that the violence of the shock would determine our fate, and be attended with immediate destruction to the vessel. Such shocks were repeated every five or ten minutes, and

sometimes oftener, and the longer she remained exposed to the wind the more violently she ran against the sharp edges and spits of the ice, not having any power to avoid them. After every stroke we tried the pumps, to find whether we had sprung a leak; but the Lord kept His hand over us, and preserved us in a manner almost miraculous. In this awful situation we offered up fervent prayers to Him who alone is able to save, and besought Him, that, if it were His divine will that we should end our lives among the ice, He would, for the sake of His precious merits, soon take us home to Himself, nor let us die a miserable death from cold and hunger, floating about in this boisterous ocean.

It is impossible to describe all the horrors of this eventful night, in which we expected every approaching ice-field to be fraught with death. We were full ten hours in this dreadful situation, till about six in the morning, when we were driven into open water, not far from the coast. We could hardly believe that we had got clear of the ice: all seemed as a dream. We now ventured to carry some sail, with a view to bear up against the wind. The ship had become leaky, and we were obliged to keep the pump going, with only about ten minutes' rest at a time. Both the sailors and we were thereby so much exhausted, that whenever any one sat down he immediately fell asleep.

During the afternoon the wind abated, and towards evening it fell calm. A thick mist ensued, which, however, soon dispersed, when we found ourselves near a high rock, towards which the current was fast carrying us. We were now in great danger of suffering shipwreck among the rocks, but, by God's mercy, the good management of our captain succeeded in steering clear of them; and, after sunset, the heavens were free from clouds. A magnificent northernlight illumined the horizon, and, as we were again among floating pieces of ice, its brightness enabled us to avoid them. I retired to rest, but, after midnight, was roused by the cracking noise made by the ice against the sides of the vessel. In an instant I was on deck, and found that we were forcing our way through a quantity of floating ice, out of which we soon got again into open water. The wind also turned in our favour, and carried us swiftly forward towards the Hopedale shore. Every one on board was again in full expectation of soon reaching the end of our voyage, and ready to forget all former troubles. But, alas! arriving at the same spot from which we had been driven yesterday, we found our way anew blocked up with a vast quantity of ice. The wind also drove us irresistibly towards it. We were now in a great dilemma. If we went between the islands, where the sea is full of sunken rocks, we were in danger of striking upon one of them, and being instantly lost; again, if we ventured into the ice, it was doubtful whether the ship would bear many more such shocks as she had received. At length the former measure was determined on, as, in case of any mishap, there might be some possibility of escaping to shore.

After encountering a succession of further perils and disappointments for three additional weeks, the "Jemima" was brought safely into Hopedale harbour on the 9th of August.

This is only one of many similar dangers and deliverances, reminding us of the verse of Scripture—"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of

the Lord, and His wonders in the deep;" and "Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses." The deliverance, and the new evidence it affords of God's protecting care, is more than a compensation for the danger.

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 LINES BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The following stanzas, by the skilful hand of the greatest master of English sacred song whom this generation has known, the late James Montgomery, will, it is hoped, be considered to form no inappropriate sequel to the foregoing narrative. They form part of a beautiful hymn, composed, in 1841, for the centenary of the Society for the Furtherance of the Gospel, of which the writer was a member—

To-day, one world-neglected race,
 We fervently commend
 To Thee, and to Thy word of grace ;
 Lord, visit and befriend
 A people scatter'd, peel'd and rude,
 By land and ocean-solitude
 Cut off from every kinder shore,
 In dreary Labrador.

Thither, while to and fro she steers,
 Still guide our annual bark,
 By night and day, through hopes and fears,
 While lonely as the Ark,
 Along her single track, she braves
 Gulphs, whirlpools, ice-fields, winds, and waves,
 To waft glad tidings to the shore
 Of longing Labrador.

How welcome to the watcher's eye,
 From morn till even fix'd,
 The first faint speck that shows her nigh,
 Where surge and sky are mix'd !
 Till, looming large, and larger yet,
 With bounding prow and sails full set,
 She speeds to anchor on the shore
 Of joyful Labrador.

Then, hearts with hearts, and souls with souls,
 In thrilling transport meet,
 Though broad and dark the Atlantic rolls
 Between their parted feet ;
 For letters thus, with boundless range,
 Thoughts, feelings, prayers can interchange,
 And once a year, join Britain's shore
 To kindred Labrador.

Then at the vessel's glad return,
 The absent meet again ;
 At home our hearts within us burn,
 To trace the cunning pen,
 Whose strokes, like rays from star to star,
 Bring happy messages from far,
 And once a year, to Britain's shore
 Join Christian Labrador.

A PREACHING TOUR.

OUR Missionaries itinerate much. They do not keep to one place, but broad-cast the seed. Shall we accompany one of them on an expedition of this kind? We shall select the district of Mavelikara, in our Travancore Mission. The Missionary is the Rev. R. Maddox, and the account which he gives of his preaching is very interesting.

I chose my companions from my readers, who were quite delighted at the idea of accompanying me. A violent thunderstorm and rain delayed us at setting out: however, we managed to keep to our plan, and arrived at Manaar a little after daybreak on Friday the 15th of May.

The landing-place was well filled with men bathing and girls and women drawing water. Here we waited while a fire was lighted, and some coffee got ready for our early meal. The news of our arrival soon spread: I suppose the water-carriers must have told everybody we had arrived, as certainly the men and boys did not leave, much to one's discomfort, as they kept up a kind of sentry at every window in the boat. The shutting up of a window only had the effect of driving a greater number of persons to the open ones, such a mild hint being by no means understood. However, there is no harm in publicity when you are dressed; so, as soon as I was presentable, I opened all the windows and began to talk to the people. Just then an old Catanar came to see me, having heard of my arrival. He was the dirtiest Catanar I have ever seen, but as it was early in the morning perhaps he was not dressed; he certainly was not washed. However, I thought it was polite of him to come and see me so soon, and invited him into my boat. He asked me directly if I could tell him anything about the Abyssinian war. It so happened that I had the day before heard of the conclusion of the war, so was the bearer of great news wherever I went. The Syrians take a most lively interest in the progress of Abyssinian matters. He was much shocked to hear of Theodorus' death, and, I fancy, liked me none the better for it, as he was not quite so sure that the English had any right in Abyssinia at all. Having finished my meal to my own satisfaction, and to the evident satisfaction of the juvenile on-lookers who had watched every morsel as it went to my mouth, I told the Catanar that I wished to have prayers, and requested him to stay. He did not seem very willing, but said he would go and stand on the shore. He looked dreadfully uncomfortable and cramped up as he sat with his two feet doubled up amongst my boxes, and I thought that was what made him anxious to get out and have a stretch on the shore; so I got the boxes cleared out, and arranged a comfortable seat for him, wishing to keep him if I could, as, from the conversation I had had with him, I saw that he knew next to nothing of the Bible, and thought this exercise might be of good to him. I read a chapter and spoke a few words about it, having for a congregation my companions and boatmen in the boat, and the people on shore at the open windows of the boat. The old Catanar all the time was chewing his stuffs, and spitting out of the window much to my disgust. As soon as ever prayers were over, he got up, said good bye, and went off. I

expected perhaps to see him during our visit at the place ; but no, I fancy he kept clear of us, having had as much religion in one day as he generally treats himself to in a month of ordinary days. I do not think I am at all uncharitable in saying this about the poor man, as I since learned that the Syrian church of that place is at a low ebb ; indeed it has only outward form : it is as dead as death itself.

As we walked through the bazaar a good many persons inquired who we were, and why we had come. We walked on till we arrived at the temple. This temple is a fine place, enclosed by high walls, and approached by a ruined, but what has been once a fine gateway. The temple has a great fame of its own, and is very wealthy, being richly endowed with lands and property. I was told that the Maharajah has to make certain periodical visits to this temple to perform poojah. I do not suppose he comes emptyhanded. As we stood opposite the gateway some men came away from the entrance of the temple towards us. I spoke to them, told them who we were, and asked them some questions about their temple. They told me a long story about a fire which took place the very night before, the thatch covering of an out-house near the temple having been struck by the lightning. I then asked them if they would like to hear what we had to say about the Christian religion. They all said they would like to hear, so we stood under a large banyan-tree close at hand and commenced to preach. M. began a Tamil hymn, which he sang with such good effect that a great number of persons came running to us with mouth and ears open to listen. The people seem to enjoy his singing more than anything. It was often curious to me, a bystander, to watch the real effect on the people produced by the singing. They have a way of keeping time by clicking their thumb and forefinger in a curious way, and really sometimes the noise was quite audible, and became a sort of mild accompaniment, produced, I believe, quite unconsciously by the hearers. I could not help contrasting the effect of open-air singing in England and out here ; out-door singing and out-door preaching in England has invariably the effect of dispersing any little crowd that may have formed, while a native air well sung will have precisely the opposite effect in this country. It is the sure and certain way of getting a congregation together. Then followed an explanation of the words sung ; then another stanza, and, as before, an explanation, accompanied by an earnest appeal and application of the subject ; afterwards a portion of Scripture and a brief address from W. ; and I concluded in a few words, endorsing all that had been said, and earnestly begging my hearers to embrace the truth for their souls' welfare and peace. They were shy about receiving tracts till I went up to one of the most respectable of them, and presented a book, which he took, whereupon all were ready to receive as many as we could give. One great man, great in bulk and great in honour, (the two generally go together I find,) came forward and said he would buy a Testament. He took good care to let everybody hear that he was not at all convinced, but still there was no harm in reading the book for all that : who knows ? Perhaps some gentle voice within told him to buy that book, and that same influence may guide him in reading it. At least so it came into my mind at the time, and my spirit could not but breathe a prayer that so it might be. So we left that

part of the place, retracing our steps through the bazaar, looking out for a suitable place where we could preach amongst the Syrians before we took our departure.

A shady spot was chosen, and as it was now very hot, a Syrian kindly invited me to sit in the verandah of his house. The readers sang and preached as before. Several persons, Syrian, Mohammedan and heathen, came together, and listened very attentively to the preaching. Here we sold several books to the Syrians, and gave away some more tracts. The Mohammedans received our tracts: they are not generally willing to do so. One Mohammedan had asked us before to give him a First Malayalam Spelling-book, as he said he only knew Tamil. We told him he must buy such books as those. He was very troublesome, and said he must learn to read Malayalam before he could read the New Testament. We guessed pretty well that he only wanted to do us out of a book for his child, perhaps. Presently we tripped him up in his lie. He was curious to see one of our books, and looked into it, and began to read a little aloud. I asked him how it was he had so soon picked up the Malayalam letters. He laughed, and so did many others, thinking it a good joke at the man's expense. I spoke to them about the sin of lying. They defended themselves by saying that everybody told lies, and if they did not do so they could not get on. We returned to the boat and waited there for breakfast. Before we left the place several more persons came for books. In the afternoon we left for Chenganoor. There had been a good breeze all the morning, but now there was a fearful lull. Not a breath of air moved the trees. Presently down came the rain, accompanied by most vivid flashes of lightning and tremendous thunder. The boat quite shook with the vibration caused by the thunder. Then it cleared, and the sun came out as before. The heat was very great. The whole surface of the water was covered with a mist. The boat was entirely enveloped in vapour. This did not last long, but it was very unpleasant indeed while it did last.

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Go labour on, spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still?

Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray,
Be wise, the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil, comes rest; for exile, home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, Behold, I come!

BONAR.

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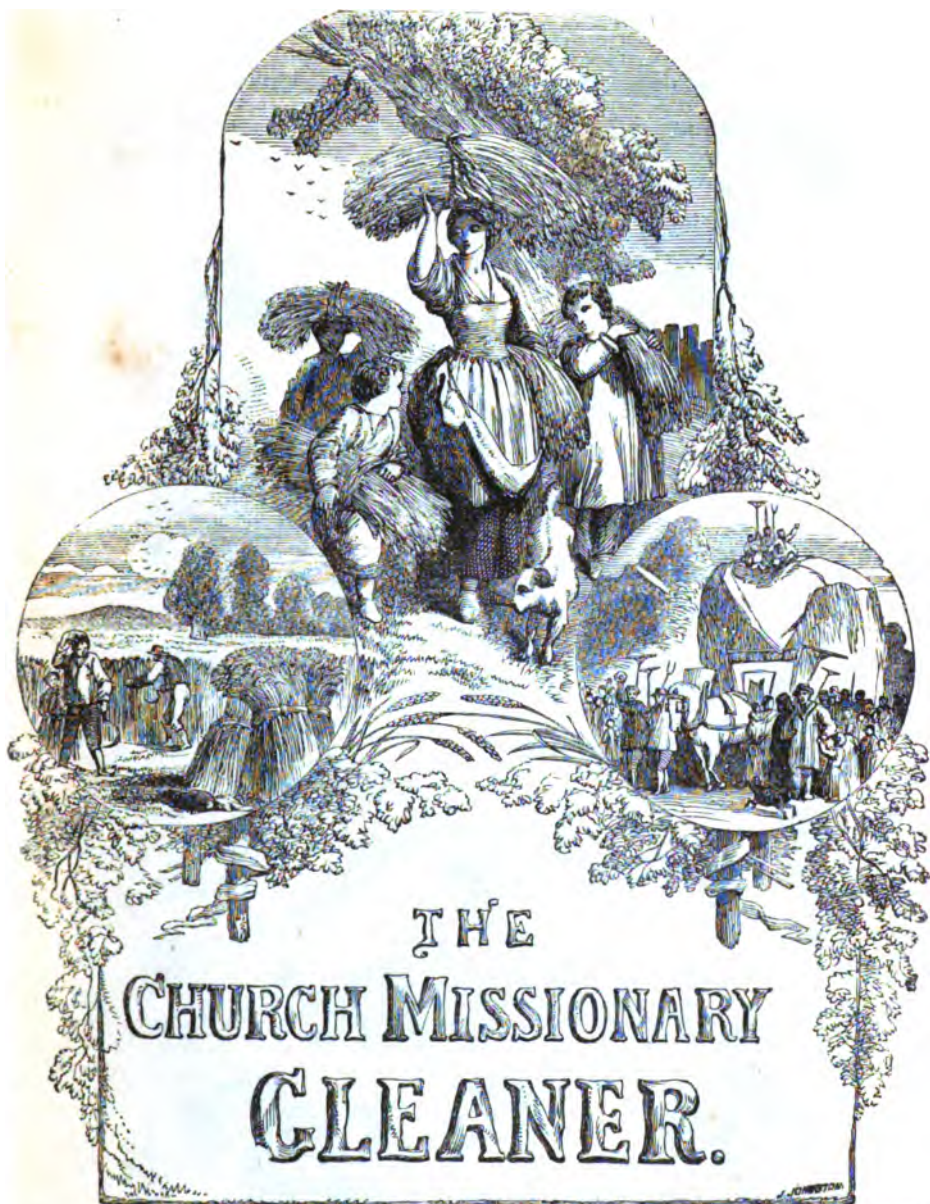
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BOMBAY AND ITS MOTLEY POPULATION.

BRITISH India is divided into three Presidencies, and of these the city of Bombay is the capital of the Western Presidency, which is called by the same name. It is situate on an island about eight miles in length,



SPECIMENS OF THE POPULATION OF BOMBAY.

having other rocky islets lying near on the south and north. Three of these, the island on which the city stands, the Old Woman's Island, which lies to the south, and Colaba, which lies to the south of that, are connected by causeways, so as to form a continuous breakwater of some ten miles in length, between which and the mainland extends the land-locked harbour of Bombay, where shipping can ride with safety.

Bombay is therefore a great commercial centre. Seaward it opens to the shores of Arabia and East Africa, and the Red-Sea steamers find here a harbour ready to receive them. It is the first port of entrance reached by outward-bound steamers, and the last left on the homeward voyage. Looking landward, it is now connected with the interior by railway communication, the great Indian Peninsular railway diverging from it in two branches, north-east and south-east, to communicate with lines respectively from Calcutta and Madras.

The population amounts to 600,000, and consists of a great mixture of races. There are Brahmins, other castes of Hindus, Mussulmans, Jains, Jews, Indo-Britons, Indo-Portuguese, pure Europeans, Africans of various tribes, Arabs, Beloochees, &c. Motley groups may be seen walking about in the cool of the day, and in their national costume, using a Babel-like diversity of tongues—English, French, Germans, Americans, Portuguese, Chinese, Parsees, Arabs, Armenians, Hindus, Greeks and Persians.

The Parsecs are the descendants of the ancient fire-worshippers of Persia: they are distinguished by their mechanical skill and mercantile talents, and many of them have risen to great affluence. The late Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, the first native of India made a baronet of the United Kingdom, belonged to this body. The Parsees sought a refuge in Hindustan from the Moslem persecutions, by which they were driven out of Persia. In 1851 there were in Bombay upwards of 110,000 Parsees. As a body they adhere tenaciously to the religious opinions of their ancestors, venerating the element of fire, which, fed with sandal wood, is kept continually burning in the temples, and assemble in groups on the sea-shore to worship the rising and setting sun.

The Jains are a sect of Hindus scattered throughout India, but more particularly in Canara. "One of the great peculiarities which belong to the religion of the Jains is the remarkable, and even ludicrous extent, to which they carry their scruples respecting the destruction of animal life. Their absurdities in this matter are far beyond those of the Hindus. With one exception, namely, the sacrifice of the ram, they esteem the destruction of any sentient creature, however minute, as the most heinous of crimes, and continually carry at their girdles a small broom, suspended by a string, wherewith they tenderly sweep aside every insect which they may observe in their path, lest they should tread upon it. To so senseless a length do they carry this principle, that they will not pluck any herb or vegetable, or partake of any sort of food, which may be supposed to contain animalculæ, so that the only articles of sustenance remaining to them appear to be rice and a few sorts of pulse, which they cook with milk. When they require water for ablution, they carefully strain it before they venture to use it. When necessitated to drink water, they suck up the fluid through a piece of fine muslin."

We have brought forward from the crowd these two classes, because least known to our readers. But it will be at once understood what an opportunity for Missionary effort is presented in Bombay, provided the Missionaries become what the population is, many-tongued : that is one great requisite, that the Missionary be able to speak to the people in their own tongue. This great gift was bestowed on the disciples on the day of Pentecost, and the same gift will be bestowed now, as the reward of persistent effort, and in answer to earnest prayer.

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### MALLAPALLI, TRAVANCORE.

IN the beautiful kingdom of Travancore, and amongst its varied population, pure Christianity has been planted through the agency of the Church Missionary Society, and it thrives. One of our native pastors, the Rev. Oomen Mamen, presents to us a very clear and interesting account of the origin and progress of Mission work at the station of Mallapalli, to which we desire to direct the attention of our readers.

Before I proceed to give an account of the progress of the Lord's work in this place during the current year, I beg to state the leading circumstances connected with the origin of this out-station. Mallapalli is situated in the midst of a thick jungle in one of the lower ranges of the Travancore hills, about forty miles east of Allepie. The majority of the inhabitants are Syrians, who formerly were connected with the parish church of Kallopara, and amounted to three hundred families, who were distributed in eight villages, situated on the two banks of a pretty mountain stream which rises in the ghauts. Four men, named Eapen, Ittack, Chacko and Pothan, may be called the fathers of the Mallapalli church ; of whom Eapen laboured under a dangerous sore in his breast, which his friends ascribed to the wrath of the Kavioor god as a punishment for withholding the sum of money which he had vowed to pay annually to the said god to insure the protection of himself and family. Three friends called upon him at this time, one of whom, a respectable Nair, even offered very generously the sum of seven rupees, being the arrears of four years, which he was simply to take and hand over as his own offering to the god. But Eapen refused to propitiate the heathen god, notwithstanding the persuasion of all except Ittack and Chacko, because he had by this time acquired a glimpse of truth from a distant Syrian relative, and he vowed to build a church if he should recover. He eventually recovered, and, with the assistance of Ittack and Chacko, his partners in trade, bought a piece of land for that purpose. But the opposition from within and without was so great that they laboured no less than six years before they got permission of the Circar. Meanwhile, a rich Nair, who had helped them hitherto with loans to carry on their trade, being offended at their church project, insisted upon the immediate payment of his money, which they had already expended. But a sudden and unexpected rise in the price of the areca nuts enabled them to discharge their debts. A rich landlord, who was closely allied to the royal family, stood foremost in the opposition. Eapen, undaunted by these obstacles, set out to the capital,

and presented a petition, together with a map of the place, to the Dewan, who discovering, through the map, a spot belonging to the Circar, instructed the Peshkar to give the permission. But the Peshkar, being corrupted by the landlord, made all sorts of objections ; which, not availing, he ordered the local authorities to give the sanction if no objection was made by the landlord, &c. The subordinate officer, being in Eapen's favour, tried to conciliate the landlord, who was as bitter as ever, and proceeded to set out on a pilgrimage to Rameswaram. Meanwhile the Christians made large preparations on the spot to erect a temporary church as soon as they got the permission. In this crisis the sister of the landlord set out under a hot sun, and in great excitement, to beseech him not to start without giving permission, lest the Christians should do some mischief to his family in his absence. Accordingly, he changed his mind, and returned to the spot to give his consent. Consequently the Kalloopara priests, who were averse to this undertaking from the first, now retreated in anger, thinking the people could not lay the foundation without their aid ; but Eapen, who was a far-seeing man, had obtained the Metran's order to the Malpan of Maramanna to help them on this occasion.

Thus a temporary church was completed in a single day in 1834. The people having next requested that they might have a priest, the Metran sanctioned a Syrian priest, named Mamen, whom the Rev. J. Peet introduced to the people. They made rapid progress in the knowledge of truth under his faithful teaching. In 1835, a momentous change, viz. the separation of the Mission from the Syrian church, having taken place, the Metran suspended the priest Mamen from Mallapalli church, and licensed one of the Kalloopara priests to officiate in his stead. These priests, who prevailed upon the Metran to do so, winning over to their side such as were dissatisfied with the teaching of the Bible, profanely destroyed the bread the priest Mamen was to consecrate, and forced him out of the church. Consequently the majority of the people left the church in deep distress, and continued to meet in their houses for social worship, retaining the priest Mamen to teach them. Eapen, Pothen, and other leading men, besought the Metran to repeal his suspension ; but he, being corrupted by their rivals, was deaf to their repeated entreaties. God, who had purposes of mercy to this people, overruled the Metran's obstinacy to compel them to seek the aid of the Missionaries. Pothen and other leading men told the Rev. J. Peet, who now stood singly in the Travancore Mission, in consequence of the removal of the other Missionaries by sickness, "that, having found Syrianism to be incompatible with true Christianity, they resolved among themselves to unite with the Missionaries, and erect a church in connexion with our Society."

I should not omit to mention that the excellent Malpan (D.D.) of Maramanna encouraged them to make this resolution, and his pious example and counsel conduced to remove their fears and doubts of the orthodoxy of our church. Meanwhile the Revs. H. Baker and B. Bailey returned from England, and the latter, seeming to doubt their sincerity, Pothen was deeply affected, and told Mr. Bailey with tears, "If you, who have come to teach us and our children the truth, will not do so, you will have to answer for it on the day of judgment, before Jesus

Christ." This appeal had a good effect upon the Missionaries, who promised to help them in building a new church, for which the people secured with great difficulty a piece of land from the petty Rajah of Edappalli, and the Missionaries obtained the sanction of the British Resident, and in 1836 the foundation of the present church was laid by the Rev. Messrs. Bailey, Baker, Peet, and Woodcock. Thus Mallapalli became the first out-station of the Church Missionary Society in Travancore. It appears that the Rev. H. Baker had the first superintendence of this station, and the people again requested him to get the priest Mamen, who had retired to his own parish by the Metran's order, and now declined to come, though Mr. Baker sent for him. It may not be uninteresting to add that the priest Mamen is still living, but without any influence or income, in consequence of his siding with Coorilos Metran, who created him a nominal Archdeacon. Mr. Baker next appointed the Malpan Luke, who was formerly a Romish priest, and Secretary to the Bishop of Varapula. He continued to perform the ministerial functions to this congregation up to his death. Mr. Baker established schools in this district, and appointed a Scripture reader, and frequently visited this place. The people themselves undertook to build the church, without being disheartened by the loss of several thousand rupees, which they expended in building the former church, now styled the Syrian church of Mallapalli. It appears that, on the removal of the Rev. J. Peet to Mavelikara, in 1838, Mallapalli came under his superintendence, and the present church was opened for divine worship on the 27th of September 1842, on which occasion Mr. Peet had invited all the Missionary brethren, together with their respective congregations. The church is, in its architecture, purely Syrian, and its cost, which Mr. Peet calculated at three thousand rupees, has been partly defrayed by the people, and partly by the Society. Mr. Peet delineates the character of this people as follows—"Upon first visiting Mallapalli, I found the people to be fierce, brutal and ignorant, to a degree unknown among the inhabitants of the plain; but frank, open to conviction, and without a base, cringing spirit." The method in which these mountaineers were weaned by their early Missionaries from long accustomed errors and superstitions is worthy of admiration. They, too, deserve great credit in meekly bearing much abuse and persecution, on account of their faith, from their heathen neighbours, and from Syrians in general and for their steadfastness, notwithstanding that many who promised well at first returned to the Syrian church as soon as the novelty ceased. Mr. Peet's superintendence lasted for seven years, when, on the occasion of his visit to England in 1845, he delivered this station over to the late Rev. J. Hawsworth. In 1847 the Malpan Luke, who faithfully laboured here for ten years as the first native minister, was taken to his rest, and was immediately succeeded by the Rev. G. Matthan, the first native clergyman of the Church of England in Travancore, who was heartily welcomed by the people, since he was married to the daughter of Eapen, the leading man above alluded to. In 1849, Mallapalli was ceded to the new district of Tiruwella, which Mr. Hawsworth commenced. This congregation was honoured also to become the first instrument to evangelize the poor despised race, the slaves. It was Model



Pothen who first sowed the good seed. His character before his conversion was illustrative of the Syrian's condition in general before the arrival of the Missionaries in the country. When Eapen suffered from the sore above alluded to, he was foremost in admonishing him that the sudden death of his brother and wife, as well as his own illness, were caused by incurring the displeasure of the heathen god. Nor was this all. Pothen himself presented a buffalo to this god when his son was taken ill, but, after his conversion, he loved his Saviour so fervently that he spoke of Him to all whom he met. Among his slaves who heard him, one, now named Abel, believed, who related to me his master's own words—"Alas, I went wrong till a Sahib (Missionary) at Cottayam gave me a book which discovered to me the right way." The good seed seemed to lie dormant in Abel's heart till the visit of the late Rev. T. G. Ragland to this country instigated Mr. G. Matthan to instruct the slaves. Several years before this the good old Pothen had entered into his rest. Mr. Matthan carried out Mr. Ragland's proposal, and started the first slave school, and received Abel and his family as the first inquirers. His brother-in-law, Cheerady, next embraced the faith. He, like his master Eapen, was a bold character. When he was bitten by a snake he preferred to die rather than defile his conscience by submitting to magical treatment, and he died calling on Christ. This promising movement among the slaves was very warmly and prayerfully fostered by Mr. Hawksworth, who baptized a good number of them in 1855, when the heathen and Syrians united together to harrass the whole congregation. They burnt the slaves' prayer-house twice. The headmen of the village ordered the washermen not to wash for our people, and the barbers not to shave them; the Nairs seized part of Eapen's lands; the Syrians considered our people as polluted, and dared not to touch them, or cross the ferry in the same boat with them. This storm had hardly abated when the heroic Eapen was called to his rest. Mr. G. Matthan very ably strengthened the congregation during this persecution, which, however, resulted in the consolidation of the church and the extension of Christianity among the slaves in general. Some of the persecuted slaves fled to other Mission districts, where they were instrumental in winning others to our holy faith. Meanwhile a second slave congregation was formed in a village next to the first, where their Syrian masters persecuted them so cruelly that most of the first converts deserted their village, and fresh converts filled up the gap subsequently. There are two converted Pariah families in this place, one of whom was twice beaten by his fellow-castes, and once by high castes, for becoming a Christian. The Pulayah converts of this village also were exposed to fresh troubles by relinquishing caste in eating with other converts. In 1856, the Rev. J. Hawksworth returning to England, the Rev. J. Peet again superintended this station. The Rev. G. Matthan was very industrious in organizing weekly prayer-meetings and monthly love-feasts, at which the people subscribed money, and raised the sum of more than 500 rupees, which the Society increased to 1000 rupees, by a grant of 500 rupees from the Jubilee Fund, to commence a native pastorate endowment fund. In 1860 Mallapalli was formed into a separate district under the independent charge of Mr. G. Matthan,

who was removed to Cottayam in 1863, after labouring here for sixteen years. He was succeeded by the Rev. J. Eapen, under the superintendence of the Rev. J. Peet, who retained charge of this till he was taken to his rest in 1865, when this station came under the superintendence of Mr. Baker, who succeeded Mr. Peet. Mr. Eapen actively laboured here for four years. About the end of 1867 Mr. Eapen was relieved by me.

In concluding this review I confess that I have omitted many circumstances connected with the early history of the Mission, for the sake of brevity. At present we have about 587 souls of converted Syrians, who are distributed in seven villages. The attendance on Sundays is so large that the church is actually crammed, being too small to hold them all. Besides these, there are two congregations of converted slaves, amounting to eighty-two souls, who have two chapels. The prayer-meetings, and Bible-meetings, and monthly love-feasts, are still kept up. I was enabled to commence a Sunday school, which is attended by twenty-five youths. The congregations, besides subscribing at prayer-meetings, love-feasts, &c., have, this year, brought the first-fruits of their harvests to the church in sheaves and grain, as a thank-offering. They also subscribed this year thirty-seven rupees to the Mallapalli Auxiliary Bible Society. The Lord has signally blessed His work here this year, in calling to His church more than ninety souls from heathenism. These were brought under Christian instruction by their converted fellow-slaves of Chelekomp, an out-station of Pallam. About thirty of them first built a prayer-house, for which the ground was secured by a Nair, who takes a deep interest in the instruction of his slaves, whatever his motives are. Mr. Baker's visit helped to encourage the slaves very much. At Mr. Baker's second visit we obtained a site to erect another prayer-house for the sixty people who were subsequently brought under instruction. These ninety inquirers belong to a class called eastern Pulayahs. The sudden change, even in their external demeanour, is very striking. The females, whose dress consisted of nothing more than leaves and twigs, are now decently clothed when they attend their new prayer-house, and seem to be more intelligent than their husbands. Their children attend the schools regularly. The headman of these inquirers was a famous devil-dancer, and he gave up to Mr. Baker the idols he worshipped, together with the bells, swords, belts, crown made of peacock feathers, &c., which he used in devil-worship.

The Syrian Christians, who are as many as our people, are improving in their spiritual concerns by the example of our people.

#### ENGLISH MISSION IN CAIRO.

It is now more than eight years since Miss M. Whately was led, in God's providence, to spend a winter in Cairo. The neglected condition of the young of both sexes, but especially of the girls in that city, was strongly laid on her heart; and she resolved to make an attempt to bring, if it were but a few of these, under the beneficial influence of Christian instruction.

She began by gathering together a few little girls in her own sitting-

room, where, with the help of a pious Syrian matron, who could supply in some degree the deficiency caused by her then recent acquaintance with Arabic, she instructed them in reading and writing, in Scripture history, and the truths of the Gospel. The school grew and prospered; hindrances and difficulties at first often threatened to destroy it; but, with God's blessing, it held on its way. In time a boys' school was added. Two excellent Syrian Missionaries, brothers, were associated in the work; and now, at the end of eight years, we can thankfully look back and exclaim, "What has God wrought!"

The little group of six or seven girls assembled in their teacher's room has become "two bands"—a school for each sex separately, containing a total of about 250 scholars, viz. about 170 boys, and between 70 and 80 girls, for the numbers are constantly increasing. About half the aggregate number are Moslems, the rest are Copts, Greeks, Syrians, &c.

All of these children are instructed in the Scriptures, and in the vital truths of Christianity; and visitors much experienced in school teaching, have borne witness that the answers given are fully equal to those in the best parish or Sunday schools in England and Ireland. And that this is not a mere mechanical system of teaching is evidenced by the intelligent and often original way in which the answers are given. On one occasion, Miss M. Whately was giving the boys a lesson in history, and asked them if they knew where Cyrus was alluded to in Scripture. A Moslem boy quickly opened his Bible and turned to the passage in Isaiah, "Thou art my Shepherd," &c.

Another time, one of the Messrs. Shakoor asked a class he was teaching the meaning of the passage in the Gospels about binding and loosing. A Copt boy said, "to send for the priest;" but a young Moslem, a child of five or six years old, interposed, "No; if a man goes on sinning, and will not repent, he is bound; if he repents, he is loosed."

The same child was asked why the Lord Jesus was called "the good Shepherd?"

"Because He cares for us as a shepherd for his sheep," was the reply.

"And how did He show that He cared for us?"

"By dying for us."

These answers were entirely spontaneous.

About a hundred of the boys learn English. Some of them are going through very difficult class-books, and will answer questions in English with a fluency and correctness really astonishing. Their answers in geography, history, arithmetic, English and Arabic grammar, &c., are no less satisfactory.

The girls are instructed with equal care in Scripture. A catechism, containing questions on the leading truths of the Gospel, with all the answers in the words of Scripture, is used in both schools; and a smaller and more elementary one for the little ones.

In secular knowledge the girls are less advanced, from the circumstance of their early betrothals obliging them to leave school very young; but they all read and write, learn the rudiments of geography, arithmetic, &c., and there is a class which learns English. They devote the afternoon to useful plain work, and also to the curious and beautiful embroidery of

the country, which, as a means of support, is a very important branch of female education.

In the boys' school there are lessons in French and Turkish. Both sets learn to sing hymns in Arabic. The general neatness, cleanliness and order of the schools is remarkable. The prevalent disease of the country, ophthalmia, has been much checked by care in this respect. A spirit of mutual love and kindness is encouraged, and while Gospel truths are taught plainly and without compromise, all reflections on each other's religion, and everything like bitterness or party-spirit, is forbidden.

We cannot as yet venture to speak of conversions. An open profession of Christianity in a Moslem would be probably, in the present state of things, fatal both to the convert and to the progress of the school. Only God can make martyrs: if man attempts to force the work, he fails. The present is the time for sowing the seed, and patiently waiting for the fruit: the Spirit of God can alone bless the word taught, and cause it to renew the heart. But He has promised that His word shall not return to Him void; and we have every reason to hope that by His power the good seed is germinating in many a young heart, and will be found at the great day to have borne fruit unto everlasting life. No child can leave that school either a bigoted Copt or Greek, or a thorough-going Moslem. The head-knowledge has been given, the rest must be God's work alone. The children are not only of the poorer classes: distinctions of rank are fortunately unknown, and the rich and poor mingle freely together in both schools.

A book dépôt, where Bibles, Testaments, Gospels, &c., are sold and distributed, is in connexion with the Mission. One of the Missionaries is constantly there, and much useful conversation often takes place with inquirers, both Copt and Moslem.

A daily evening meeting is held in the school-house for Copts who desire to meet for Scripture reading and instruction.

Miss M. Whately has also a class for women and girls on Sunday afternoons, and every Sunday evening a service is held, presided over by the Messrs. Shakoor, who preach in turns.

The occasional journeys taken by the Mission party on the Nile are also a means of helping the work. Many villages (chiefly of Moslems, with a sprinkling of scattered Copts) are visited, the Scriptures read and distributed, and Gospel truths taught, as far as opportunity allows.

There has been encouraging proof of the blessing attending on these endeavours.

"Sir," said one poor Copt to Mr. M. Shakoor, "God sent you here to save our souls."

"You were kept here by the wind to teach us," said a poor Moslem woman.

We are, of course, not speaking of this agency as the only one in Cairo; there are others, and there is room for many more; but it is the only English Mission work existing there, and the only attempt, as far as we can learn, to carry on work systematically and extensively among Moslems as well as Christians.

It may easily be conceived that the expenses attending such a Mission are very heavy, even with the strictest attention to economy. In any

country they would be so ; but in Cairo the dearness of house-rent, skilled labour, and all the necessaries of life, is so great as to add materially to expense.

Miss M. Whately has not only given herself, but the means at her command, to the work ; but these resources are very limited, and the circumstances of her necessary residence at the scene of her labours makes collections extremely difficult. At this present moment the funds are so low as to make it a matter of deep anxiety as to the continuance of the work, even on its present scale, and this when the constantly increasing number of pupils calls rather for extension than diminution.

The faithful labourers go on, steadily looking to Him whose is the silver and the gold ; but it is His will to work by means, and we would very earnestly commend this work to the sympathies of the Christian public, and especially to British Christians. Our sympathies are due to every agency for spreading Gospel truth in this and every country ; but when British Christians see a countrywoman going forth depending upon no help but God, sparing neither her personal strength, nor the resources at her command, cheerfully devoting herself to a life of more labour and self-denial of every kind than falls to the lot even of most Missionaries, surely they will be ready to lend a helping hand, and thus to enjoy the privilege of taking some part in the blessed cause of hastening the day in which it shall be said, "Blessed be Egypt my people !"

Subscriptions will be received by MESSRS. BARCLAY, TRITTON and BEVAN, 54 Lombard Street, E.C. ; by ROBERT BARCLAY Esq., 9 College Hill, Cannon Street, E.C. ; by MISS WEBB, 267 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W. ; and MESSRS. SUTER and ALEXANDER, 32 Cheapside. In Dublin by MISS E. BRADY, 26 Upper Pembroke Street ; and on the Continent by MISS BURTON, care of M. Eymann, Rue du Simplon, Vevey, Switzerland.

---

PHIL. I. 21.

To live and work for Thee,

Me Thou doth send  
Amidst earth's ruins. May I be,  
Unto the end,  
A living sacrifice. My store  
Is thine—not mine—for evermore.

Thy work, O God, is mine

Daily to do ;  
My work, O God, is thine  
While I pursue  
The path in which my Saviour trod,  
In sunshine, or beneath Thy rod.

With Thee to guide aright

I fear no foe ;  
Nor, in the darkest night,  
Refrain to go  
Where'er Thy voice is heard to  
call,  
For Thou encirclest, rulest all.

Amid the fiercest blast

Of worldly pride,  
Though sore, and long it last,  
With me abide. [fires  
Thy love can quench the strongest  
Of earthly love, and base desires.

What though my passions rage

And urge retreat,  
The warfare which I wage  
Knows no defeat. [side  
The conquering power is on my  
While I in Jesu's love abide.

If, till I reach the end

Of life's short day,  
I must the truth defend  
'Gainst error's sway,  
O let Thy Spirit on my sight  
Pour forth His beams of heavenly  
light.

And may I faithful be  
 'Midst every snare,  
 And ready willingly  
 His cross to bear,  
 Who, with such deep humility,  
 Endured the painful cross for me.  
*Taunton.*

Then, when death's icy hand  
 Shall touch my heart,  
 And from life's weary strand  
 I must depart,  
 Let the dismissal, Lord, to me  
 Be but the entrance hour with Thee.  
 ROBERT PARCITER.

### THE CHAMBA MISSION.

THE following account of the Chamba Mission, sent by the Rev. John Newton, will be read with interest. It is an independent Mission, begun and carried on by the Rev. Mr. Ferguson. It is aided by friends in different countries.

I have been spending the summer at Dharmsala, in the Himalayas. This place is 6000 feet above the sea. It is situated on an irregular slope, which terminates on the south-west, in the Kangra valley. Immediately behind Dharmsala, on the north-east, is a hill some 9000 feet high, covered with a dense forest. Beyond that is another hill, or range of hills, of naked granite, rising to a height of 14,000 feet. Beyond this range is the valley of the Ravee, the river on which Lahore, the capital of the Punjab, stands. In the midst of this valley, at an elevation of about 500 feet, is the city of Chamba, the capital of a Hindu principality.

My wife and I determined, before returning to Lahore, to visit Chamba, and learn what we could of the Missionary work there. To cross the mountain, however, behind Dharmsala, is not practicable, except for hardy mountaineers; so we took a circuitous route through Dalhousie, another European station, about as high as Dharmsala, and fifteen miles from Chamba.

From Dalhousie our way for the first ten miles was through a magnificent forest of cedars, with walnuts and other trees interspersed.

Just before emerging from the forest we came to a splendid amphitheatre, 300 or 400 yards in diameter, covered with grass, and having a small lake near the middle, the hills on every side but one clothed with a mass of the richest foliage, rising gradually to the height of from 300 to 1500 or 2000 feet. In this amphitheatre stood a temple dedicated to the serpent, an object of worship everywhere to be met with in these mountains, and among various aboriginal tribes of India. If the history of this worship could be traced, I doubt not it would be found that its object was no other than the old serpent that deceived our first parents. It is worshipped, of course, through simple fear, as an enemy of man that has power to injure him. And such is the character of many of the heathen deities.

Before reaching Chamba we had to descend 4000 feet. The city is built on a gently sloping plateau, on the opposite side of the river, so that we had a fine panoramic view of it as we came down the hill. The entire plateau, up to the foot of the hill beyond, was seen to be occupied by the town, the Rajah's palace standing in a prominent place near the rear. The houses generally present a shabby appearance, being covered with old board roofs, and being two stories high.

In the middle of the town there is a beautiful promenade, in the form of a parallelogram, on one side of which is the Rajah's garden.

The river was crossed by a wooden bridge, at which a toll was levied, and a book was presented in which we were expected to record our names, which was no sooner done than a messenger was despatched with tidings of the fact to the Rajah. Our way to the Mission house led through the promenade, which was found to be carpeted with the most beautiful violet-looking grass.

The town of Chamba is supposed to contain about 7000 inhabitants. This, for the mountains, is a large town. The population of the whole state I have not heard, but its area is said to be 3000 square miles. From the difference of elevation in different parts of the territory the climate is that of the three zones. The temperature of the city, when I was there in the middle of October, was charmingly mild; yet one morning, after a night of thunder and lightning, some of the hills in the neighbourhood were covered with snow.

Besides the native houses in the city, I noticed several built in European style. One of these was what is called a dawk bungalow—a house built and furnished according to English taste, for the use of English travellers. This is kept up at the expense of the Rajah, who is said to be fond of Europeans. Another is the residence of an English civil engineer, who is employed at present in making roads. A third is occupied by an English officer, who acts as a sort of Prime Minister, under the title of Superintendent. His appointment is from the British Government in India, but made at the Rajah's request.

The Missionary is the Rev. Mr. Ferguson, a minister of the Church of Scotland. For some years he was the chaplain of a Scotch regiment sent to India in the time of the great mutiny. His heart was much in the Missionary work, and about five years ago he resigned the chaplaincy and commenced a Mission at this place, without being connected with any Society, and depending for his support on the voluntary contributions of the Christian public.

Mr. Ferguson's work has been so far successful, that, counting children with adults, he has baptized from among the heathen about ninety persons. His converts are not confined to the city, but live in some half-a-dozen towns or villages besides, some of them at a distance of ten or twelve miles. One of them is a very old man, supposed to be about 140. Most of them belonged to very low castes, yet one is a young Brahmin. The baptism of the former seldom or never gave rise to opposition or persecution; but the Brahmin had to encounter violent opposition from his widowed mother. During the last summer he married a girl in the Orphan School at Ludiana, and through her influence the mother is beginning to entertain so kindly a feeling towards her son that he entertains a hope of her being brought also to the knowledge of Christ. This is an interesting fact.

The Rajah has from the beginning been friendly to the Mission. The ground on which Mr. Ferguson's house stands was a gift from him. He was formerly so interested in the Bible that he studied it regularly with the Missionary, and a short time ago he ordered a proclamation to be made in the places where the Christians live, that no man's worldly interests should suffer from the Government on account of his religion.





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TRAVANCORE—THE WORK THERE.

TRAVANCORE is one of the most beautiful provinces of India. In the background rise the Western Ghats, and between these and the sea lies the kingdom of Travancore. The ghats rise to the height of 7000



VIEW OF COTTAYAM, TRAVANCORE.

November 1869

feet ; the forest-clad hills shelter below the higher summits, and thence by degrees the surface of the ground slopes down into the lowlands, with their beautiful back-waters, by which, with a little outlay, an inland navigation might be opened 200 miles in length.

As may be supposed, the scenery is very varied. The strip of land between the hills and the shore is rich in cultivation. About forty miles in medium breadth it is adorned with cultivated villages, waving plains and palmyra topos. The fertile tract is succeeded by the genuine Malayalim country, a woody and rugged surface, while above tower the precipitous cliffs of the great chain.

The surface of the country is not more diversified than the population. There are the Brahmins, the ruling class, rising like the ghauts above the rest of the population, and, like the ghauts, the most difficult of approach. Next come the caste-people, namely, the Sudras, or, what is the same, Nairs ; then the Christians, consisting of Syrian Christians and Romanists ; after these, the low-castes, such as the Chogans, who in the north are called Tiers ; and lastly the out-castes, or various classes of slaves, with the jungle people.

These together amount to one million and a quarter ; yet when our Missionaries first went amongst them they were divided one from another by these caste distinctions, and the population was in consequence broken up into fragments. Each caste treated superciliously those which were below it. The Chogan was as scornful to the slave, as the Nair was to him. Yet such is the power of the Gospel of Christ, that it has united together in one church a body of people from all castes, numbering now between 12,000 and 13,000.

Cottayam was the first spot at which our Missionaries were placed. It is remarkable, and very interesting to know, that the two Missionaries who commenced the work in Travancore, by taking charge of the Syrian college at Cottayam, and in other ways endeavouring to raise the Syrian church from its degradation, are still living, venerable and venerated clergymen of the Church of England—the Rev. Benjamin Bailey, Rector of Sheinton, Salop, and the Rev. Joseph Fenn, Minister of Blackheath Park Chapel.

It is also remarkable that the largest ingathering has been, not from the higher, and, we might suppose, the more intelligent classes, but from the lowest and most degraded of all—the slaves. In our last Number we stated that Mallapalli was the first Missionary station of the Church Missionary Society in Travancore, previous efforts having been in connexion with the Syrian church, and with a view to its improvement ; but Mallapalli having been the first station founded after the Syrian church had rejected our well-meant efforts, and refused to be reformed, a new system was then pursued. At Mallapalli was also placed our first ordained native, the Rev. G. Matthan, and from Mallapalli the work amongst the slaves first commenced.

We mentioned that Mr. Matthan, at the suggestion of Mr. Ragland, opened a school for slaves. In September 1854 the first baptism took place. The school was in the jungle, and when the Missionaries arrived there on the appointed morning they found the slaves had been in the school all night, waiting their arrival. It was pouring rain. The paths through

the jungle were turned into streams, and our Missionaries had to wade through water a considerable way; the sight however, of the well-filled school, was more than a compensation. There were about thirty candidates. Bitter was the enmity they had endured at the hands of Syrian Christians and heathen, who raged against them, and sought to crush the movement; and when the work went on, nay, spread about, so that slaves in other directions sought baptism, the persecution was directed against the Christian congregations from whence the light had come. The washermen of the vicinity were not allowed to wash Mr. Matthan's surplice, or the clothes of the congregation and people had to be brought from a distance to do this. The barbers were forbidden to shave any of the Christians. The Syrians, when they met them, drove them off the road as unclean persons, and would not enter their houses or shops. But the brunt of the storm fell upon the slaves. They were driven away from the school where they had assembled on Sunday morning, and the following Saturday the school-house, in which the baptisms had taken place, was burned to the ground for the second time. It was very affecting when the Christian slaves came on the Sunday morning, and saw what had been done. Standing among the ashes, they exclaimed, "It was here we first found the Saviour, and here, on this spot, we will still worship Him." They would not seek shelter under a neighbouring tree, and so the service was held on the old spot. Deeply earnest were they during the sermon, and, when it was over, they said, "Although they may destroy the outward temple, they cannot destroy the temple which God has set up in our hearts."

And the work has gone on. The fire has not been put out. Satan, through his agents, would have done so, but Christ by His grace has fed it, and thus it burns more brightly, and has continued to spread more and more widely, to this day.



SKETCHES OF MISSIONARY WORK IN THE VICINITY OF NINGPO, CHINA.

THE Rev. F. F. Gough, in one of his itinerancies amongst the dense population of the Ningpo plains, visiting the scattered Christians and comforting them, and preaching the Gospel of Christ to the heathen, was accompanied by Mrs. Gough, and she has been kind enough to give us some details of this tour, which was carried out in May last. As might be expected, she was, to many of the people who had never seen a foreign lady before, an object of unbounded curiosity; but, curious as they were, they showed no rudeness, and the sensation which she caused helped the great object—the deliverance of the message of mercy to the largest number of hearers who could be got together; so much so, that she expresses this conviction—"That a frequent visit to the Sæn-poh district from a foreign lady would be beneficial to the native women, they seemed so much pleased; and while they were very curious in examining

me, they were quite friendly, and even courteous." We now introduce some extracts from her letter.

With a boat as their conveyance, they reached in twenty-four hours, the Sæn-poh plain. "A fresh, soft breeze was blowing, and the lowly hills, some crowned with trees, some with verdant grass, others with grass and rocks interspersed, the smooth winding canal, valleys planted with peas, beans, wheat, and barley, formed a picture I shall not soon forget. We came first to a village called Lah-nying Sæn (the stone man hill). Here it was market-day, and there were much noise and bustle. Mr. Gough took out some tracts, and went to speak to the people. I came outside the boat: then the market was deserted. I tried to tell them of Him who had come to save sinners, but, after a few words, it seemed but little use. My dress, the colour of my hair, the way in which it was dressed, what we ate and what we drank, &c., was what they wanted to know. I answered all their inquiries, and had a slice of bread brought for them, which they took and smelt: one woman ventured to break off a piece and taste it. It was quite amusing to see them: the slice of bread was distributed among them, and they all seemed to think it a curiosity.

Leaving this spot, we soon after came in sight of our little station at Kwun-hæ-we. It is a walled town, but it looks as if any one might walk over any part of the wall. Whenever I made my appearance the people ran out of their houses to catch sight of the foreign lady. After going all but round the suburbs where our preaching room is, we then moored in front of it, and the dear native Christians came to welcome us. The Li-pa-dong (preaching-place) is a large room: on each side are two or three rooms occupied by the native catechists and their wives.

A female candidate for baptism was examined. Subsequently we had a visit from two men, one a candidate for baptism, the other came for his old mother, who was blind, and unable to come herself.

The next morning we had family prayer with many of our converts. It was pleasant to see so many assembled, truly worshipping the Lord Jesus. At half-past ten we had our morning service, and truly my heart burned within me as I saw the crowded room. After the service had commenced the poor old blind candidate for baptism came in. My heart yearned towards her in her blind helplessness, and I thanked God that she had given herself to the Lord. After the second lesson, one man, two women and their infant children were baptized. One woman was unable to come. To-morrow we hope to go to her house, and, if possible, baptize her. After the sermon, on Acts x. 47., the Lord's Supper was administered to thirty communicants.

On the next day (Monday) we set out with three native Christians to baptize the old woman who was unable to attend. We reached Sing-sgyiao in little more than an hour, but here the excitement was greater than at Kwun-hæ-we. At first the native Christians went to the old woman's house, and asked her if she would like to come to the boat, return to the Li-pa-dong with us, and be baptized there; but she preferred having it at her own house. We then went on shore. People ran from all parts to see the ong-mao-lao-ninying (red-haired woman).

Presently my hand was taken by a Chinese young woman, who resides in the house opposite the old woman, and is an applicant for baptism. I was taken through the crowd by her into the old woman's house. The old woman received us lovingly, but the crowd pressed on. Presently a woman took down some more shutters, one falling on a boy's head, and forthwith in every crevice and corner, where a head could be squeezed in, there was one to be seen. How, under such circumstances, baptism could be administered, was a marvel. The young woman suggested fastening up the shutters and door, but this would have been unwise. The people would have supposed that some evil was going on, and there would probably have been a riot. I proposed that the old woman should go in the boat with us; but one of her relatives being unwilling, I proposed that some of her friends should accompany her. At last, after various plans had been suggested, the old woman determined to go with us. It was arranged that we should go first, and that she should come afterwards with the native Christians, lest the poor people should think that we had taken her away by force. When we had reached the boat, crowds came and stood on each side of the canal. Mr. Gough stood outside the boat, and spoke to them of Jesus, reading several parables to them, I sitting inside the boat. Presently they asked me to come out, which I did, and I was then introduced to them as one who had come from afar to greet them and tell them of Jesus. Presently the old woman came down to the boat, pushing her way through the crowd, the converts following her, she evidently wishing to show she came of her own free will. I helped her into the boat, and we sat down together on the outside. We then left for Kwun-hæ-we. Presently the old woman brought out a bag, containing what she had formerly thought very precious, as merit laid up for another world—numerous papers, with her name written upon them, of a yellow colour, covered with red circles, each circle supposed to be 1000 cash in another world. These papers are brought to the priests. In the evening, on our arrival at Kwun-hæ-we, she was baptized by the name of Persia. Mr. Gough read the parable of the merchantman, who, having "found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had and bought it." So this woman, having found Jesus, gave up all the treasure she had been hoarding up for sixteen years and more, and found, instead thereof, Christ and the peace which He gives.

Mrs. Gough adds—"There seems a spirit of inquiry amongst many of the women of Ning-po. My Bible woman is very earnest and diligent in going about among them. She has already brought around her several women who are inquiring, and I trust, ere long, to see the fruit of her labours. She lives in a native house in the midst of the city, which we have succeeded in renting, and where I hope, next week, to open a school. Missionary ladies out here are now so few, that girls and women are much neglected."

This is a fragment of Missionary work in China, showing how it is carried on. May the prayers of Christians at home go with the labours of Missionaries abroad, and may the good Lord give the blessing!

"THE MOURNINGS OF SUCH AS ARE IN CAPTIVITY."

THE lines we introduce have done us service. Four sisters desired to help the funds of our Society when they were low. One of them composed the verses. They were printed and distributed by post in various directions, with a note of explanation stating the object, and requesting a very small contribution. Many gladly responded, and between 12*l*. and 13*l*. were thus collected.

In the roar of the surging ocean,
 "As it breaks on its cold, grey stones,"—
 Can you catch no sounds, as of wailing
 In its mournful undertones ?

The hearts whence they come are so anguished,
 E'en the cold sea feels their grief,
 And brings all unpaid on its waters
 The yearnings for relief

Of souls dying in heathen darkness—
 Souls dying in black despair,
 With none to whisper of Jesus,
 Or to breathe a Christian prayer.

In the dreary winds of winter,
 In their "sadly thrilling parts,"
 You may hear the mournful sighing
 Of those breaking, human hearts.

* * * *

"O ye Christian hearts in England,
 Care ye not that we should die ?
 Must we be shut out for ever
 From your glorious home on high ?

"Tell us—the great FATHER up in heaven,
 Is HE not our FATHER too ?—
 JESUS CHRIST, the LORD and SAVIOUR,
 Did HE only die for you ?

"Oh ye happy Christian people,
 You can help us if ye will ;
 While ye grudge your gold and silver,
 Must we—must we perish still ?"

* * * *

Christian brethren,—CHRIST'S disciples,
 Shall we not obey His word ?
 "Go ye forth, and teach all nations,"
 Go, baptize them for the LORD.

For how shall we meet our MASTER,
 When HE cometh from the sky,
 If the souls bought with His life-blood
 We have left alone to die ?

THE FISHERMEN AT THE MOUTH OF THE GANGES.

(From Colonel J. E. Gastrell's Report.)

ALONG some of the less-frequented channels, the inhabitants are chiefly, if not wholly, fishermen, whose scattered huts, canoes and nets are often the only sign of human beings to be met with. In such localities nothing meets the eye but a wide stretch of marsh land, where fields of reeds and long grasses, with their long silvery tufts waving in the sunshine, alternate with pools or lakes of deep water, covered with all kinds of aquatic plants, which flower and sleep on the surface, and large expanses or islands of recently-raised alluvium. These latter, when on the edges of the marsh, offer great facilities for rice cultivation, the first step being to make paths across them, formed, as above-mentioned, of grass, reeds, weeds, &c., well matted together. These paths, though very elastic and somewhat difficult to walk on without practice, are, however, perfectly safe, and if a person can only keep his footing, there is no fear of being engulfed in the bog. Myriads of wild fowl, king-fishers, cranes, pelicans and other aquatic birds are seen flying, swimming, or congregated in flocks in all directions over these swamps, and feeding on the small fish which abound in every pool and stream. Morning and evening, and often during the night, their cries alone break the monotonous croaking of frogs along the margin of the streams, or the ceaseless chirp of the grasshoppers and cicadæ on their banks. During the heat of the day, and at flood tide, the silence that reigns in these marshy solitudes is deep and profound, and, save the occasional hail of a fisherman, or the shrill cry of the fish eagle, as he launches in pursuit of a gull to rob it of its prey, not a sound is often to be heard. The very reeds and grass seem overpowered by the heat and glare of the sun, whilst not a breath of air disturbs them. At such times the atmosphere, always heavy and oppressive, becomes, in the general stillness, most suffocating and sickening. As the ebb makes, however, the scene soon changes, and all becomes life again. Myriads of fish-hawks, gulls and other birds circle over the spots left by the receding tide, and follow in its wake in pursuit of small fish, whilst adjutants, marabouts, cranes of all kinds, pelicans, and other waders stalk leisurely along, darting their beaks right and left into the many pools, where they find an ample store of small fry of all kinds left by the falling waters. The fishermen are now all alive and busy catching the various kinds of fish entangled in the nets which they have previously staked along the banks of shoals, or at the entrances of khalls. The rice cultivators also go to work the moment the water has sufficiently receded, and throw up fresh bunds and pathways to dam out the tidal waters, and enable them to prepare more land for rice, or repair leaks and breaches in those already existing. Occasionally men may be seen artificially raising the reclaimed land still more by carrying and throwing in earth from the adjacent lower parts of the bheels.

In February, March and April (especially in the latter month), as the water in the bheels gradually becomes lower and lower, and the grasses and reeds wither and dry under the increasing heat of the sun, the

proprietors of the marsh lands fire the jungle in all directions, to have the ground in readiness for the coarse rice (*burro dhan*) crops that are grown in these tracts. The smoke arising from the fires added considerably to the difficulties, otherwise experienced, in running survey lines across the marsh lands. Throughout the swamps the huts of the inhabitants are constructed on high mounds, well raised artificially above the surface of the spongy banks of the streams that traverse them. Wherever the current is strong, and likely, during floods, to injure the basement of the mound, precautions are taken to preserve it, by erecting at its foot, on the up-stream side, a strong fence of bamboos, or reeds, and grasses intermixed. This fence also serves the double purpose of a stake net, during high tides, during which prawns and small fish become entangled in the meshes. All mounds of any standing have, usually, date and other trees planted on them. These afford shade, during the extreme heat of the day, for the few cows or goats the owner may possess, and at the same time they help, in some measure, to purify the air, and absorb some portion of the miasmatic vapours that arise from all sides.

In some parts the swamps present a most peculiar appearance, from the numbers of long bamboos and low stakes of wood, which are dotted thickly about them. These are placed there, from time to time, by the fishermen and fowlers, who frequent these tracts, either to support their nets on whilst drying, or to attach them to when extended for the purpose of catching birds or fish. Numbers of water fowl are caught here annually, chiefly for the sake of their plumage, the feathers being mostly carried to the Calcutta market, where they are used for covering hats, making tippets, trimming dresses, &c. The soft down from under the wings is used for the same purpose, and for stuffing pillows. The birds most sought for are the marabouts, king-fishers, flamingos, several kinds of cranes, pelicans and wild geese. One mode of catching wild geese in these swamps, on the shoals of the Megna, and wherever, in fact, there is a good rise of the tide over shoals, is as follows: The fowlers note well the spots first resorted to by these shy and wary birds after their return from the feeding grounds; they then select those spots that are covered with water, or nearly so, at high tide, and, choosing a night when the flood tide makes, a little after dark, they plant stakes along the upper part of the sand bank, or mud-flat, and extend their nets horizontally on bamboos or wooden stakes. Towards evening the geese arrive and invariably alight close to the edge of the water, and commence bathing, washing, and dressing their plumage, retiring higher up the bank as the tide advances, until at length, driven to take flight by the rising water, or by the shouts of the fowlers, they rise and are immediately entangled in the nets spread for them. The moment the fowlers are apprised, by the clamour of the geese and the flapping of their wings, that they are caught in the nets, they put off in their boats for the place, and either kill them with short bamboo staves, or take them alive for the different markets. They, however, usually kill them on the spot, and strip them of their feathers. Another mode of catching the smaller birds is the following, and is equally successful in taking birds on trees. The fowler provides himself with a number of thin taper bamboos, fitting one into another like a fishing rod. Arming the small

end with cotton and a sufficient quantity of bird-lime, he moves quietly through the reeds and rushes of jheel, and on nearing any birds, either swimming on the water, or perched on the long grass and reeds, he fits on piece after piece to the one armed with bird-lime, until it is of sufficient length to admit of his touching and entangling the bird with the limed end. The men who practise this method are exceedingly expert, and seldom fail in their catch.

In what strange homes do we not find portions of the widely-dispersed family of man? The poor fishermen at the mouth of the Ganges, cannot say that the lines are fallen to them in pleasant places, yet even these dreary homes would become such if cheered by the hope of the Gospel.

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CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE following letter received from the Rev. Dr. Koelle of Constantinople opens up to our perception the difficulties with which converts to Christianity have to contend in an unevangelized land, where the whole force of the Government, so far as it dare, is against the spread of the Gospel. Such early flowers bloom in a wintry atmosphere. They seem almost to be premature, so chilling are the winds, and so great are the discouragements they meet with; yet, frail as they seem to be, they live on. Life in them is stronger than the surrounding cold, because it is kept alive by the power of God. Let the work which has taken place be only genuine, and it will live on. The first letter is dated August 13, 1869—

I have to make to you a painful communication respecting the Mohammedan family I received into the church last Epiphany. In fact, I feel as if I had been bereft of a child; but I suppose we must say with the Apostle, "If they had been of us, they would no doubt have continued with us." The man, thank God, is steadfast, and says, having once denied his Saviour he would rather lay down his head than do so again. But the woman, with the two children, has returned to the Mohammedans. This happened thus—

On Tuesday evening, the twenty-seventh ult, between nine and ten o'clock, a police-officer, with a number of policemen, surrounded the house where the baptized family lived, and demanded admittance. Not stating the reason why they were coming, the man refused to open the door, saying, "My friends come by day, but those who come by night are enemies." They then threatened to open the door by force; but one being told that the house belonged to a Frank, they desisted, and, after about an hour, left again, without having obtained their object.

Till then the family had apparently gone on quite satisfactorily. The woman never missed our Turkish Sunday service since her baptism, and always showed marked attention. Her husband treated her kindly, telling me, since, that he not only laboured hard by day to earn their scanty bread, but also, on coming home in the evening, did the housework for his wife, as he was anxious to prove to her what the Christian

religion enabled a man to do. Neither to him, nor to any of us, did she ever give any ground of suspecting that she contemplated returning to Mohammedanism; only it appears that some weeks previously she had complained to the neighbours that she could not go out, as she had not the means of dressing like the Christian women; and, a few days before this police visit, she told her husband that she had visited Mohammedan friends in the neighbourhood who were very angry with her for becoming a Christian, and assured her that fifty of her countrymen had taken an oath to cause her to return to Mohammedanism, or else kill her, or die themselves in the attempt. She also added, "I foolishly then asked them, Would you liberally provide for me and my children?" Next day, when we questioned her on this, she said she had not meant anything by it, but only wanted to test them what they would say. Whether she then actually said more than she allowed to us, or whether her Mohammedan friends presumed upon it, I cannot tell; but the police-officers said to one of the neighbours that a petition had been presented on behalf of the woman, stating that she was forcibly detained in a Christian house.

On the following day I called on the chief of the police, to beg for an explanation of such strange proceedings. He told me, "Yes, I have sent for the family, to examine them, and afterwards to send them on to the Pasha; for according to the laws of this land, if a Christian wishes to become a Mussulman, he is not at once permitted to do so, but has first to make an open declaration before the proper authorities, and in the presence of a Christian priest, and this same law must be observed with regard to Mohammedans who wish to become Christians." I replied, that far from wishing to be in the way of such a public examination, I should be most happy to forward it, and to be present at it. Upon this he said, "Then bring the family at once, for they must be examined without delay."

Accordingly I left to fetch them, but, on arriving at the house, found that the man was out at his usual work. I had scarcely set out again to convey this information, when I was met by the police-officer, who said, "I thought I had better come at once to examine the person in her own house, if you have no objection." I asked him in, and at once called the woman. He now put a number of questions to her, *e.g.* whether she was there in that house with her own free will, which she answered in the affirmative; but when he asked after her religion, she, to our great surprise and regret, professed herself a Mohammedan. As soon as she had done so the officer said to her, "Then go and get ready to come with me;" and then, turning towards me, he continued, "For no Mohammedan woman is allowed to remain under a non-Mohammedan roof." When I asked him whether they could not delay till the husband came home, who had no apprehension of what was taking place, he replied, "Oh, she has no longer any husband: when she declared herself a Mohammedan the man has ceased to be her husband." On being reminded that sometimes a Mohammedan had a Christian wife, he said, "Quite true: according to our law a Mohammedan can have a Jewish or a Christian wife; but no Mohammedan woman can be the wife of any but a Mohammedan husband." When I asked, "But had not the children, at all events, better be left here till he comes home, as he is

their father," he replied, "The case of the children will have to be decided by law ; but as the woman is bent on taking them with her, the best thing you can do is to deliver them up on trust, so that they will have to be brought forward again, if the father can establish a claim upon them." So they left together, and I with them, to deliver the children to the chief of police "on trust." There the woman was again questioned, and again professed herself a Mohammedan, in my presence, and I was requested to bring the man also on the following day.

When the poor man returned from his work, late in the evening, he found an empty house. The trial was great for him, but he took it well. He said, "I have deserved this by my sin. When I denied my Saviour, I took this woman ; and now she is gone again. I told her, at the time I returned to Christianity, that she could remain a Mohammedan if she chose, but that I was determined to be a Christian, and rather to leave her than Christ. She then said, "I shall not leave you : if you become a Christian, I shall also become one."

Next day, after having further spoken and prayed with the man, and finding him firm in his resolution to remain a Christian, come what may, I went with him to the chief of police, who questioned him in the same way as his wife the evening before. But when he unhesitatingly professed himself a Christian, he was told that he could go. Before leaving, I told the chief of police that the man was willing to leave his little girl with its mother, but that he very much wished the boy should be restored to him. To this he replied, "He has no claim, but the question about the children does not rest with me. I shall forward them, with their mother, to the Pasha, when the case will be decided according to law."

The girl being about two, and the boy about six years old, I thought the man's wishes were so just, that he might succeed in obtaining the boy. The question also being one not so much of religion as of justice and fair dealing, I hoped the English Ambassador might effectually interest himself in the matter. Accordingly I lost no time in soliciting His Excellency to use his influence with the Turkish authorities to secure the restoration of this baptized boy to his Christian father ; but a few days ago I received the following answer—

"Sir, with reference to the subject of your letter of the 30th, ult., I have to inform you that the boy in question appears resolutely to refuse to return to his father, and the authorities hesitate to exercise force in such a case. It was the boy himself who communicated to the Zaptieh (*i.e.* policeman) his mother's wish to return to her original faith, and he seems resolved to remain with her."

As it appears from this letter that the Ambassador is not inclined to press the matter, I fear other efforts of the poor man, *e.g.* by petitioning the Turkish authorities, would likewise prove unavailing.

The man has several times seen his ex-wife and children, whilst in custody at the Sublime Porte, and bought them fruits &c. He said the woman looked wretched ; but as a policeman was always present he could not speak to her much ; and she herself made signs that she could or would not say a word. May God in mercy look upon them all !

A second letter on the subject has been received from Dr. Koelle, which, on account of its length, must be deferred until next month.

## ZENANA FRUITS.

LIKE birds in gilded cages, Hindu ladies were shut up in Zenanas. Indeed they were worse off than the encaged birds, for these, if they had no liberty, had light; but the poor ladies had neither one or other. Now, however, the prison doors have so far opened, that English ladies are permitted to enter and bring with them the light of the Gospel. Here are some fruits from Calcutta of this beautiful Zenana work.

One of the Zenana teachers residing in our Mission compound had long been encouraged by the earnestness and faith of one of her pupils; indeed, for more than a year back it was well-known that she loved the Saviour in her heart, and worshipped Him in private. The Bible was her daily companion. Her husband knew of her convictions, and, up to a certain point, did not actively oppose them. In the earlier stage of her experience he would allow his wife to read the Scriptures, and patiently listen to her converse respecting them. So long as the subject was a mere matter of talk and speculation, he saw little to fear. But by and by the woman's faith grew; her devotion to Christ, and her anxiety publicly to acknowledge Him, became so strong that she could no longer trifle. She told her husband of her earnest desire for baptism. Immediately his tone changed. He became harsh, and even cruel. Repeatedly was her ardent avowal of faith in Christ followed by a severe beating. But nothing could shake her constancy. She meekly bore the cross for the sake of Him she loved. She more than once conceived the idea of quitting her home for the purpose of baptism. She asked the advice of her teacher. That lady very discreetly declined to advise the step. Up to that time no case of the kind had occurred, and it seemed very doubtful whether it would be prudent or right to encourage a Hindu woman, even for the sake of baptism, to desert her husband. One thing at least was certain, that to give such advice, in the present state of Hindu society, would create bitter animosity against us and our work. Besides, though we hold with our church the holy sacraments to be "generally necessary to salvation," and binding on all who can avail themselves of them, we still believe there may be salvation without the outward rite.

The poor woman saw that the burden of decision rested with herself. She accepted the consequences. She betook herself to the Mission compound. Her only object was to be baptized, and then return to her home. She was speedily followed by her husband and other relatives. Every means was tried by them to induce her to abandon her object—persuasion and threats, caresses and denunciations. Her only reply, was, "No I must be baptized: that done, I will return at once, if my husband will receive me." Finding their efforts vain, they left her. Not long after, Bindoo was received into the church. She is now walking in all meekness and Christian simplicity, rejoicing in the consolation of the Gospel.





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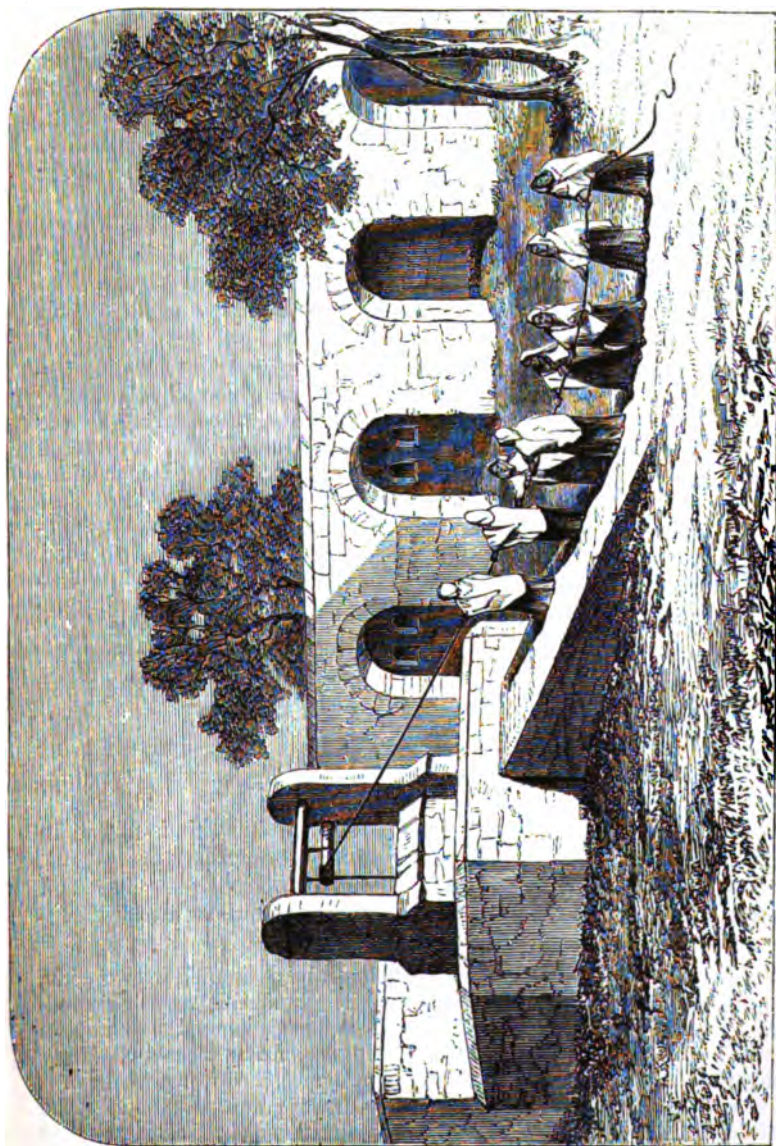
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THE SECUNDRA ORPHANAGE NEAR AGRA, NORTH INDIA.

THIS is the second Orphanage at Secundra. The previous one was broken up in the Mutiny, the native flock finding shelter with the Europeans in the Fort at Agra, and afterwards being transferred



THE WELL AT THE SECUNDRA ORPHANAGE.

December 1869.

to Allahabad, where they form a Christian congregation under the pastoral charge of the Rev. David Mohun. This second Orphanage rose on the ruins of the first about eight years ago. It contains now about 320 orphans, and is divided into two distinct departments for boys and girls. By deaths or marriages there is a change every year; yet the numbers do not diminish, new claimants for the home which it affords being continually sent in by the Magistrates, not only of Agra, but of other districts, as Delhi, Kurnal, Meerut, Muttra, Allypore, Etah, Etawah, Mynpoorie, and also from Oude, Ajmere and Malwa. Crippled children, idiots, deaf and dumb, blind and foundling, are also sent in, and these poor outcasts are never refused.

The boys are taught in the Holy Scriptures, and leave the school with a good elementary training in the common speech of the country. Many of them are masters of two languages; some, who are more advanced, of three. A school of industry was started in 1862.

Several native Christians, orphans of the former Institution, undertook to establish a press on their own risk for the purpose of teaching the trade to the orphan boys. This plan, however, failed, owing to the scarcity of printing work, and the press was removed. The Orphanage Committee, still hoping that a press would succeed, devoted a considerable sum to the purchase of one. This was opened in 1863. Other trades, as weaving, bookbinding, carpentering, blacksmiths' work, type-casting and paper-making were successfully introduced. Weaving had soon to be given up again, because common cloth is manufactured so cheaply by the natives, and for making cloth of superior quality no teacher could be procured. Paper-making had also to be discontinued after two years' trial. The press promised to become the most successful of all the trades, there being only one important thing against it, and this is, *want of work!*

The Orphanage Committee now contemplate the commencement of a School of Arts, in which engraving, drawing, carving, turning, will be taught.

In the Boys' Orphanage English is taught; but this is not so in the Girls' department, the instruction being vernacular throughout, as the girls, for the most part, are expected to be village wives and mothers, able to read the Scriptures in the vernacular among themselves and their children.

The classes exhibited very clearly what can be done with native girls, if we can only keep them at school long enough and in regular attendance. I found here girls of all ages, from seven or eight to sixteen years, all reading Urdu with a fluency proportionate to their age. Many of them write it neatly and spell it correctly. The upper girls have a fair knowledge of the first four rules of arithmetic, and worked out the examples I gave with ready accuracy; some of them were also quick at easy mental calculations. In the classes fit for the study geography is

also taught, and a few girls from among them examined in the subject could point out the principal cities, rivers, &c., of Hindustan. The subject, however, is one for which the girls do not seem to have much liking. The attainments of the girls, though not extensive, are tolerably sound, so far as they go, and their interest in their work is fairly patient and sustained.

In the frontispiece a slight sketch is drawn of part of our *zenana*, the sleeping quarters of the female Orphanage, built last year. Some of the girls are represented as drawing water from the well by a rope and a leather bucket. The well being from sixty to seventy feet deep, there is no other mode of drawing the water except by bullocks. The girls of one of the eight sections are generally employed in this healthy occupation during free hours, others being engaged in grinding corn and cooking the meals.

The elder girls are engaged as teachers and monitors. That the girls may also become instruments of doing good may be seen from the Rev. R. Hoernle's report of Secundrabad, an out-station of the Meerut Mission, where one of our Secundra orphan girls, now a catechist's wife there, has been visited by her father, who was supposed to have perished in the famine of 1861. He was so pleased by his visit at his daughter's house, that he resolved to return after some time with twenty-seven families, and to join the Christian church.

A letter written by a blind girl to a lady in England who supports her.

"MY DEAR MADAM,—May the Lord Jesus Christ keep you. After due respect and greeting, be it known to you that, by the grace of God, I am quite well, and hope that, by the same grace, you are also in good health. I pray God that He may grant you His Holy Spirit, and bless you in all your work.

"Dear madam, I know that when I was among the heathen I did not know God, and could not discern between good and bad. But now thousand thanks be to God that by His mighty hand He has brought me out from amongst the heathen, and has brought me to His knowledge. Now I know Him well and can also discern between good and bad. God provides for me by your means, and I pray Him that He may give you the more abundantly.

"Dear madam, I desire very much to see you, but this cannot be now. But one day I shall see you, on the great day of the resurrection in the heavenly Canaan. Be it further known to you that I can now read a little. Our beloved Miss Baba (Miss Ellwanger) who was over us has taught me to read the Gospels of Matthew and John (in the character for the blind). She is now gone home to her own country.

"Be it known to you, that on Christmas-day the girls went to the boys' school, where a tree was ornamented with wax-lights, pictures and oranges, and many things the name of which I do not know. All the boys and girls stood in rows, and some gentlemen and ladies had assembled there also. We sung some hymns, and the boys and girls who did well in the examination, received prizes, and all the girls received little bags with something within. The day of the restoration of Secundra, on the 13th October, was a day of great rejoicing. We had

swinging in whirligigs and a number of sights, and before that we all went in a procession, with music and singing, round the Christian village and other places."

"Now I tell my own work. I cook and grind corn, and make thread, and in the hot season I pull the punkah. Our school is from nine to twelve o'clock, and from one to four we sew. Now I have no leisure to write more, and send you my love and salams.

"The writer of this letter is your loving daughter—JULIA AUGUSTA."

Our readers may like to know how this Institution is supported. The following paragraph will explain—

For the maintenance of our famine orphans we receive a grant from the Famine Relief Fund of 1861. For those sent here by magistrates Government has lately sanctioned a charitable allowance of two rupees per mensem. The Calcutta Corresponding Committee of the Church Missionary Society continues to let this Orphanage enjoy the interest of the compensation money received for the property of the old Orphanage destroyed in the mutiny. We receive also an educational grant-in-aid from Government. For the rest we depend on the liberality of Christian friends in Europe and India, and our prayers for support have never been refused. It is only when the necessity for extraordinary expenditure arises—as, for example, last year, for additional accommodation for our girls, and now, the season of scarcity of provisions—that we have to make a stronger appeal than usual in behalf of our orphans. Although we never send round subscription books, the list of our subscribers has increased greatly, and, next to God, who is the Father of the fatherless, and who has raised so many kind friends for those special objects of His care in this Orphanage, our heartfelt thanks are due to those who have so liberally responded to the appeal made in last year's report.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

The second letter of the Rev. Dr. Koelle,* in reference to the Turkish family, giving an account of the return to Christianity of the woman is as follows—

I despatched to you my last letter on Friday morning last, and in the afternoon of the same day the woman came to our Mission house, saying that she was sorry for having left us, and that she wished to remain a Christian, and to return to her husband, if he would receive her again. Her husband said she was still his wife, and if she came back to him he would receive her. She then promised to come again next day to remain, and to bring her children with her, who had not been allowed to accompany her, so as to insure her return. Accordingly, on Saturday she asked permission of the police to let her take out her children, and to fetch some linen from her husband's house, of which she was in need. Upon this she was sent from the head-quarters of the police in Stambul to the head-quarters of the police in Pera, and in the latter place a policeman was given her to accompany her to her husband's house. But as

* See our last number, page 129.

the house of our catechist, a Russian subject, was next door, she entered there, and was received as a visitor. When they were seated, she said to the policeman, "You can go now: I am a Christian, and shall remain with my husband, who is also a Christian." The man went, and, soon after, an officer, with eight armed policemen, came to fetch her by force. The catechist naturally refused them admittance into his house without an order from his own Consulate. The officer at once sent to the Russian Consulate for a cavass, to enable him to enter the house; but the Russian Consul was not in a hurry to comply with the request, till he had learned from his own subject the particulars of the case. It was now evening, and the eight armed policemen were posted around the house for the night, to prevent the woman's escape. When the Russian Consul was informed by our catechist of what had happened, he said, "Yes, I will now send a cavass, not indeed to the Turkish police, but into your house, for the protection of the woman, lest she should be unduly intimidated by this array of Turkish policemen, and to-morrow I will send another man to bring her here for protection." Soon, however, the chief of police addressed himself to the Consul, censuring him for interfering with a case that concerned Protestantism. The effect of this was, that in the morning the Consul sent us a message, that he regretted being unable to protect the woman any further, and that the only thing he could do was to delay the sending of a cavass for a few hours, to enable us to procure the necessary protection of the woman from the English Embassy. But finding that all the officials, both of the Embassy and Consulate, were up the Bosphorus, the only thing left for me to do seemed to be to call on the chief of police, and seek to arrange the matter as favourably as possible. He was under the impression that the woman had gone to her house to fetch linen, and was then forcibly detained by a Russian. I explained to him how the woman had come, and was remaining by her own free choice, professing herself a Christian. He objected that it was impossible for them to let her return to Christianity, "for," said he, "she has already put us to the expense of 1500 piasters. We have fixed a monthly allowance on her, have taken her a house, and procured an Irade (order) on her behalf from the Sultan. How is it possible to let her go back again?" I said, "But she says she is a Christian, and if you wish to examine her again, as you did three weeks ago, respecting her religious profession, I am ready, as I then was, to bring her to you. When I brought her, in company with her husband, she was at once separated from us, and led into a room by herself, to which neither of us was admitted. The chief of police was closeted alone with her for about ten minutes, telling her, as I have learned since, how munificently the Government had provided for her, and if this was not enough, she had only to say so, and more would be added, &c. I then knocked at the door, went in, and protested against this mode of procedure." The chief of police replied, "This woman is not a Christian; she is a Mohammedan." I said, "Will you be so good as to ask her in my presence?" and when he did, she answered, "I am a Christian." Upon this the chief of police said, "No, she is not a Christian, she is a Mohammedan: she does not know what she is saying." We then both went back to his own room, and after having in vain tried to induce him to accept bail for her

appearance whenever wanted, she was sent over to head-quarters in Stambul, we following at a distance, to intimate to her that she was not deserted. On that same Sunday evening she was twice brought before the authorities, and on Monday again twice, to tell her how much would be done for her if she professed herself a Mohammedan. Fifteen liras were to be given her for journey money, a house was to be bought for her as her home, and she was to receive a monthly allowance of 150 piasters, fifty for herself and fifty for each of her children. A document was even placed before her with all this written out, and a seal put into her hand with her Mohammedan name upon it, which she still has, and she was asked to put this seal upon the paper to give it validity, it being made out in the name of the person who possessed that seal; but she steadfastly refused to accept any of these bribes. This refusal was really no small thing on her part, considering that when she went home she came to an empty room, and her laborious husband, a mender of shoes, earning only about a shilling a day, and sometimes not half this, barely sufficient for the scantiest supply of food and clothing. May this be a proof that she has learned to some extent to appreciate the unsearchable riches of Christ!

On Monday morning I started with the first steamer for the Ambassador's summer residence up the Bosphorus. His Excellency received me at once, and, though confessing that he had no power to "insist" on my request with the Turkish Government, viz. that they should give the woman the same opportunity now to profess herself either a Christian or a Mohammedan which they gave her three weeks ago, yet he saw the justice of my request, and cordially promised to "counsel" compliance with it. Accordingly I received a letter for the Pasha, the chief of the central police, which I endeavoured to deliver straightway. But as he did not come to head-quarters that day, I had to come again on Tuesday. The Pasha seemed in favour of religious liberty, but did not venture to decide the case on his own responsibility. The letter was therefore forwarded to Aali Pasha, the Prime Minister, and it is to his credit that he wisely and equitably decided, "Let her go where she wishes." As soon as this decision arrived, the woman was set at liberty. The delighted father clasped the little girl in his arms, I taking the boy by the hand, and the woman following with a cheerful countenance, through the main street to Pera, no one molesting us. Arrived in their house, we all knelt down to thank God for this favourable turn of things, to ask forgiveness for the past, and more grace for the future. Knowing that their cupboards were all empty, I gave the man a few shillings to provide a full meal for his family, as that was an evening of rejoicing for them. Throughout this trying season the husband has acted as an exemplary Christian, and I hope the trial will prove a blessing to the whole family.

I wrote to the Ambassador, gratefully to inform him of the entire success of his kind help.

HOW CAN YOU LIVE WITHOUT JESUS ?

OH, how can you live without JESUS, my friend,
That SAVIOUR, so tender and true ;
Whose Love knows no measure, no change, and no end,
And who offers it freely to you ?

Is there never a season of sadness and pain,
When your heart, in its desolate cry,
Complains that all human resources are vain,
Its deeply felt need to supply ?

Then how can you live without JESUS ? One ray
Of His Love would make sorrows depart
Like phantoms, before the bright dawn of the day
That His smile would light up in your heart.

Is there never a time when, with pleasure's bright wine,
Your glittering cup sparkles gay ;
And yet, when your draught is the deepest, you pine
With a thirst it can never allay ?

Then how can you live without JESUS ? He gives
Living water, of such healing power,
That he who drinks humbly for evermore lives,
And never thirsts more from that hour !

Is there never a time, when your sins' heavy weight
Seems to crush your soul down to despair,
And the threatening woes of Eternity's state
With their terrors your spirit will scare ?

Then how can you live without JESUS ? Alone
He can bear all your burden away.
No other escape ! His blood must atone :
His life must your penalty pay.

Or, if you can live without JESUS, my friend,
Will you venture without Him to die ?
Alone, dare you enter the world without end ?
Stand alone in God's Presence on High ?

And why should you live without JESUS ? oh, why ?
You have nothing to do but believe ;
And why without Him should you venture to die,
When He offers your soul to receive ?

He is all that you need : He entreats you to come :
Come at once—He invites you 'TO-DAY.'
To-morrow may seal your eternity's doom ;
At your peril you dare to delay.

No longer, then, live without JESUS, my friend !
That SAVIOUR so tender and true !
His Love knows no measure, no change, and no end,
And He offers it freely to you !

E. J. A.

PESHAWUR.

MINGLED tidings come to us from this station, some encouraging, others painful.

The painful intelligence is, that the cholera swept down on Peshawur with terrific force in the beginning of September. One of our Missionaries on the spot, the Rev. W. Ridley, thus describes its violence—

It began about a week ago, and has, up to this time, been daily gaining ground. On Tuesday there were more than a hundred cases, of which about half proved fatal within a few hours, while many lingered on a day or two. What number died yesterday I have not any well-substantiated account; but if the state of the atmosphere may be taken into account, then I should say there is little hope that the fell destroyer has slackened his hand. A *cordon* has been drawn around the city, and no communication is permitted between it and the cantonments. This increases the gloom brooding over the population, and makes them feel as if they were shut off and doomed to die. Despair is therefore more prevalent than it would be in the case of free and open intercourse.

Our eyes, in more than one sense, look unto the hills. We pray earnestly for rain in the neighbouring hills, so that the air may be cooled down. The heat for this season of the year is most unusual. The thermometer on Sunday night at 11-30, in the open air, stood at 92°. It has not gone below 90° in my house since. No air stirs, and the atmosphere is murky. At this moment clouds are slowly moving towards the hill from the east, and hope still lingers that rain is not far off. The city is, for Peshawur, remarkably clean, and the authorities deserve all praise. The *cordon* makes us all prisoners, so that even if either of us were taken ill, we could not send for a doctor. Our schools are nearly broken up, so few are the numbers that attend. Panic has seized them all. I have lost one valuable teacher; Mrs. Ridley also one; and news has now come that a second teacher, the one that can be less easily spared, is taken ill. I am more a doctor (or shall I say that we, for Mrs. Ridley is the chief doctor) than a *padri*. Mrs. Ridley is now on her rounds, and has just sent for more medicines. Two minutes since I wrote "no air stirs;" a dust storm has now suddenly burst on us, and I hope it will do great things for us. We generally shut up the house at such times, but now we welcome dust for the sake of the wind. The change is magical: the thermometer has already fallen to 83°, or about 10° in about as many minutes: it puts joy into us. This dread season has been precious sowing time. We have been preaching in the bazaars morning and evening every day, and people listen with more than usual attention. On Tuesday one, and yesterday two, men came to my house, and confessed themselves Christians in heart, but were afraid to openly confess. Of one I had previously thought that he was on the right road. The other two I knew nothing about. Mrs. Ridley's teacher who died was considered by her to be a Christian in heart, and several times of late had spoken of publicly confessing it. Such times as these, though they have their terrors, especially at night, when the shrieks from every quarter drive sleep from our eyes, still are times of refreshment. It does the heart good. I hope to be able to report well shortly.

Again, on September 17th he writes—

Cholera still rages very badly. More than 100 per day are said to die. On the 14th there were 200 new cases, and 130 deaths in the city, not reckoning the cantonments and its bazaars. On the 15th, 119 new cases and 75 deaths; 16th, 200 new cases and 110 deaths. To-day a marked improvement—69 deaths and 113 new cases. Mrs. Ridley has lost her two best teachers, and her work is quite stopped. During their illness she attended them, and, through God's blessing, was able to save a third, who was also seized. I lost another teacher yesterday, and to-day broke up the schools. We have lost a Christian. To-day's improvement brightened us much; but it is a sad state of things. We hoist our flag morning and evening daily in the bazaar, and have daily service amongst ourselves in the church. Many hearts are softened. May they be melted into submission by grace!

The despairing cries that constantly assail our ears are heartrending.

My wife had a sharp attack, but has been mercifully restored. More work remains.

Heavy calamities fall on India—cyclones, drought, famine, pestilence. Does not this remind us of the following passages in Holy Writ?—

“I have given you cleanness of teeth in all your cities, and want of bread in all your places; yet have ye not returned unto me, saith the Lord.

“I have withholden the rain from you, when there were yet three months to the harvest, and I caused it to rain upon one city, and caused it not to rain upon another city: one piece was rained upon, and the other piece whereupon it rained not, withered. So two or three cities wandered into one city to drink water; but they were not satisfied: yet have ye not returned unto me, saith the Lord.

“I have smitten you with blasting and mildew, when your gardens and your vineyards, and your fig-trees, and your olive-trees increased, the palmer worm devoured them: yet have ye not returned unto me, saith the Lord.

“I have sent among you pestilence after the manner of Egypt: your young men have I slain with the sword, and have taken away your horses; and I have made the stink of your camps to come up unto your nostrils: yet have ye not returned unto me, saith the Lord.”

Have these solemn dispensations no meaning?

“Will a lion roar in the forest when he hath no prey? Will a young lion cry out of his den if he have taken nothing?”

“Can a bird fall in a snare upon the earth, where no gin is for him? Shall one take up a snare from the earth, and have taken nothing at all?”

“Shall a trumpet be blown in the city, and the people not be afraid? Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?”

Is not the Lord speaking? Does He not summon India to repent? Are not these dispensations as the "great and strong wind;" as "the earthquake;" as the "fire" which went before to prepare the way for the still small voice, speaking peace by Jesus Christ?

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ZULU-LAND.

THE Missionary notices with which these pages are filled are usually gathered in the fields where the Church Missionary Society is at work. But we would not confine ourselves to these. We like to stray into other fields of labour where the same Gospel is taught by men of other nations and other churches; and very pleasant it is to find that the same Gospel produces like results, whether the Missionary be English, or German, or Frenchman, or American.

And now we are about to transfer our readers to a field which is not within our Missionary circle, but where the American Church Missionary brethren have gone in, and are breaking up the ground.

Where is the Zulu-land? Take a sailing-vessel at New-York; hasten southward on the boisterous Atlantic; far beyond Cancer, the Equator, Capricorn; stand toward the shore of Africa instead of that of South-America; round the Cape of Good Hope, the Tormentose, where winds and waters are for ever clashing; skirt upward along the eastern coast for a thousand miles more, but not past Mozambique, and you have arrived at the Zulu country, after a voyage of three months.

A lovely land! A portion of the territory of Natal, running one hundred and fifty miles on the sea-coast and two hundred and fifty inland. By three noble natural terraces, it gradually rises as it recedes from the ocean, until it terminates in a stupendous wall of lofty, perpendicular, rocky mountains, which shut it out from the endless and unknown interior. As to climate, simply delightful; as to products, growing coffee, sugar-cane, oranges, lemons, limes, pine-apples, and other tropical luxuries; abounding in bright-blossomed trees and groves and forests that are always green.

The Zulus are black, with woolly hair; yet it is more than suspected that they possess an admixture of Arab blood. Some words in their language, some physical and mental peculiarities, such as the slender, tapering limbs, the delicate extremities, the frequent aquiline nose, square forehead, and the active questioning intellect, being thought to favour this theory. Their lovely climate permits the scantiest of clothing, and this they prefer in their native condition. Both sexes are fond of ornaments. Collars and girdles of gay beads, necklaces of antelope horns, bracelets, rings, and armlets of brass, unique earrings, reed snuff-boxes gaily coloured, from their chief adornments. Their hair is worked into fantastic shapes, sometimes with red clay into a top-knot, sometimes by artistic shaving and a judicious use of gum into a polished, shining, black ring encircling the top of the head.

They live in kraals. The wealth of the country lies in cattle, and the central idea of a kraal is a cattle-pen. Around this is built a circle of little huts, and around the whole is a fortification of a strong fence. Enter the inclosure by its one carefully guarded opening, and you may go

around and visit the huts, but must go into them, as every one does, on hands and knees, for they have no other mode of ingress. The men take snuff and smoke, drink beer and hunt ; and as the woman's rights movement has not reached Zulu-land, the women do all the menial work, and polygamy is the custom.

We would now introduce to our readers a lady who left home and friends to go forth and labour among the Zulus.

A young lady, born and reared in New-York city, where her father was a physician ; educated, after the manner of young ladies there, to know Latin, and French, and German, and music, to which she added later such knowledge of Greek as should enable her to read the New Testament in the original ; having a great aptitude for learning languages ; the precious endowment of a cheerful temperament ; that perception of the comic which belongs to the largest and tenderest natures ; and also an unusual share of that indescribable magnetic power which subdues and captivates without effort ; teaching in City-Mission schools, industrial schools, and the like ; all the time conscious of a secret yearning toward the destitute African ;—this was Mrs. Lloyd in New York, when known as Katherine C. Parker,

The same young lady transferred to South-Africa ; childless and a widow there at a little over twenty ; possessing ample means ; remaining to teach the people toward whom her soul had been early drawn ; living in the family of an old-established Missionary as if she were his elder daughter, mapping out her own work ; doing what, but for her, would have to be left undone ; exerting an almost magical influence over the natives ; speaking their language with fluency ; called by them in turn mother, doctor and chief ; writing letters home that quicken the pulse and stir the blood of us sluggish ones ; hers the very romance of Missionary life ;—this is Mrs. Lloyd among the Zulus.

We, too, have such instances—ladies who, when they lost their husbands, would not leave the Mission-fields where they lived and died, but remained there to find compensation for a husband's death by becoming the privileged instruments of raising the dead to life. But we must look further, and see what encouragement this lady has found among the Zulus.

Scattered along the Zulu coast are twelve American Missionary stations, the larger part of them but a few miles from the ocean. They are the first Missions established there, and have been in operation since 1835, a period of about thirty-five years. Let us stop to give Christian honour to those self-denying countrymen and countrywomen of ours, who, for all these years, have wrought on that far-off coast. These are they into whose labours Mrs. Lloyd has lately entered with so much heart and power.

The largest of these is Umvoti, lying five miles from the sea, where have long laboured Mr. and Mrs. Grout, honoured Missionaries who have grown gray in the service. In 1860 Mr. Lloyd was sent out as a colleague to Mr. Grout, and died of consumption within two years and two

months of his arrival. An infant child had preceded him. Mrs. Lloyd remained.

Married and widowed, a mother and childless, within this short space, eternity was brought so near that time seemed too short for the work of life. There was need all around her, and laying aside the thought of home and its consolations, she took up her self-appointed task.

This has a variety of departments. Every hour of the twenty-four claims its duties, of which sleep is apparently the least important. Her knowledge of music, her aptitude for languages, her remarkable power of winning confidence, all find abundant use. Within a small radius she has established six schools, over which she has placed native teachers, who require her constant supervision by day, while she teaches an evening class of young men, and a Bible class on Sundays. She visits the sick at outlying kraals, both as Missionary and physician; she trains the sweet Zulu voices to sing anthems and choruses; she communicates a knowledge of needle-craft to the girls in industrial schools; she helps to introduce civilization by means of Christmas celebrations and the distribution of clothing; she gives invaluable private lessons in the household where she finds her home; and, finally, she is aiding the Missionaries in translating certain books of the Old Testament into Zulu. And with prayer, and work, and time, her native cheerfulness has been restored, and she is the life of those around her.

The opening day of a new school in Zulu-land is a day to be noted. The children come of all ages, from the baby who is carried on its sister's back, to the boy of twelve or over, and all come naked. Garments are furnished as fast as they arrive; for in Zulu-land, as elsewhere among the heathen, dress is not only a civilizer, but, indirectly, a means of grace. When a Zulu man shows a desire for a shirt, it is right to entertain high hopes of him. "Will he come out, do right, and wear clothes?" is the anxious question concerning a convert. The Christian Zulus are known at sight, because they are clad, and thus clothes are a type of all good. Therefore it is an important portion of the education of the little natives to introduce them to garments, which is their first step towards civilization. Their effort to get themselves into such are what our newsboys would call "a caution." Every thing is put on upside down, and inside out, and wrong side foremost: what should fasten in front is fastened in the rear, and *vice versa*: shirts are assumed bottom side up, with the sleeves on the lower limbs, and are buttoned behind; arms go into the legs of pantaloons, and legs into the sleeves of other garments. In the excitement, the children all scream and gibber at the top of their voices, that being their custom at home; meanwhile the smaller ones, struck with terror because the teacher is white, have to be reconciled to the monstrosity.

But the progress is wonderful, even on the first day. The girls show a marvellous facility for the needle, and learn to sew well—some of them in five minutes. The children become so interested that the next day they sling the little ones over their backs at an early hour, and dart off without breakfast for fear of losing one minute of the beneficent, winning presence of their white teacher.—*From the American Church Missionary Register.*

THE  
**CHURCH MISSIONARY**  
**GLEANER.**

1870.

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**"SO SHE GLEANED IN THE FIELD UNTIL EVEN."—RUTH ii. 17.**

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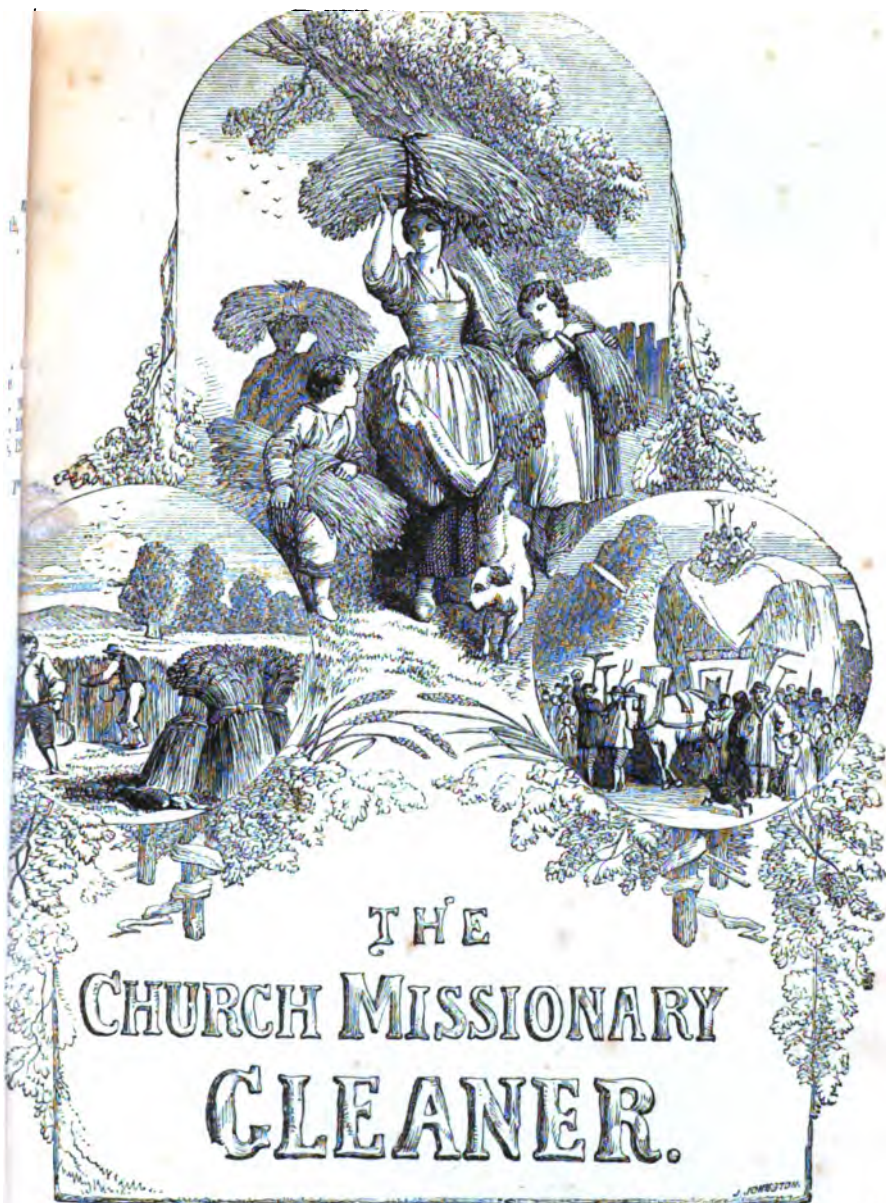
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GROUP OF MAHRATTA FEMALES. (*From a Photograph.*)

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

WOMEN OF INDIA.

THE women of India have hitherto been the stronghold of the god of this world. They have been surrendered to the influence of evil, as though not worthy of being rescued from it. They have been abandoned to ignorance, and have, in consequence, been the slaves of the popular superstitions, and the teachers of degrading rites to their children, and thus error and vice have been handed down from mother to child, and from generation to generation. In what disadvantageous circumstances has not Christianity been placed, with half the population against it, and this half possessing such strong home influence; for such influence women do exercise behind the purdah? Abroad they are nowhere, but at home they are everywhere; and the inquisitive interference of the mother is felt throughout the arrangements. How many a son, who, during his education, has come to see the folly of idols, and, seeking rest for his soul, peace for his conscience, and power over his sins, desires to embrace Christianity, and give himself to Christ, has been hindered by his mother's influence, now awed by her threats, now pained by her tears?

Certainly, if we are to make way in India, Indian women must be rescued from the power of evil: as they are, they are the Redan of the whole system. To this our most prayerful efforts must be directed, that we may win over a portion of them. We have already a first-fruits. They are not many, but, by the blessing of God, they will become more.

Girls' schools were first tried. It was very difficult to keep them afloat, for they had to contend against the strongest prejudices of the heathen. Usually boys' schools had to be tried first; then, when this had softened prejudices, girls' schools might be introduced.

The school-girls grouped together in our engraving are Mah-rattas—they might have been Bengalees, or Punjabees, or Telugus, or Tamils, for all over India, Mission Schools for girls are to be found. And now the Zenanas are beginning to open, and the upper classes to be reached; and in the large cities of India are to be found European ladies who have come out from home for such a work as this, who, winning their way into private homes, are there welcomed, and teach young wives and daughters blessed things, which they knew nothing of before.

But we will give some pictures. Here is a sketch of work in a girls' school at Bangalore—

You must come with me in fancy through the streets of the native town, until we reach one of our school-houses. A tremendous din proclaims the fact that to-day is no feastday, and that the school is in full working order. We will enter, if you please, and watch the children. About nineteen or twenty little ones are assembled : eight or nine of these are learning their lessons or reading with the master, and the infant part of the assembly are shouting the alphabet. This is the day that the infant-school children should collect, and, considerably after time, they come in groups of ten or twelve from the other schools, and now, since they are assembled and seated in rows on the floor, I will give them their lesson. My first order is, "Fold arms." Of course I speak in Canarese, but I give it in English for your benefit. Instead of obeying my order, the children with one voice shouted, "Fold arms!" I then said, "Do not repeat my words, but do as I say." "Do not repeat my words, but do as I say," is shouted by the children.

I make another effort. "Listen to me : fold your arms, and don't speak." Listen to me : fold your arms, and don't speak," re-echo the class. "Be silent ; you must not speak unless I ask you a question," I said this time, quite puzzled how to stop the repetition. "Be silent ; you must not speak unless I ask you a question," shout my echo. I stood almost in despair ; but at last, with the help of the young girl who assisted me, I made them understand what I wanted, and obtained a little silence, but, although modified, it was weeks before they learned to reflect enough to answer even the simplest question.

Let me now have the pleasure of taking you with me when I went to the school to give a Bible lesson on "The Lord is my stay."

We enter the school : seated on a sort of temporary gallery in the central school-house are about sixty or seventy children. To-day the infant children belonging to the other schools have not gathered ; the united-central school children only are present. At the time of our entrance they are receiving a form or a colour lesson. It is almost finished, and after giving them some exercises, they fold arms and sit tolerably quiet.

The Bible lesson is ended, and so we will now conclude our visit. As we take our departure, a deafening shout of salaam greets us from the band of little ones.

Remember me and these dear children at a throne of grace. *Farewell.*

We shall now transfer our readers to Lucknow and look in on the work carried on there by the wives of our Missionaries. Mrs. Fuchs is the writer of the following extracts—

Our orphan girls are a comfort and help to me. They had a happy Christmas, as we always have the Christmas gifts of the girls and our own family celebration together. I got some wooden toys and little boxes from Benares for them, and, besides this, each had a plateful of fruit and sweetmeats, and a pretty pink petticoat, for best wear. The girls sit at church always next to me, and I could not help thinking that they looked

like a garden of roses, in their neat, clean, simple attire, and I prayed that the sweet smell of Christian holiness, faith and love be, through the Lord's grace, given to them.

The bazaar school is attended by forty girls: they are removed as soon as they are able to earn something, but most have a good store of Bible knowledge and the art of reading acquired before they leave us. About eight months ago I opened an infant school. Eliza, who was with me at Benares from the time she was a little thing, is the teacher. There are twenty pupils, the youngest orphans, and the little ones of the native Christians. Some are scarcely able to toddle, but they said their hymns nicely, and answered the Bible questions readily.

About four months ago I opened a school for the poor women in our neighbourhood; first our Christians assembled at our house, and we all united in prayer that the blessing of the Lord might rest on this undertaking, and certainly the school has gone on beautifully. Four Christians and fourteen Hindn and Mussulman women attend. At twelve o'clock the women assemble. They have first a short lesson, then they are taught needlework till three o'clock. During the work they are taught to repeat simple Bible stories, and learn hymns and songs by heart, and sing them. Many of these women never before had a needle in their hand: they are now doing plain needlework neatly. I keep them in needles and thread, and what they earn is their own.

Eliza, who teaches the infants in the morning, has the women in the afternoon.

The four zenana schools are going on satisfactorily, except that the many feasts and festivities and weddings among the Mussulmans bring a good deal of interruption, which cannot be avoided. The girls admire our hymns very much. I take, sometimes, some of my elder girls with me, to give the zenana girls a singing lesson, and it is really astonishing how soon they catch a tune. Many of the Zenana people came to our house to learn needlework, and my orphans helped to instruct them till my illness put an end to this; but I have now, for about two months, engaged Elizabeth, the wife of one of our catechists, who goes to the zenana schools in turn, and gives the working lesson in some of the schools. The women of the neighbourhood have asked permission to come and partake of the instruction in needlework, which I have granted gladly.

Some time ago an old princess, widow of a former king, sent me word that she had a great desire to become acquainted with me, and, as I heard that she was considered a very religious woman, and had just sold everything, and was preparing to go on a pilgrimage to Mecca, I was equally anxious to see her, thinking she must be a soul longing after salvation, and seeking it according to the light she had; so I sent a very friendly letter to say that I heard she was anxious to walk the way to heaven, and so was I, and gladly would I converse with a fellow-traveller on the right road. So the old lady visited me once in my own house, and once came to the "grazilhog" school to see me, but never was I more disappointed in my life. I could see that she had been once good-looking—ladylike she was still. She wore fan-shaped trousers of crimson satin, the edges bordered deeply with yellow and green silk and gold. She wore a bodice of white

gauze with gold borders, a veil of the same material with a deep gold border round the hem. She was painted and perfumed, and loaded with jewels : some seemed very valuable, especially the beautiful large pearls she wore in her ears. After the first salutations were over she said (as Orientals generally talk) that the praise of my name had reached her ; that it was reported among the ladies in the city that I was a great "tadri" (divine) and a great "hakim" (doctor), and that she had therefore been most anxious to consult me, hoping I might know how to make her young again, at least in appearance ! I gave her some simple medicines for her ailments, but told her the only receipt against old age was to have our hearts renewed by grace ; that though our outward man decays, our inward man becomes more beautiful, more in the likeness of Him who was the most beautiful of men, and whose blood washes away our impurity. I do not know if she has tried this receipt.

THE REFINING PROCESS.

GOLD is often found in its natural state ; it is then called native or pure gold. Nevertheless it is not so pure as to be without alloy. Now there are several kinds of artistic workmanship for which gold is needed, and for which the gold that has any alloy mixed with it is unfitted. The alloy lessens the malleability of the gold, that is, the peculiar property which it has of being beaten out by the hammer, and makes it hard. It is thus that the sovereign in current use is hard, because in it there is one part of copper united with eleven parts of gold, and this proportion of alloy gives it the hardness which fits it for circulation. Thus, unless the alloy be removed from the native gold, gold leaf and silver leaf could not be made.

This renders necessary the refining process. A vessel is provided called a cupel. It is made of bone ashes, and possesses the property of absorbing, so that when a metal is melted in it and scum is thrown off the cupel absorbs it.

This vessel being put in the furnace is made red hot. The native gold is then placed in it, and the heat of the furnace increased until it becomes sufficiently intense to melt the gold. The refining process is now going on, and the refiner sits before the furnace tempering the heat. After a time the alloy, which cannot endure the heat, begins to be destroyed, and resolves itself into scoria or scum. The gold, on the other hand, melts indeed, but remains gold, being indestructible by the action of the fire. The scum works up to the surface of the agitated mass, and there it liquifies, and, running off to the sides of the cupel, is there absorbed, leaving a black ring or mark behind it. At length, of the alloy nothing is left, except a thin film on the surface of the gold. On this begin to appear beautiful rainbow tints. They are exceedingly vivid, and intersect one another with a quick motion, until, suddenly disappearing, they reveal the gold in one luminous mass, cleansed from its alloy. The cupel is removed from the fire, and the gold, which has passed through this process, is fit for any of those higher and more delicate purposes for which the jeweller needs it.

God's people, who, by His Spirit working through a faithfully preached Gospel, have been brought to Him through Christ, are precious in His eye. There is in them that faith which is the expression of a gracious work within the soul, and which is the gift of God,—“He that wrought us for the self-same thing is God, who hath also given us the earnest of His Spirit.” But although they are thus as gold, yet they are like native gold, not without alloy. In new converts especially, recently found and brought out of heathenism, like gold out of the sandy beds of rivers, or out of the quartz rock, there is much of this alloy. Although they may be genuine and thoroughly in earnest, yet many of their old heathen prejudices cling to them. Still more if we have to consider, not a single convert, but many such persons, who very recently and rapidly have been brought out from heathenism to Christianity: then they are not all genuine: there are some as the pure gold, but there are others like the alloy, who have been led, from various unworthy motives, to profess Christianity.

Now the first converts in a kingdom or province are needed for a special purpose. They are to be an example to the heathen of what Christianity is, and they are so to exemplify it as to recommend it. They have to prove that they are themselves under its influence and power, by giving up their old sinful ways and appearing before their countrymen as new creatures; so that people shall take notice of them, and be led to say—“Mr. Sing-sang is not what he used to be: he was an inveterate opium-smoker. Nor was he that only, but there were other vices in which he lived. But he is such no longer. Since he embraced this new religion he has become a changed man.”

Attracting attention in this way by their own consistency, they are thus active among their countrymen, using their influence for good, and being ready to give to every one that asketh them a reason of the hope that is in them, with meekness and fear; thus being in the midst of them as the salt of the earth, and as lights in the world.

Such is the high office which the first converts to Christianity, in a country are intended to fulfil. But if there be much alloy in the gold, it is not fit for such a purpose. If there be false professors in the lump, they damage the influence and action of the Christian body. If some adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour, others disgrace it by continuing in their old practices. In these latter cases, it is the old man who has thrown Christianity over him like a veil; but a profession of Christianity, while, constituting a thick, warm and becoming garment to a genuine professor, to a false one becomes very rapidly as thin as gauze, so that his vices and deformities cannot be concealed. His countrymen soon see through his thin disguise, and despise him and his new religion. Such men are a great hindrance. They are like the alloy in the gold, which impairs its malleability, so that it does not yield to the action of the hammer; and so the Christian body, injured by the presence of such men, does not fulfil the purposes of God as fully as He desires it, and as is absolutely necessary in order to excite inquiry, and set Christianity in movement throughout the masses.

In such circumstances, the refining process is resorted to, and the whole body is subjected to the action of the furnace. Persecution is

permitted to come upon the infant church. There is great tribulation. The gold melts ; the true-hearted ones among them suffer severely, but, although severely tried, they hold fast their profession ; while the fictitious ones, like the alloy, unable to endure the fiery ordeal, degenerate into scum, apostatize, and disappear. The gold endures because it is gold—"They are in heaviness, by reason of many temptations. Nevertheless "the trial of their faith, being much more precious than that of gold which perisheth, is found to praise and glory and honour." The fictitious portion of the body backslides and disappears. It does so because it is not gold but alloy—"They went out from us because they were not of us ; for if they had been of us, no doubt they would have continued with us ; but they went out from us, that they might be made manifest that they were not all of us."

The gold, after the refining process, is less in bulk, but purer from base admixture. The Christian body is diminished in number, but is more reliable in quality. It can now be used for purposes for which previously the presence of so much alloy unfitted it. "I will leave in the midst of thee a poor and afflicted people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord."

Our first converts in the Fuh-chau province in China have been passing through such trials. They have been in the midst of a fiery persecution. Some of the choicest of the number have been the greatest sufferers. The old gentleman at Lo-nguong, who so liberally fitted up the Mission chapel at his own expense, and presented it as a suitable place of worship for the service of the Gospel, has had the grief of seeing the building, on which he had bestowed so much pains, utterly wrecked ; he has also himself been sadly beaten, and his property ruined. Timothy, our faithful catechist, whose labours amongst his countrymen have been so blessed, has been beaten in the most cruel manner. He received twenty-seven strokes with an iron rod on his face ; all his teeth have been knocked out, and his jaw broken. He was then cast into one of the loathsome prisons of China, and there it is reported that he has died.

The gold, although reduced to a molten state, is not destroyed : it remains gold. The Christians as a body have stood firm. They have not flinched in the fiery ordeal. Personally they will be themselves improved. More steadfast and more spiritual, they will become better fitted for the Lord's work.—"When thou hast tried me I shall come forth as gold."

THE MARONITES OF THE LEBANON.

It is marvellous how often adverse events are, by the overruling providence of God, made to work for good. Not ten years ago the region of the Lebanon, those glorious mountains which lie about the heads of Jordan, and close in Palestine to the north, were miserably distracted. Tribe rose against tribe—the Maronite against the Druses, and the Druses against the Maronites, and fearful massacres were perpetrated. It was a bitter time, and brought with it on both parties heavy tribulation, and yet those sorrows seem to

have been like the plough breaking up the hard ground; for before there was little opportunity of giving Gospel instruction to either Druse or Maronite, so prejudiced were they, and in the valleys of the Lebanon the good seed fell as on a rock. But now both tribes are humbled.

To the scriptural schools, which, commencing at Beirut, are penetrating into the valleys, and shining like lights in a dark place, they send their children readily, and a spirit of inquiry is gathering strength which the bigoted priesthood can no longer check. In a village called "Mezraat Jeshua," or village of Joshua, a movement of this kind has commenced. The particulars are thus described by one of the American Missionaries—

About the 1st of January, 1869, four men called on Dr. Thomson, in Beirut, declaring themselves Protestants, and stating that half of their village sympathized with them. They were of the Maronite sect, bigoted papists, brought up in stolid ignorance, knowing almost nothing of their own religion, and absolutely nothing of evangelical Gospel religion; yet they had become Protestants, and wished a preacher and a teacher! The case looked suspicious. They went away and came again, and then the third time. We conversed with them, telling them plainly that their stories did not agree together, and we had little confidence in them. Finally they told the whole state of the case.

There was a deadly feud in the village. Eighteen months ago, one of the men, Antone, came to Beirut and bought a book—"Isaac Bird's Thirteen Epistles." He and another man read it. The other man was a Shidiak, in training for the Maronite priesthood. Their reading of the book put them both under the curse of the Bishop, Yusef Jajah, a man of almost supreme despotic power in that part of Lebanon.

The family of these two men, the house of Mukaiyer, took their part; the other leading family, the house of Joshua, took sides with the Bishop.

In September 1868 a large body of the Joshua party attacked some of the Mukaiyers, mortally wounding one, and badly bruising twelve. The case was tried, and Franco Pasha, Governor of Lebanon, fined the Joshuaites thirteen thousand piasters (about 520 dollars, gold) as the price of blood. This seemed to intensify the alienation between the parties. The Mukaiyers, having been taunted as Protestants for a year, abused by the Bishop, and one of their house murdered, now determined to become Protestants in fact.

When they came to ask me to go up and preach to them, I saw that their ideas of the Gospel were utterly rude and indefinite. They seemed determined to have Protestantism, whatever it might be. Not one of them had any conception of spiritual religion, but they threw wide open the door, and invited us to enter in. "Here," said one of them, "are three hundred souls, men, women and children, ready to accept your religion. We are Protestants. Come and tell us what that means. Tell us how to pray, and how to live, and what to do. Give us a teacher. We have done with the priests and bishops. We want our village of Yeshua (Joshua) to become the village of Yesua (Jesus)."

The opportunity was too good to be lost. There is not a Protestant in that part of Lebanon. It is the citadel of Maronite power, and no Protestant Missionary had ever yet been able to preach a sermon there. So I determined to go at all hazards.

I found the men, women and children all eager to hear the word. They had always been taught by their priests that Protestants had no religion at all, that they are worse than the Moslems, and that they are in communication with the devil.

At sunset they began to assemble. A huge fire was built in the middle of the low, long room, and the thick smoke, mingled with the smoke of pipes and cigars, soon filled the house, so that I could hardly see my hand before my face. Tears came unbidden. With the aid of a small lamp, I succeeded in reading a chapter or two in the Arabic Testament, which I expounded in the most simple manner possible.

There are two thousand monks, and nearly a hundred monasteries, within fifty miles, along the Lebanon range. Twelve monasteries and one nunnery are in sight from this village. Two of the former have singular names. One is *Deir es Sairde Tameesh*, or the Convent of our Lady Artemis, that is, our Lady Diana, one of the Syrian names of the Virgin Mary. There was formerly a stone image of Diana on the mountain-side, and the monks adopted the Arabic name *Artamees* as the name of their convent, modifying the name in Syriac to *Tameesh*. The convent stands in the place of the image, and the Virgin Mary bears the name of Diana.

These monasteries have appropriated the best landed estates in Lebanon. The fine fountains, the rich gardens of olives, figs and mulberry, and the best arable land, belong to them, while in many places the people are only tenants at will of the monks. This renders the introduction of the Gospel among them next to impossible, for the moment a man accepts the truth he is turned out of house and home.

The great besetting sin of the village is wine-drinking. In every house there are several huge earthen jars filled with wine, and they drink it daily. Several men of the village have become drunkards. At every meal wine was brought, and almost forced upon us, but we refused to touch it. We read to them *Prov. xx. 1*; *Prov. xxiii. 29—31*; *Isaiah xxviii. 7*; *Prov. xxiii. 20*; and *Hab. ii. 15*.

They admitted that wine was intoxicating, and that their village had a bad reputation for drunkenness. The women seemed delighted at the thought of giving up wine-drinking, and one said, "Your words about the Virgin Mary were hard to bear, but if the men will give up wine, we can give up the Virgin." This part of Lebanon is famous for its vineyards and wine, and the people are more given to excessive drinking than those of any districts I have known. If they will not give up this habit for the sake of the Gospel I shall have little hope.

On leaving for Beirut, a company of men and women met to bid me farewell. They were evidently in great trepidation. The vial of the bishop's wrath had begun to be poured out. The greater excommunication had been read in all the Maronite villages against the *Mezraat* Protestants. One of the more intelligent of the women said, "Do not expect these poor ignorant people to stand the storm. It is

coming already." I left Ishoc, the colporteur, to preach, charging him to comfort and encourage them, and keep us informed of the state of things.

Saturday, February 20—The almond blossoms have begun to fall. A tempest from the south-west is scattering the white flowers in the dust The Mezraat blossoms, too, will, I fear, bring little fruit this season. Last night, between eight and nine o'clock, Ishoc, the native preacher, appeared, bringing all the books and baggage I had left in the village. Two stout muleteers, sent by the bishop, brought him down post haste, free of charge. The story is a short one. From the time I left the village the storm increased. Priests and Sheikhs poured in from the surrounding villages, threatening the poor people with vengeance if they did not return to the Maronite fold. "We will burn your houses, cut down your trees, poison your cattle, and shoot you, if you do not drive out the Gospel heretics." The women and children were frightened. Three of the men went up to see the bishop. "Ah," said he, "I am glad to see you. Don't be afraid." Then he called his servants to bring refreshments, gave them wine until all three were so drunk they could not get back to the village. Nukhly, the Shidiak, he promised to ordain priest, and raise to high honour. Others he promised that their debts should be paid, but if they remained Protestants he would grind them to powder.

There was no sleep in the village. For three days crowds flocked in from other villages, to all of whom Ishoc boldly preached the Gospel. At length, on Friday afternoon, the people begged him to leave, saying that the house in which he stayed would be burned if he did not go. Two of the leading men wrote me a letter, which he brought, begging my pardon, and stating that the fire was so hot they should all be consumed unless Ishoc came away; and, in conclusion, implying that they should all go back to the Maronites for the present.

March 2—On Sunday, Feb. 27, one of the Mezraat men appeared, bringing a letter from "the Evangelicals of Mezraat Yeshua." They state, 'fifteen or twenty men stand firm, and meet every night to read, and sing, and pray. Our zeal increases, and every night there is great earnestness among us. Although we are far from you, yet we picture you in our inmost hearts, and, as the apostle says, we are with you in spirit. We hope you will not forget to aid us and pray for us. Now since writing is a part, even a half of actual personal intercourse, please favour us with a reply, assuring us of your safety. We beg you, if possible, send us some one on Saturday, to preach and teach on Sunday. We have cast all our hope for salvation on Christ. To His name be all worship and praise.' So the blossoms have not all come to naught.

REDEEMED.

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—Luke xv. 10.

Redeemed ! redeemed !
 The word went forth from the Father's throne,
 And a flood of light from his blessed Son
 Upon the suppliant streamed ;

And the angel-host with one accord
Sent forth a shout and song,
For another soul by their blessed Lord
Was promised to their throng.

Forgiven ! forgiven !
The words went up as the thunder's roll,
And on the humble trembling soul
The echoes fell from heaven ;
And the angels touched the silver strings
Of their harps, and caught the word,
Veiled their glad faces with their wings,
And bowed before the Lord.

Rejoice ! rejoice !
Great was the sound of joy above,
And brighter seemed the realms of love,
Sweeter the angel's voice ;
And all because one weary heart
Had courage to be blest ;
Had taken up the better part,
And bathed its wings in rest.

MURDER BY ROBBERS OF A MISSIONARY IN CHINA.

It is with deep regret we learn the death of an English Missionary in China, at the hands of a band of robbers, about forty English miles from Tientsin, on the west side of the Grand Canal—a Missionary of the London Missionary Society, the Rev. James Williamson, stationed at Tientsin. He had set out, in company with a brother Missionary, the Rev. W. B. Hodge, on an itinerancy into the Shang-tung province. Traveling in a boat, they anchored opposite a village on the eastern bank of the Grand Canal, thinking that by doing so they would avoid the curiosity of the people, and enjoy a quiet night. What transpired is thus related in the "London Missionary Chronicle" for December.

"Between the hours of nine and ten o'clock they retired to rest, and were soon wrapped in profound slumber. Exactly at midnight Mr. Hodge was roused from sleep by confused and alarming sounds, and at that moment he discovered that Mr. Williamson had disappeared from his side. He instantly sprang out of bed, and, to his consternation, found that the boat was in the possession of some fifteen or twenty armed men. Mr. Williamson was nowhere to be seen, and Mr. Hodge, although deeming it strange that he had not heard his companion's voice, naturally concluded that he had got ashore, and would be anxiously looking for him to join him. Fully realizing by this time that they were in the hands of an organized band of desperadoes, and that resistance would be unavailing, brother Hodge implored the villains to suffer him to land without personal injury. On hearing his entreaties, some of them called out for his immediate death, while others struck at him with the flats of their swords, as though designing to render him stunned and incapable. Inspired with superhuman strength, Mr. Hodge pushed his way through their midst, and jumped from the boat, receiving in the struggle repeated cruel blows from the assailants on his head and shoulders. He rushed on, in an affrighted and suffering state, scarcely

knowing what he was doing, till he found himself at the door of a hut in a small hamlet near to the scene of the outrage, and here he met with a humane peasant, who listened with concern to his story, and at once surrendered himself to his assistance. Hastily putting on an article or two of clothing which this poor man provided, Mr. Hodge, accompanied by his humble benefactor, next set out in search of an official. They had not walked far ere they met a mandarin and a small company of soldiers, who were already *en route* to the boat, their attention having been attracted to it by the noise and other circumstances incident to the attack. As they drew near the boat the robbers made off, but not before they had fully accomplished the object of their ruffianly assault. In the short interval which elapsed between Mr. Hodge's flight and return—he thinks not more than twenty minutes—the boat had been completely rifled; money, watches, and every article of value had been appropriated, and a fearful state of disorder was presented to view."

All this however was of trifling importance when compared with the uncertainty as to the fate of Mr. Williamson. Mr. Hodge in vain sought him. Returning to Tientsin he sought help from the authorities, and His Excellency Chung Hou sent a large force of soldiers to help the local officials. The remains were found about twelve miles from Tientsin—the poor remains indeed of a man of manly form and vigorous constitution, thus lamentably cut down in the midst of health and usefulness.

"It is touching, in the light of actual facts, to dwell on two or three little incidents which immediately preceded his death. His voice was heard in our English church on the Sunday morning before that solemn event; and one of the chapters which he read as lesson was that inimitably beautiful chapter in the Acts of the Apostles, containing Paul's address to the elders at Ephesus, and closing with the striking words, 'Sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more.' During the last day which he spent on earth he invited Mr. Hodge's attention to certain portions of the fifteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, dwelling with much feeling on the 26th verse, 'Men that have hazarded their lives for the name of the Lord Jesus Christ;' and pronouncing it a blessed and honourable eulogy of Christian faith and zeal. Just before committing himself to sleep he joined Mr. Hodge in singing the Chinese version of the hymn beginning, 'My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here.' They then sang several verses of the hymn in English, so that amongst the last of his earthly utterances were those singularly appropriate lines—

" 'Why should I murmur when trials are near?
Be hushed, my sad spirit, the worst that can come
But shortens my journey and hastens me home.
Home, home; sweet, sweet home!
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory at home!'"

This event, however, is not to be regarded as of any political significance; and this remark is the more necessary, inasmuch as, in various parts of the empire, there have been outbreaks against foreigners got up by the literary class, in which Missionaries and their converts have suffered. But this is not one of them. It is one of those acts of violence which occur even in European countries, and from which Great Britain is not free.

THE BRAHMO SOMAJ.

HAVE the readers of the "Gleaner" ever heard of the Brahmo Somaj? It is a religious Society. Its members are Hindus. They are not idolaters; "idolatry they have renounced. They are not Christians;" Christianity, as God has given it, they will not have. Idolatry they despise, and Christianity they despise too.

They believe, they say, in God; not, however, the God of revelation, but something they have invented for themselves. We can only know God truly as He has pleased to make Himself known to us. "Canst thou by searching find out God?" And therefore, as we could not find Him out, He has revealed Himself to us as a Triune God—one, and yet, in the unity of the Godhead, three persons. This, however, the Brahmo Somaj will not receive. They are like the Mohammedans in this respect, and, like them, they will not admit that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. As a necessary consequence of this, they deny his atoning sacrifice, and look for the mercy of God without a mediator.

Thus they are without the one great truth which can alone regenerate and save sinners, and yet these men assume to be the great missionaries who are to go forth, and, awakening India, raise her up out of her degradation. They are like vendors of medicine who go about and offer it for sale. But what they distribute is of no use, for they have taken the virtue out of it.

They are, however, on the move. They are opening places for Brahmo-Somaj worship here and there through the country; and they are going forth on missions, at least it is proposed that they should do so. The leader, Mr. Kissub Chunder Sen, as the "Indian Mirror" of July 18th, 1869, informs us, left Calcutta, with three other missionaries, for Khatura, where he delivered lectures on "True Manhood," on "Divine Service," on the "Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of man," and on "Death." Certainly death is rife in India. Can he tell his countrymen how its sting is to be removed?

One writer in the same paper protests that the Brahmo-Somaj missions ought to settle in distant stations, and not to group together in Calcutta. Speaking of the North-west Provinces and the Punjab, he proposes that five Missionaries should be sent out, of which three should be for the North-west, and two for "whole Presidency of the Punjab and other adjacent places."

Now, then, let it be seen whether these men can stand the test of Missionary life. It is one thing to star it in Calcutta, to deliver lectures, and to be admired and extolled, to smell the sweet incense of popular applause. But this is not Missionary life. To settle down amidst the mass of the people; to be not admired, but despised; to persevere although there be no stimulus of excitement; to toil on, although there be no converts, and the people appear to be just where they were at first; what suffices for this? The Apostle Paul, who knew what Missionary work was, tells us—"The love of Christ constraineth us." That is a motive which a Brahmo possesses not.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find, in the "Indian Mirror" of June 4th, the following sentence—"The Friend of India justly complains that the would-be Bengalee reformers, including even Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen, neglect the mass of the people."

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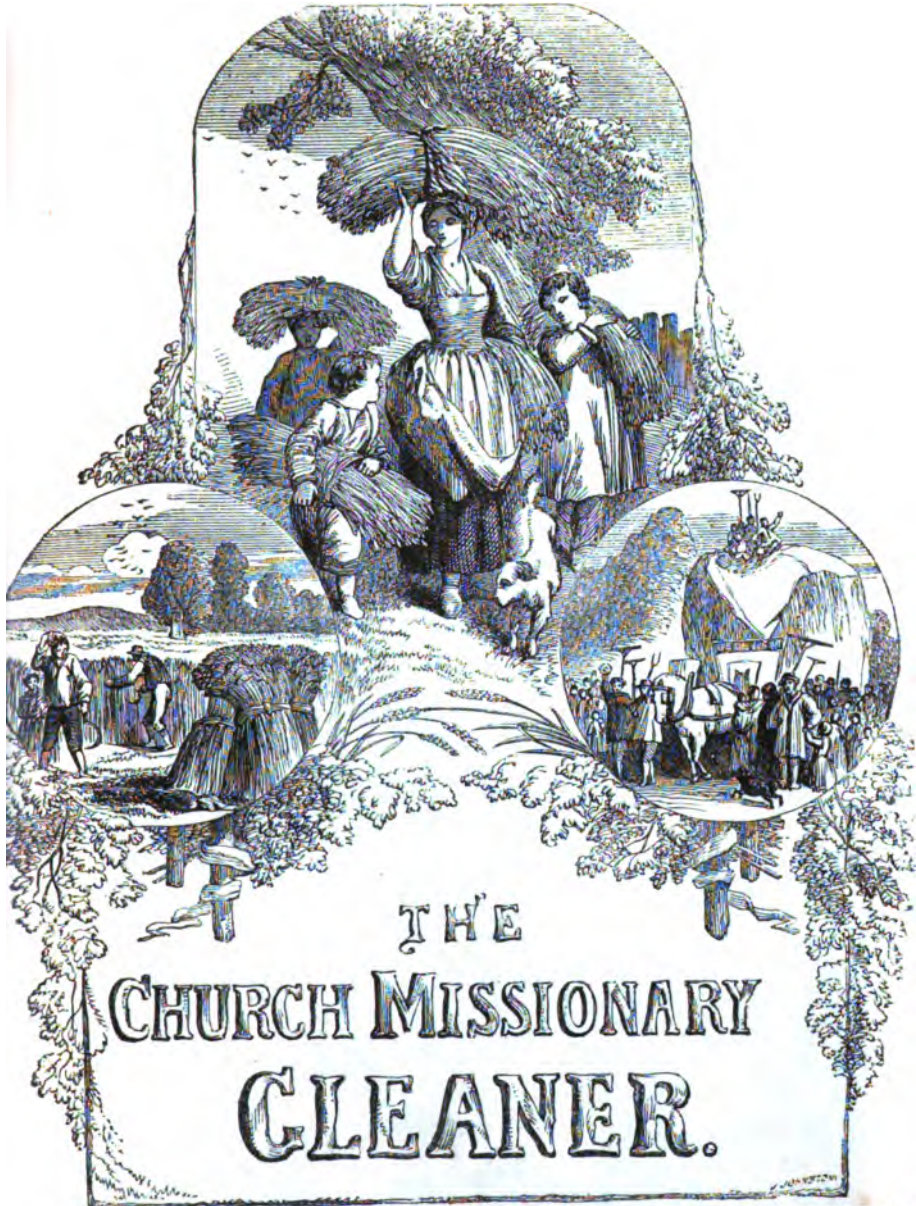
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THE LONE PLACES OF THE EARTH.

THERE are desolate places in our world, where the traveller finds himself in the midst of stillness, deadness, loneliness : around are rocks, a forest of peaks, and, far below, the sea : but there is no life. One of these out-



February, 1870.

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lying spots is thus described :—"Not a sound of any kind interrupted the silence ; the sea did not break upon the shore ; no bird or any living thing was visible, no atom of vegetation gave token of the earth's vitality ; an universal numbness and dumbness seemed to pervade the solitude." While lingering in such places the traveller feels as though he were in exile, in banishment from his species, and he is glad to escape from them.

This seems to be a barren subject. Is there anything which we can learn from it ? Let us, as by the touch of a magician's wand, change the scene. We have before us no longer a wilderness, but a densely populated region. Human beings there are in hundreds of thousands, nay, millions. They may be seen all busily engaged in the occupations of life. Some on the city quays are occupied amongst the ships unloading the cargoes, most probably chests of opium from India, while others are shipping the silks and teas of China, for we get from China what is useful, and English commerce gives back to her what is hurtful. Beyond the city walls extend the rural districts, intersected with canals, which the Chinese families are turning to account as they ply along the banks various devices for raising the water and irrigating the fields. If the North Cape is destitute of inhabitants, here they are in abundance, for China is a crowded hive.

Now there is one whose eye regards both scenes ; the one without life, and the other that teems with it. He made them both. Those craggy rocks and barren shores, He made them ; these alluvial plains, so rich and productive, He stretched them out and filled them with inhabitants. Which to Him is the most dreary to look upon ? What if, amongst all those busy millions, those countless human beings, there is not one heart which beats in sympathy with Him ; if it be true, that although in Him they live and move and have their being, they know Him not, and live as though He were not ; if they be dark and dead to Him who has given them all they have, while they worship stocks and stones which gave them nothing ; if no eye be uplifted to Him, no knee bent to Him, no prayer offered to Him, and, as God looks down on those crowded regions, He is compelled to say—"there is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God ? They are all gone out of the way"—"my people have forgotten me days without number"—what loneliness is here ! "I beheld, and lo ! there was no man"—none to render Him gratitude, love, service ; is not this enough to make the populous place a wilderness, and the whole land desolate ? Of His church, His people, God says—"This is my rest for ever ; here will I dwell ; for I have desired it ;" but in heathen lands, such as Central Africa, or China, where shall He find a resting-place, so as to "rest in His love."

Perhaps there may a day come in the history of this earth, when even its desolate places shall be peopled, the wilderness be glad, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose ; but when shall the nations awake from their insensibility, and arise to seek the Lord ? Now they are as a desert to Him. They yield Him no glad returns. Shall we not pray, and labour for the promised time, when "all the ends of the earth shall remember and turn to the Lord ; and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before Him ?" Lord, hasten that time !

MOHUN SING.

THE following deeply interesting account of a native catechist has been communicated to us by the Rev. C. H. Blumhardt of Kishnagurh.—

You will, I am sure, be sorry to hear of the sudden death of one of my best and most faithful native preachers, Mohun Sing, who quietly fell asleep on Jesus on the night of the 9th of April. This is an event which has deeply affected us and the whole of our native community, and will be a cause of sorrow to many others, Europeans and natives, who knew him. It is indeed an event of joy to him, for he has finished his course and labour of love in the Lord, in which he was for many years zealously engaged, and which was a work dear to him in his last moments. To him death was gain indeed, but we grieve over and sadly miss him on account of his usefulness in the work of preaching the Gospel to the poorer classes of the people, for which he was so eminently qualified.

A few lines about his conversion to the truth of the Gospel, and his subsequent labours in preaching it to others will perhaps not be unacceptable to you.

Mohun Sing was a native of Orissa, and in his early years had received a pretty good education, for he could read and write his own native language well, as also Urdu in the Hindee character. About twenty years ago he came to Calcutta, and for some time was in the service of Mr. Beadon, late Lieut. Governor of Bengal, as Jemadar, and subsequently in that of Mr. Young, also of the Civil Service, in the same capacity. While in the employ of the latter gentleman, Mohun Sing enjoyed the benefit of Christian instruction, chiefly from the sister of Mr. Young, a Miss Mackinnon, whose pious labours were blessed by the Lord, so that Mohun Sing became from an idolater a truly converted follower of the Lord Jesus. That he did not embrace the Gospel in word only, but in spirit and in truth, the whole of his after life abundantly testified. He was baptized in the old Mission church in Calcutta by the Rev. G. Lovely, and Mr. Young himself kindly became one of his god-fathers. The young convert was then for a short time employed by the Rev. T. Sandys as Scripture reader. It happened that during the time of the mutiny, and immediately after it in 1858, several regiments of Sikhs and Goorkhas, belonging to the recently established military police, were sent to our station. This induced me to obtain the services of a native Christian who could preach the Gospel among these men in Urdu, and I was recommended to try and secure the services of Mohun Sing, in which I happily succeeded. I was encouraged in this work by one of the young officers of the military police, who himself, just a little time before, had, through the preaching of the Gospel, experienced the transforming power of the truth in the conversion of his own soul. This young man was delighted when he saw Mohun Sing, and for several years not only paid the greatest part of his salary, but afforded him every opportunity of preaching the Gospel among his men. Mohun Sing was attractive in his appearance and manner, and he soon won over the hearts of those to whom he preached the tidings of the Saviour of the world. He was never weary of going about and seeking to do good and

promoting his Master's kingdom. He was, in God's hands, the means of leading several of these policemen to a conviction of the truth of the Gospel. I remember particularly four men who were under preparation for baptism; they were unexpectedly removed from our station. Two of them were baptized at Berhampore by a London Society's Missionary, and the other two in Calcutta, by the Baptists.

During the time the epidemic fever raged here, and particularly during the famine, Mohun Sing was unwearied in his exertions to make himself useful, either in preaching or attending on the sick and the dying. Neither did he ever complain but with a happy, cheerful, look in his face, rejoiced to do good to others, and blessed the Lord for it.

Mohun Sing was not what we might call an eloquent preacher, but his simple, unaffected language, united with graceful and serious animation, was quite enough to attract attention and produce serious thought in the hearts of his hearers. It is not eloquence and high-flowing language that does the work, but the simple preaching of the cross in the humble tongue familiar to the people. He could condescend to the lowest of the low, feel for them, comfort them, pray with them, and deny himself for them, and that is what made him so popular and useful in the Mission.

Mohun Sing's health began to fail him about a year ago. He often complained of pain in his chest, and he looked haggard and worn, although always cheerful. Some six months ago he had his chest examined by our station doctor, who expressed it as his firm opinion that Mohun Sing had heart disease, and advised him to be very careful in future, as any excitement might be the immediate cause of his death. He was told not to preach any more, but to this he quietly replied, "I am not afraid to die, but I cannot give up preaching the Gospel of Christ."

For several days previous to his death Mohun Sing became particularly serious, and talked much with his most intimate friends about his near departure; but on the eve of the 9th instant he seemed to have had a pre-science that it was his last day on earth. He went and settled all his little accounts; then he paid a farewell visit to some of his friends, went home, and had prayers with his wife and a few relatives. Shortly after, he complained of much pain in the chest, and begged his friends to rub it; but there was nothing more to be done for him. His breath quickly left him, and his spirit departed from His mortal body to him who gave it. His soul was released from the burden of the flesh, and is now for ever with his Saviour, whom he loved above all things, whom he served on earth, and by whom he is now rewarded.

He was about fifty years old when he died. On the evening of the 10th the remains of our departed brother were committed to the earth in our burial ground, in hope of a glorious resurrection at the last day. Nearly the whole of the congregation followed his coffin to the grave, in token of the high respect they all had for him, and the affection of their hearts for his very exemplary Christian character.

PHIL. II. 27.

Yes ! to depart : 'twere better far,
 I would not 'mid this earthly jar
 And turmoil, sigh and linger on.
 Come, Saviour ! quickly come ! I burn
 To hear the welcome word "return,"
 And from my dungeon to be gone.

Yet, yet I bow ! Thy wise behest
 Hath fixed the hour it deemeth best ;
 And patient let me wear my chains,
 And meet with calm, though tearful eye,
 The sorrows of mortality,
 What time Thy better will ordains.

Nor would I with insensate soul
 Forget the goodly streams that roll,
 And sparkle in the wilderness :
 Nor fail to own, around, above,
 The voice, the hand, the soul of love,
 That deigns my saddest hours to bless.

And well this boding breast can tell
 That when it comes—the sad farewell—
 And I from those I love must part,
 With mix'd emotion sooth'd and riven,
 And half on Earth and half in Heaven
 Regret and joy shall share my heart.

And oh ! the dark cold bed beneath
 The cheerless dwelling-place of death,
 How shall my flesh this ordeal meet ?
 My soul, why fear to be undrest ?
 'Tis thus we enter into rest,
 And find in heaven a sure retreat.

Would you prefer to tarry here ?
 No ! not for all I hold so dear !
 There's one who bought me with His blood !
 Absent from Him I cannot be.
 'Tis better far to be with Thee
 Who died to bring me back to God !

For oh ! what tongue can tell the bliss,
 To see the Saviour as He is,
 And bear an image like His own :
 Whose love shall staunch the streaming eye,
 Whose fulness every want supply,
 Where sin and sorrow are unknown.

CHINA—ITS GREAT NEED.

AN American Missionary lady, writing from Shanghai, China, observes—

It must be very difficult for one at home to appreciate or take any deep interest in our Missionary work. But when one is once here in the midst of this teeming population of ignorance, of vice, of poverty and suffering, on one side ; of wealth, of pride, and entire contempt of everything that is not Chinese, on the other ; and both classes passing on to eternity, without hope and without God ; then the "unspeakable gift" of Christ to a lost world, with the privilege of making known this gift to others, begins to be appreciated, and one can understand a little of what the great Apostle to the Gentiles felt when, in Athens, "his spirit was stirred within him as he saw the city wholly given to idolatry," and yet, with how little feeling are these and similar texts often read in our churches at home, just as I suppose Missionary letters are read, without much thought or interest ; while to us, in heathen lands, within sight and sound of idol worship, these are living truths, describing realities around us.

When one reads at home such passages as these—"Jesus went forth and saw a great multitude, and was moved with compassion towards them, and healed the sick : " or—"But when He saw the multitude, He was moved with compassion on them because they fainted, and were scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd ; " or again, "And Jesus, when He came out, saw much people, and He was moved with compassion towards them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd, and he began to teach them many things ;"—"I have compassion on the multitude, and will not send them away fasting, lest they faint by the way,"—it is generally supposed that these texts describe a state of society that was peculiar to Judæa, and has long since passed away. But come to China, and these texts will seem a vivid description of every-day life. The Missionary never "goes forth" that he does not meet like multitudes, and "much people," that move his compassion, and constrain him also to try and teach them "many things ;" fain would he also seek the gift of healing the sick, and making five loaves feed five thousand. Ah ! if our churches at home could really see our needs and our wants—the places we try to fill, the duties we try to do—how willingly would they give us their prayers and their alms ; they would also rejoice with us, that here and there are Christian schools, Bible classes, hospitals, preaching-places and churches, lights, as they really are, amid the darkness of idolatry and superstition ; and if they saw one Missionary with half-a-dozen schools to look after, passing hours by a sick bed, or in the hospital compounding and dispensing medicines, binding up loathsome wounds and sores, besides conducting the regular church services on Sundays, and on week-days preaching at out-stations, they might feel as though they must come to help us ; at least they would give liberally to those who do come.

There is then given an interesting account of a blind Chinese girl, who came under this kind lady's care in the following way.

Passing from day to day a house in the city, she heard always a low, moaning sound, as of a child in pain or sorrow.

On inquiring the cause of this, I was told by one of my teachers that it was only a little blind girl who was locked up by her mother while she went out to work, as she had no one to take care of her. I determined to take the child, and arranged to see the mother, who seemed ready to agree to anything that would better the condition of the child. When I first saw her, I feared she was merely a little idiot, though she had a pretty pale face, and beautiful long hair; yet her lonely forlorn life had given her such a stupid, hopeless look, it was painful to see her; and when I gave her in charge to one of my teachers, it was only with the injunction that she should be kind to her, and try to amuse her. I did not think it possible for her to learn anything, but told the teacher she might sit in the school-room with the girls. As Chinese children always study aloud, I hoped she might like to hear them. She soon became interested in their Bible lessons and the church catechism, and, after some months, could repeat the Lord's Prayer and some texts of Scripture that she had learned by hearing others repeat them. After a year she showed so much quickness and intelligence, that I gave her regular lessons to commit to memory, which she was able to do by the aid of one of the older girls repeating them to her. She was always so gentle, amiable, and uncomplaining, that she was a favourite both with teachers and scholars, and I was as much surprised as pleased to hear how well she recited her lessons, whole chapters in St. Matthew's Gospel, without missing a word, until she had finished the book. In the course of three or four years she had learned all the four Gospels; some of the Epistles; the church catechism, which, in Chinese, is expanded into three volumes; and also a catechism in four Chinese volumes, on the history contained in the Old Testament. About three years ago she expressed her firm belief in the truths she had learned, and desired to receive the sacrament of baptism, which was administered to her by the native pastor of the English church Mission, who was also her friend, and had taken great interest in giving her religious instruction. Since that time she has been a regular communicant. She never failed to sit by me, and I always led her to the church, when she kneeled by my side, and together we received the elements of Christ's body broken for our sins, and of His blood shed for our redemption.

A. Ne has a brother between eleven and twelve years of age, who seems a clever little lad, with two bright eyes, ready to study if he had only books and a teacher. He has been in one of my day-schools, but his mother is still very poor, working by the day to support herself and him; she can give him little care, and is anxious to put him in our boarding school.

By a curious coincidence, just as I had finished this last sentence the mother of A. Ne came in from the city: she had walked two miles, bringing her boy with her, again begging me to receive him into my boarding school. I told her that I was just writing home asking the means to do so, and that she must wait until I get an answer. May she not wait in vain?

What an ocean of work lies before the church of Christ in China. Such masses of human beings, so intelligent, yet so ignorant and vicious; amongst whom sin for ages has exercised such unrestrained power, for Christianity has not been there to counteract it. What need of effort. How important the presence of every agency, however feeble in the world's eyes. "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters, that send forth thither the feet of the ox and the ass."

MANDALAY.

THE Archdeacon of Calcutta has been on a visitation tour in Burmah, a region in which much important Missionary work is in progress, particularly amongst an interesting nation called the Karens. Of these we were wont to give our readers notices from time to time. But, by some unhappy mischance, the reports which used to reach us from America have ceased to come, and, until the interruption be removed, which we hope will be soon, we are not able to tell our readers what God is doing among the Karens.

The Archdeacon's notes do not refer to the Karens, or the work going on amongst the uplands and jungle fastnesses of Burmah, so much as to the country generally. But we gladly avail ourselves of information so reliable as that which he furnishes, and shall accompany him to Mandalay, the new capital.

Mandalay, as you know, is an entirely new city. The present race of kings seem to like changing their capitals, for Ava, Ameerapooora and Mandalay have been successively the capital within the present century. Ava has entirely disappeared. Ameerapooora is still in existence, though forsaken. Mandalay, five miles up the Irrawadi, is a wide-spread place, containing 100,000 inhabitants; the houses are built of wood and matting, neatly put together; a very few are built by Moguls of brick. In the midst of this collection of houses lies the city—a perfect square, 600 tahs (about 1 mile and 1-5th) in each side, and each side has three gates. The roads are wide and at right angles. The palace grounds are also a square in the centre of the city, 200 tahs on each side, and the palace itself in the centre of this. On the skirts of the town, on the creek—which runs up from the river, and is crowded with boats, great and small (some of them war boats)—is the Governor-General's Agency, where I was kindly entertained by Captain Strover; and in the next compound are situated the clergyman's house, the schoolroom, and boarding-house which the king has recently built. In the same compound, the first stone of the future church, which the king has promised to build, was laid a short time ago by Major Sladen, before he left for England. Mr. Marks, the Missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, had been obliged to leave just before I arrived, owing to ill-health. I met him in the river as I went up, and again on my return. On Sunday, the 10th October, I held divine service, morning and afternoon, in the Missionary house, for the residents. Though the residents are few

in number, it will be much more convenient and pleasant to assemble in the church which the king's liberality is going to provide. As the Missionary was away I did not see the school. In fact it was closed, and the boys had dispersed. The school was opened only four months ago, and at the time when it closed about forty boys attended; and I was told that the number was gradually increasing. The Mission is wholly educational. It is a step in advance to have got even this footing in independent Burmah, and with the approbation, and, more than that, the aid of the ruling Sovereign. On Saturday Captain Strover took me to see the ruins of the great unfinished pagoda of Mengoon, a few miles off. It was begun at the end of the last century; the basement, on a square of about 230 feet each side, a solid mass of masonry about 100 feet high, and also the huge bell, into which four of us got, and eight more might have come in at the same time, and two (I may call them) almost mountainous lions to guard the temple, were all finished, when the earthquake of 1839 occurred, and did immense mischief, cracking the enormous basement in every direction, crushing the supports of the bell (which weighed ninety tons), and breaking off the head and neck, and carrying away about half of each of the lions. The work was of course abandoned. The bell is said to be second only to that at Moscow. We could not make it speak, as it is now resting on blocks of wood.

On Monday I had an interview with the king. Captain Strover and the Kulla Woon (whom I may describe as the king's agent for foreigners) accompanied me. We had, of course, to take off our shoes when we reached the palace, but not to crouch, as the Burman ministers and others who were present did. The palace disappointed me. Though there is plenty of gilding, it is all somewhat tawdry. We had been sitting on the ground, in the audience room, with our feet out of sight, waiting for the king, when in about two minutes only after the appointed time he came in, and sat on a platform elevated some four feet above us, and about twenty or thirty feet from us; and several queens behind him. He asked me how long I was going to remain, and was apparently much displeased when I said I was leaving in two days, seeming to regard it as an affront that any one should visit his capital, and leave again so soon, as if there was nothing to see. However this passed away when he was told that I had a great many places to go to, and that I was come from Thyet-Myoo expressly to thank him in the name of the bishop for what he had done, and was going to do, for the Christian Mission. He expressed himself very anxious to see the bishop, and asked when he would come. I told him on the completion of the church. This led to conversation on the materials of which the church should be constructed. The king prefers wood, because it can be built more quickly, and he will see the bishop sooner. He told me when his lordship comes he must stop a month and not run away again, as I was doing as soon as I had arrived. It is certainly remarkable that he shows so much interest in the Christian Mission. His motive is evidently political, and to be friendly with the English; for that he is a firm Buddhist there can be no doubt, from various indications. He is sincere in his intention to build the church. The sooner

this can be done the better, as most likely his successor, whoever he may be, will not do it, nor pay for what his predecessor may have left unfinished. My interview lasted more than an hour, the topics of conversation being the blessings of peace and good government, the time kings have reigned in Burmah; the evils of rumour, and the importance of being guided by what you see and not what you hear; the king's sending youths to England, and France, and Calcutta, for education in useful arts: the king's European library, and various other things, came up, which I need not mention.

He did not indulge me, as he has done others, with wise sayings from his sacred books; nor did I directly touch upon the subjects, of Christianity, because he has more than once refused, on similar occasion to discuss religious matters in open court. He twice put up his binocular to have a good look at me; first when he had asked, in the middle of our conversation, how old I am, and then when he presented me, by his Secretary, with a ruby ring, to see what I thought of it. He put before me also a bag of rupees, and told me they were to pay my expenses. I told his Majesty that I was not in the habit of receiving presents for that purpose; but that, if agreeable to him, I would devote the gift to some benevolent object; to which he at once assented; and when I sent him word afterwards to what I should devote it, I was told that he was much pleased. Conversation went on after this till a sonorous and melodious gong sounded, and he rolled out, with his queens after him, and we were left sitting in our most awkward attitude, from which I could not manage to rise for some seconds, my left knee and hip were so fearfully cramped. The king has not left his palace for three years, since the rebellion of two of his sons (now in Chunar Fort), when the Crown Prince was cut down, and the king narrowly escaped. He looked older than I expected to see him. His friendliness is no doubt an opportunity which should not be lost for introducing a knowledge of Christianity into his country; and though there is not the slightest indication of any change in the king himself, his subjects may in future time benefit from the opening which his liberality has made, if it be used by us wisely and in the proper spirit, looking up to the "only Ruler of Princes" still to dispose his mind favourably towards us. What we should most desire would be his own conversion for the enlightenment of his people.

ANAGIHAMY OF DODANDUWA.

BADDAGAMA is one of the stations of the Church Missionary Society in the beautiful island of Ceylon. For beauty, Baddagama cannot be surpassed. The church stands on the top of a hill, with its old grey tower peeping out from among the trees, whilst the Missionary bungalows cluster along the margin of the Gindura river, which flows at the foot of the hill. After a time the work extended from this centre into the outlying districts, and several new places were occupied by catechists. It is of one of these we now write, and of a deeply touching case—a young girl, not more

than twelve or thirteen years of age, desiring to be a Christian, and to give herself to the service of the Lord that bought her, but held back by a heathen parent, and cruelly treated by him. The story is told us by the Rev. Richard Dowbiggin, our Missionary at Baddagama—

Dodanduwa, our Mission station on the sea coast, is distant from Baddagama about six miles and a half. About six or seven years since the Mission was established, and that owing to the conversion of an influential man in the village, who importuned our Missionary brother, the late Rev. G. Parsons, to begin the work, and gave himself no rest until the field was taken up, and work for Christ commenced in it. Some six years previously the Missionary had written of this place, that it was apparently hopeless, and that he could not secure a house in which to preach for longer than a fortnight, at the end of which time he was turned out of it, and a devil ceremony performed in it. It is most undoubtedly a stronghold of Buddhism, and the bulk of the people are opposed to Christianity. The person I have mentioned has never ceased to take the deepest interest in the work, in which he has been well seconded by his equally devoted wife and eldest daughter. The latter, of her own accord, and without any salary, has a girls' school in her father's house, to which she devotes five or six hours daily. But it is with more special reference to a Missionary meeting just held, and to the confession of the faith of Jesus by one of the school girls, and her subsequent persecution, that I write. One of the speakers on this occasion was the first catechist placed in the village by Mr. Parsons; his reception at that time by people was any thing but flattering to his feelings, or agreeable to his person: they abused and even beat him, and went so far as to threaten his destruction, and turned him out of the house in which he had taken up his abode. He left the place after a time, but the work was taken up by another; and now, after a few years, the man who was reviled and beaten had the pleasure of addressing a meeting crowded to overflowing in that very village, and almost opposite to the house in which he had suffered for the sake of the Gospel.

The case of the girl mentioned above is deeply interesting. Her uncle is the Arachchy who was the means of opening the Mission; her grandmother, the person who actually beat the catechist; her father, a rigid Buddhist, in fact an Aposakarola—a man who promises to observe so many of the precepts of Gautama Buddha, and is supposed to be holier than other men (but, like the priests, so much the worse very often). Another of her uncles is the priest of Dodanduwa, and her whole family for generations have been notoriously attached to Buddhism. This girl, Anagihamy, when she first began to attend school, would not listen to the Bible lesson, nor kneel down with the other children for morning and evening prayers, and contended for the truth of Buddhism against the Christian family of her uncle, and in various ways manifested her opposition to Christianity. After some time she began to feel interested in what she had heard, and her parents, afraid of our influence, and that of her uncle's family, took her away from school. Time passed on: again she was permitted to attend school; then after awhile she was

again withdrawn. Once more she was allowed to come, and now her interest was most apparent. She would come to school very early, so as to hear the exposition and family prayers of the catechist, and then sit and read the New Testament until the other children came, as she was not allowed to do so at her own home.

All this time her parents compelled her to attend the Buddhist temple, but gradually she left off taking flowers and offerings, and would not worship the priests, simply accompanying her family, but manifesting no interest in their devotions. About this time—the middle of November last—I visited Dodanduwa, and, along with another girl in the class, examined her as to her knowledge of the way of pardon and peace, and the leading facts of our religion. I need only say that I was astonished beyond measure at her understanding and answers. I could not help feeling that she must have been taught of God. It was not like a schoolgirl's acquisition of such things: she had an evident personal acquaintance with the truths she spoke about. She was present at the Missionary meeting, and her attention was most marked, and, as subsequent events turned out, every speaker seemed to address her particularly, though quite ignorant of her feeling in the matter. Two or three days after this meeting she went to the house of a Christian man in the village, and he and his wife began to talk to her about Christianity, when she at once confessed her faith in it. She filled them with great joy, and led them to speak at greater length; and the girl, entering fully into their feelings, surprised them, as she had astonished me, by her clear knowledge of the way of salvation. But an enemy to her peace was at hand. A Buddhist servant overheard all this conversation, and at once reported it to her father, who, wild with rage and vexation that a child of his should ever think of forsaking the religion to which he was devoted, took the girl, only twelve or thirteen years of age, and beat her, forbidding her ever to attend school again, and threatened to burn all her books, not suffering her to go to any of our Christian families, and keeping her under Buddhist influence and surveillance.

This was soon noised abroad, and caused us all much grief and sorrow, for every one seemed to love the gentle, thoughtful child. Special meetings for prayer to God for her were held, that God would enable her to confess the faith of His Son, and give her grace to glorify the name of His holy Child Jesus, and make her the instrument of bringing even her father and family to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. I have heard, whether true or not, that she was afraid, and wavered when questioned as to her faith in Jesus. But even if this were the case, it would not make me less hopeful of her. What the friend of God, and the man after God's own heart could do when moved with fear, a child of heathen parents, just awakening to the truth of the Gospel, may easily be supposed capable of doing; but while we deplore the weakness of this act of denial, if she did it, we cannot but feel deeply interested in her, and pray more earnestly that she may yet have grace to make "a good confession before many witnesses," to the glory and praise of His grace, who can make her "accepted in the beloved."

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very closely considered the subject, and are not the least aware how intense is the misery which prevails. Surely if they had any just idea of the misery of the heathen, they never would rest contented until more had been done for their relief.

May we then venture to bring before our readers some of these dread realities?

When a stranger lands on the shores of a dark African land, the first object which arrests his attention, is the number of *fetishes*. They are to be seen everywhere and in every direction. They are suspended along every path he treads, at every cross-road, at the crossing-place of every stream, at the base of every large rock, or the foot of every large forest-tree, at the gate of every village, over the door of every house, and around the neck of every human being. "They are set up on the farms, tied around the fruit-trees, and fastened to the necks of sheep and goats."

These fetishes consist sometimes of "a piece of wood, the horn of a goat, the hoof of an antelope, a piece of metal or ivory." The priest consecrates it and makes it a fetish.

What are they for? The fetish is a *charm* made use of to avert some evil or to obtain some good.

The fact is, these heathen are always in dread. They believe themselves to be in the midst of evil spirits, who are ever on the watch to injure them, but whose malign influence may be neutralized by the interposition of fetishes, provided they be of the right kind. Always in fear, ignorant of God, of His mercy and power to protect those who trust in Him, the native is ever planning and striving to protect himself against these unseen foes. Offerings are presented to them to pacify: nor if these persuasions be not effectual, do the natives hesitate to resort to more decided measures. "On the Gold Coast there are stated occasions when the people turn out *en masse* (generally at night), with clubs and torches, to drive the evil spirits from their towns. At a given signal the whole community start up, commence a most hideous howling, beat about in every nook and corner of their dwellings, then rush into the streets and beat the air, until some one announces the spirits to have gone."

To appease these spirits human sacrifices are offered, especially in the kingdoms of Ashantee and Dahomey, and on the Bonny river. Nor is the number of the slaughtered lessened by the popular idea, that when a great man dies he will require companions and attendants in the new world to which he has gone; and hence, when a king dies, many of his wives and favourite slaves are put to death at the funeral.

Our engraving represents a horrid scene of this kind, which occurred amongst the Kaffirs. The king's mother had died. She had been a turbulent woman, and not only was it surmised that the king was glad of her death, but that he had helped it on. To screen himself from this, the king decided that at her funeral there should be a profusion of human sacrifices. Great crowds of people had assembled, some say 60,000. In the midst stood the king in his war attire, surrounded by his chiefs. Suddenly, at a given signal, several men were seized and executed, and, once commenced, the massacre was not staid until 7000 victims had fallen.

The body was then put in a large grave, "and ten of the best-looking girls in the kraal were enclosed alive in the same grave. Twelve thousand men, fully armed, attended this dread ceremony, and were stationed as a guard over the grave for a whole year."

The well-known Bonny river, in the Bight of Biafra, is another of those dark places where human sacrifices abound. Here reigned the yellow-black chief known as Pepper, Pimento, or Pepple. Deposed by his chiefs for his ill-conduct, he was trans-shipped to Ascension, from whence he made his way to England. After a time, returning to the African coast, he regained his lost authority, and encouraged Bishop Crowther to commence a Mission station among his wild subjects. There our Missionaries, not Europeans, but Africans, are at work, amidst horrid sights and scenes of bloodshed. We recommend to our readers the perusal of the "Church Missionary Record" for this month (March), if they wish to know what Missionary work is among the wilds of Africa. At Bonny may be seen the Juju house, a ghastly-looking edifice, having nailed under its roof rows of human skulls. This house well illustrates the character of the people, a race which takes pleasure in inflicting pain and shedding blood. In the midst of the square before the Juju house, a group of negroes assembles. At the word of command they squat on the ground in a circle round two men standing upright in the midst. These are the executioner and his victim. The latter moves not a muscle. He knows his doom, and meets it immoveably. One swoop of the sword falls upon the man's neck: it is followed by a second, and the deed is done. The head is placed in a calabash by the executioner; the body is left to the people, who fly upon it, cutting and chopping it, and carrying away pieces of the reeking flesh.

There is much more to be said of Bonny. In another paper we shall follow up the subject.

#### EXAMINATION OF THE BONNY SCHOOLCHILDREN.

THE previous paper was a sad one indeed. The one which we now introduce will lighten the gloom, and show that a light has been kindled in a dark place, and that good is being done even at Bonny.

When King Pepple and his chiefs applied to Bishop Crowther to commence a Mission station on the Bonny river, his answer was that he would do so, but as they carried on a prosperous trade with Europeans, he expected they would contribute to the expenses which would be incurred. They guaranteed accordingly 150*l* a year, and a native teacher was placed amongst them. Some children were collected and a school commenced, and about four years ago the foundation was laid of a mud-wall school-chapel, King Pepple himself putting down the first ball of mud into the hole prepared for it.

This method of mud-wall building was something quite new to the Bonny chiefs. The Esquimaux had been ingenious enough, to



discover that they could construct houses out of snow, but the Bonny chiefs had not found out that they could build them of mud. They were, however, charmed at the discovery, and sent their men to be taught how to temper the mud and make the balls. The Bishop next taught them how they might get lime. They had not thought that oyster shells could be of any use after they had eaten the fish, and they flung them away. These they were with difficulty persuaded to collect, and the Bishop bought them, and with these he burned his first kiln of lime.

An examination of the schoolchildren at Bonny was recently held. Probably our readers would like to know how it fared, and what progress has been made in opening the closed minds of these wild children of the heathen.

The following account of the proceedings has been forwarded to us by one of the Bishop's sons, Mr. Dandeson C. Crowther. First of all, however, we must prepare our readers for its perusal by saying a word about the big bell to which Mr. Crowther refers.

At the time when the Mission was begun there was lying on the ground at Bonny Town a very large bell, three and a half feet in diameter, bearing this inscription—

“William Dobson, founder, Downham, Norfolk, England. This bell was cast for Opopoo Foobra, King of Grand Bonny, in the year 1824.”

There it lay, a great unwieldy thing: no one cared to take any trouble about it, and it never seemed likely to come to any good. The Bishop had to leave Bonny for a time, having several other stations to visit. On his return, an agreeable surprise awaited him. A chief called Oko Jumbo, son of the late King George, during the Bishop's absence, set about putting up the bell at his own expense. He bought two masts, well-coppered at the bottom to protect them from decay, and on these the bell was hung. He then proceeded to place over it a roof of corrugated galvanized iron sheets, the whole structure having cost him not less than 24/, a handsome contribution from a chief whose eyes were only just beginning to open to the light.

Now for Mr. Crowther's Report.

*March 10, 1869.*—An examination of the schoolchildren was held to-day. The yearly examination of this school takes place always about this time of the year.

As usual, invitations were sent to the king and his brothers, and, through them, to the chiefs, parents and guardians, to attend and see what improvements their children had made since the past year.

At ten o'clock, the large bell, put up some time ago by one of the chiefs, Oko Jumbo, was rung: in half-an-hour's time the school was opened, and the examination began.

The subjects on which the children were examined by the Bishop were—

First, Scripture, with the first and second classes. The seventh and eighth chapters of Genesis were chosen, which they read off without much difficulty, and questions on them were satisfactorily answered. Then, reading Union Spelling-book, part II., with the third class, and part I., with the fourth class. While these classes were reading, the first class wrote letters on slates. Some of these letters are amusing, and others really good for the production of Bonny boys. I give a true copy of one as a sample—

*Bonny Town, March 10th, 1869.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am very sorry that all our parents are not present here. If they were all here, and could see how we are going on in our lessons, then they would know that we are not going to school in vain, but that we learn some good things there. Many of them thought that book is a thing which men can learn in one day, or in a month. And I hope God may give us grace to do more in the future. Hopen you are quite well,

I am, Your's truly,

DAVID C. JUMBO."

After reading and letter-writing, followed dictation and spelling respectively in each class, and all of them in school songs and exercises.

It was now half-past twelve o'clock, and the examination closed for a time, to give the children a little recreation. At one o'clock the bell was rung, and all met again: Mr. F. Smart took the first and second classes in numeration. The boys really did well in this, reflecting great credit, not only on themselves, but also on their teachers, who exerted themselves to lay such a good foundation. Three of the boys, William Jumbo, Horatio Pepple, and Abraham Allison, figured well on this subject, and may turn out in future capital arithmeticians. Both classes were next taken in cyphering, addition, and subtraction, by myself, and multiplication by Mr. S. Puddicombe. On the whole they got on pretty well.

But the best part was yet to come, the recitation.

The third and fourth classes were first called to recite from memory the pieces they had learnt from the Union Spelling-books, Parts I. and II. Some of them had a little difficulty in their pronunciation and stops; but among those that recited best, was a little girl of about nine years of age, called Hannah Uranta. Having no mark on her face, and being quite used to English dress, together with her distinct pronunciation and tolerably good English accent, one would have taken her for a girl from Sierra Leone, or other civilized place, than from rude, uncultivated and uncivilized Bonny.

The first and second classes were next called. Portions of the "Moral Observations" in Mayor's Spelling-book were well recited by several of them, and pieces from Murray's Introduction cleverly recited by those more advanced.

The examination was coming to a close, and all present were satisfied with these recitations, gone through, in some instances, without a single mistake; but it was not yet to close: something more was to be done. Three of the first-class boys, David Jumbo, Horatio Pepple, and William Jumbo, all Bonny boys, advanced; David assumed a kingly appearance, and the other two that of servants. Presently, in a clear voice and with

great confidence, David, sitting on a chair, began the well-known words of "Canute," the other two boys answering as his courtiers.

After "Canute and his courtiers," came the dialogue of "Alexander and the Robber." A boy, Marcus During, from Sierra Leone, of about thirteen years of age, possessing a powerful retentive memory, and a beautiful voice, having been dressed like a king, with a toy sword, sash and sceptre, and attended by half-a-dozen boys, his body guard, took a seat on a chair placed for him: at the door-way Stephen Allison, a Bonny boy, was seen, violently resisting the force of two boys, who were bringing him, as the "Thracian Robber," before great Alexander. They recited and acted well, especially Stephen Allison who was bold, and did justice to his part.

Next came the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius. This was recited by William Jumbo acting Brutus, and Herbert Jumbo his brother, who thoroughly mastered his part, and acted with great credit as Cassius.

The last piece, but not the least, both in the number of pages recited, and in the beautiful and masterly way in which it was done, was "The speech of Hannibal to his soldiers," delivered by one of the boys mentioned before, Marcus During. Thus a piece of nearly four pages was well mastered, and delivered with great ease and life by a boy who, though born in Sierra Leone, yet was brought up chiefly in Bonny school.

Truly who shall despise the day of small things, for who, looking back three or four years ago, would have thought that Bonny children could be able to take part in dialogue pieces as these have done, and that with great credit? What they will yet do, the future will reveal.

We cannot close without admiring the exertions of Messrs. F. Smart and W. Carew, who are connected with the education of these children. Mr. Smart, who is the superintendent of the station, has indeed raised the tone of the school in every respect, and not only the school, but also made a stir among the people in the town and villages. A Sunday school has been formed by him, to which many young men and canoe boys flock, while the services on Sundays are attended by a few women in addition. Such progressive changes are evident to us who make a yearly visit to this place.

The number of the schoolchildren has fallen off, several of the big boys having left school, two having been sent to the Grammar school at Sierra Leone, and nearly all the girls having been withdrawn. Some of the chiefs had sent children to England for education, at very great expense, for four or five years; and at their return, to their great disappointment, they found them not even so well qualified as some of the children at Bonny school, especially the girls, whom they thought to make much of, and who would have become their confidential secretaries, and consequently their favourites among the wives. The disappointment of their masters or guardians became so great when they found them disqualified in book learning, that they became quite indifferent to female education as of no avail. But as in Brass, so it will be here, the Bishop will throw the school open free for the girls on his own account, while the parents pay for the boys as usual.

We think differently from the heathen respecting female education: while they think it useless to educate them, we consider it of all im-

portance to the rising generation, because educated mothers will exercise a most salutary influence on their offspring, and thus will lay an easy and solid foundation for their education and future improvement.

We may have something more to say about Bonny in our next Number.

### NEW CHURCH AT KOVILUTTU, TINNEVELLY.

NULLUR is one of the Missionary districts of Tinnevely. Its western division, under the charge of a native pastor, the Rev. D. Gnanamuttu, contains a total of 1102 professing Christians. That they do value their Christian privileges is shown by their liberality in contributing to Christian objects. Last year they gave no less than 586 rupees, being about 8. 6. annas to each person. A portion of this sum was given to the new church at Koviluttu, the opening of which is thus described by Mr. Gnanamuttu—

The opening of this church for divine worship took place on Wednesday, the 23rd December 1868, after a long period of twelve years and a half from the date of its foundation. There were present on the occasion Rev. H. and Mrs. Dixon, Rev. N. Honiss, Mr. and Mrs. Kember, Rev. A. Samuel, and Rev. A. James, the boys' and girls' boarding-school children of Nullur, the catechists and schoolmasters of the whole Nullur district, and a large number of Christians, chiefly from the western division of the district, and also a good number of heathen by-standers. In all there were then present about 400 people. The service was commenced at about 11 A.M. with a Tamil song composed by the inspecting catechist for the occasion. According to the arrangements previously made by Mr. Dixon, Mr. James read the prayers, I baptized five children, Messrs. Dixon and Samuel read the pre-communion service, Mr. Honiss preached an interesting sermon from Haggaï ii. 7, and I gave a short statement of the church, and of its funds and expenditure. Then a collection of 13. 2. 1 rupees was made from those who were present, and, after this, the communion service was conducted by Messrs. Dixon and Samuel, Mr. James and myself assisting them in distributing the elements. About 180 people partook of the Lord's Supper on the occasion. It was indeed a day of rejoicing.

Anticipating that the friends of the Mission would like to know the description of the church, I have the pleasure to give it minutely. To begin with the chancel: the chancel is situated on the west end of it; it is from east to west,  $16\frac{1}{2}$  feet long, from north to south  $12\frac{1}{2}$  feet broad, in height  $15\frac{1}{2}$  feet, and it has a tiled roof. The nave from east to west is 45 feet long, 14 feet wide, and  $19\frac{1}{2}$  high; it has on each of its two sides four arches, built over five good strong oblong pillars, and one arch between it and the chancel, and it has a tiled roof. Each of the aisles is 49 feet long, 7 wide, and  $16\frac{1}{2}$  high, and its roof is terraced, and these are three feet lower in height than the nave. Besides these, there are two side rooms, each being nine feet square and eleven feet high, and both of them are terraced. There is

also a porch, which is 14 feet in width from north to south, 11 feet long and  $13\frac{1}{2}$  feet high, and it has three large and two small arches built over strong round pillars, and a terraced roof. Over the east wall of the nave a small belfry is erected. The whole church is enclosed by brick walls on all sides. The length of the churchyard within the walls is 123 feet from east to west, and the breadth from north to south is 100 feet. The doors and windows, and floor, communion rails, and the gate have all been put on; the inside of the above described apartments has been plastered; the church is furnished with a pulpit, a communion table, a small table for the vestry, a reading-desk for the catechist, and two common chairs. Thus the church is so far finished that divine service may be freely held in it.

The expenditure for the above described works amounts to not less than 4500 rupees. I feel that justice requires me to say a word in gratitude to the benefactors and managers of so much work in this building. I have the pleasure to say that almost all the honour is due to the Rev. W. Clark who had charge of the district for upwards of ten years. Mr. Clark laid the foundation to this church in July 1856, just two years before I was located in Koviluttu, threw his mind to it, obtained help from his friends in England and elsewhere, and finished the greater part of the church walls, and brought timber for the terraced roofs of the aisles, side rooms, and the porch. In 1862 he made over the accounts to me, and, according to his suggestion, I drew up a petition in my name and in the names of the few members of this congregation, to the ladies and gentlemen resident in Tinnevely. Several gentlemen responded to it, and subscribed about 180 rupees. Among these benefactors, C. Cocq, Esq., of Tuticorin, who gave the liberal sum of 100 rupees, deserves to be particularly mentioned. After this, Mr. Clark asked Miss Clark, who had been to the Neilgherry Hills, to collect some money for this church; and Miss Clark took such a lively interest in behalf of it, that she made a regular circuit to the Hills, Travancore, and various other places, even to the court of the Rajah of Travancore, and collected about 450 rupees; so our next best thanks are due to her. His lordship, the present Bishop of Madras, Dr. Gell, on his first visitation, gave to it the noble donation of 100 rupees. Afterwards, by the suggestion and recommendation of the Rev. F. G. Lugard, the senior chaplain, and one of the members of the Madras Corresponding Committee of the Church Missionary Society, who visited the Tinnevely Mission just before his departure to England, a petition, drawn up by me and countersigned by him, was sent to the Christian friends living at Madras, Trichinopoly, Madura and other places, and a collection of about 200 rupees was made. Again Mr. Clark, at my request, collected for this church, during his late residence in England, 366. 8. 3 rupees, and a few years back he presented to this church a set of communion service; and now, as I hear, he has got a bell for it, which is on its way thither. I knew also that he gave a good sum of his own money to this. The above statement will show at once that Mr. Clark took great interest on behalf of this church; and that mostly by his labours the work has been thus far finished. Besides the above donations, I should acknowledge that my friend, P. Peter, the senior catechist of the Cooly

Mission in Kandy, collected, at my request 88 rupees, for this church from his friends in Ceylon; that 450 rupees were raised among us in the course of the last eight years; 25 rupees were given by the agents of the district; and 35 rupees were granted from the general fund of the district.

The church yet requires plastering on the outside a few pairs of wall-shades, mats for the floor, some protection for the glass window put up in the chancel, and varnish for the doors and windows to keep them from the rain and heat of the sun. All these will cost about 400 rupees. And, lastly, a congregation sufficiently large is the greatest want to this church. This church, I believe, was commenced in faith, and in anticipation that this will become a central place of worship to a group of villages containing about 1500 people, to whom, if all turned to God, it will be far from being sufficient. In the village itself there are about 400 people, to whom alone this will be just enough, when they become Christians. It appears that when this church was commenced, there was an influential Christian headman and a pretty large congregation, which perhaps had induced the Missionary in charge to begin this. But the headman soon after that died, and many who depended on him in a worldly point of view left the congregation. On account of the smallness of the congregation, a church like this was thought, even by good men, not wanted in this place. On the other hand, the enemies of Christ were hoping earnestly that the work would be given up, to their great joy. The funds also for the work were very slowly coming in. On account of these difficulties, the work was carried on with heaviness of mind and with mingled thoughts of hope and doubt. But the managers were forced to see that the Lord was carrying on the work, and they were even punished for manifesting any weakness of mind respecting it. The text of the sermon on the opening of it for prayers, and the matter given by the preacher, seemed to us, who were in anxiety of mind, with regard to the present state of this congregation, as a prophecy of what the Lord is going to do for this church hereafter, namely, that He will shake the people, and fill this house with glory, by turning and bringing them to worship in this church, and seek the salvation of their souls in this place. I am thankful to mention that He has already shaken three families, one just before, and the other two just after the opening of the church. And this, I hope in the Lord, is an encouraging token of a rich harvest of souls in this place.

#### TALAMPITIA.

*How the work was begun.*

KANDY is the mountainous district which occupies the south centre of the Island of Ceylon. When the Portuguese subdued the coast provinces, the Kandians, sheltered by their fortresses, set them at defiance, and retained their independence until 1815, when Kandy was taken by a British force, and the Kandians became the vassals of the English Crown.

Forthwith a Missionary station was commenced at Kandy, and has been

persistently carried on ever since. A congregation has been raised up, and a church built, towards the completion of which the native Christians subscribed not less than 500*l*. This congregation has its own native pastor. Few more interesting and pleasing sights can be witnessed than that which the Mission Church every Sunday presents. A native minister, not a novice, but one who has grown old in the work, conducts the service, the congregation, gathered chiefly from the most respectable families in the town, with a fair sprinkling of village Kandians, numbering about one hundred. The organ is played by a native lady, daughter of a member of the congregation, who, with considerable taste, leads the singing, the choir consisting of young native men.

It was felt, however, that more ought to be done, and Missionary effort, extending beyond the town, began to penetrate amongst the villagers of the hill-country. Accordingly, in 1853 a Missionary was appointed to itinerate through a district with a radius of fifty miles around the town of Kandy. Two native catechists were set apart to assist him. The work was one of difficulty, for the people knew nothing of Christianity, and, in the remote villages, many were ignorant even of its name. The labourers had to endure much fatigue, to walk many miles through the paddy fields and dense jungles, sometimes covered with leeches, sometimes knee-deep in water or mud, steep hills had to be climbed, and bad roads traversed. No tent awaited the Missionary at the end of a toilsome day, and if a coffee-planter's bungalow offered no shelter, he was glad to avail himself of some Kandian hut. There he generally found a simple meal, and stretched his weary limbs on a rough bedstead, or a mat, on which, however, the master of the house had previously spread the cleanest cloth which he possessed.

Kurunagalla, about twenty-seven miles north-west of Kandy, an important town, became the centre of operations, and here a native congregation was formed, and a small church erected. At two other places, Hanguranketta, and Maturata, small congregations were gathered, and at the former place, a neat little church was built by a native gentleman. Among other places visited from Kurunagalla, was Talampitia. The Missionary was accompanied by two native schoolmasters. They preached, conversed with the people, and left with them a New Testament and some tracts: no particular result seemed to follow at the time, but now, after the lapse of years, the fruit of the seed sown that day begin to be abundantly reaped.

The Testament left with the villagers had been read, its truths had taken hold upon their minds, the Holy Spirit had applied them to their hearts, and, when the village was again visited, a crowd, attentive and earnest, gathered round, listening with eagerness to the glad tidings, some declaring their conviction that their former religion, Buddhism, was false and worthless, and that Christianity was true.

The happy result of this movement may be briefly told. Within a few months thirteen men came forward, professing their sincere and octaplete reliance on Christ, and displaying a knowledge of Bible truth, which alike delighted and astonished the Missionary.

It was a joyful day when these men, one of them formerly a Buddhist priest, assembled in the Kurunagalla church, and there, in the presence

of a large congregation, openly professed Christ, and were baptized in His name. These men became Missionaries in their turn. Wives and children, friends and relatives, were perishing in heathenism. Could these hold their peace? No, they went back to their village to tell others the story of the cross, and to strive to induce others to embrace the Saviour. They met with opposition and difficulty. Wives separated from husbands, who not only refused to join in their idolatries, but would not even permit heathen practices in their homes. Fathers threatened the most severe measures in case the younger men persisted in thus declaring their faith, but all was in vain. It was God's work, and who could hinder it? The Christians went from house to house, and village to village, proclaiming the truth earnestly, but quietly and unobtrusively; and in less than a year inquirers were to be found in several other villages; and fourteen more adults, some of them the wives of men, who on the first occasion were baptized, expressed their desire of being admitted to the congregation of Christ's church. Thus in one year twenty-seven men and women, who had been brought up in the belief and practice of Buddhism and devil-worship, were led to surrender themselves to Christ, and profess Him openly before the world.

Under the superintendence of the Missionaries the church at Talampitia continued to prosper and expand, which it still continues to do. In it and the neighbouring villages there are now about fifty converts from heathenism, several of them men of much intellect as well as deep spirituality, and many others are candidates for baptism, and inquirers after truth. It is a remarkable fact, illustrative of the influence which true Christianity exercises, that while, among our nominal Christians in parts of the low country, Buddhist and devil ceremonies are still common, even the heathen in the neighbourhood of Talampitia have, to a great extent, abandoned such practices, having learnt their folly and uselessness from the example and conversation of those earnest and faithful men.

The Gospel is now constantly preached in the streets of Kandy, Gampola, Kaigalle, Kurunagalla, and in the villages around. The native catechists appear to be growing, not only in knowledge and earnestness, but also in the power of conveying the truth to others. The people generally listen with attention; and, as when the Saviour Himself preached on earth, "the common people heard Him gladly," so now it is often remarked that it is this class which gives most earnest heed when the Gospel is proclaimed.

The Missionary says, "I have often wondered when preaching in public places at the attention paid by the 'common people.' Sometimes the Ceylon 'Pharisees' are seen stretching out the lip of scorn as they pass by, but others tremble as we speak of the 'wrath to come.'"

Catechists are now stationed in central towns such as those that have been mentioned, and thus are brought into daily contact with the large crowds who resort to such places for litigation and for purposes of trade. The practice of going to the police courts in the mornings, before the arrival of the magistrates, and preaching to the assembled natives, has been very successful. Hundreds of people have often listened earnestly for an hour together. Sometimes they become angry and bitter, as the folly and uselessness of Buddhism are exposed, but on no occasion have



the preachers been unable to collect an audience ; and, when visiting the villages, persons are frequently met with who have in this way heard the Gospel. During the past year the way of salvation has been preached to probably not less than 50,000 people.

For fifteen years the itinerating has been going on, and has expanded far beyond what was at first contemplated. There are now employed in it, besides the European Missionary, ten native catechists ; and among the converts many exert themselves diligently to extend the knowledge of the salvation which they have themselves learned to prize.

It is not so easy to estimate the benefits of itinerating labour, as it is to calculate the results of station work ; but without hesitation it may be asserted that the Kandian itineration has been productive of much good. There is much knowledge of the Christian religion among the heathen of Harispattoo, Tumpane, Hewahetta, Yatinuwera, and Four and Seven Korles, and among many there is an evident spirit of inquiry. The number of such is larger than at any former time. There is, it is true, in some places, determined bitter opposition. Many, like Demetrius of old, gain their livelihood from heathen practices and superstition ; and these act as he did, in striving to stir up persecution, when they think their craft is in danger ; and though their blasphemy and scorn are at times hard to bear, yet they may be regarded as affording no unimportant testimony to the effect which is being produced, and, as signs that Satan is becoming alarmed for his kingdom, cause the labourers to look to the future with much hope. For results which cannot be gainsayed, we point to the green fields of Talampitia and Hewadiwala. Such a movement as has there for some years been going on has a marked effect on the whole district, indeed on the whole native church.

### "I'VE FOUND THE PEARL."

I've found the Pearl of greatest price !

My heart doth sing with joy ;  
And sing I must, a Christ I have !  
Oh ! what a Christ have I.

My Christ, He is the Lord of lords,  
He is the King of kings ;  
He is the Sun of Righteousness,  
With healing in His wings.

My Christ, He is the Tree of Life,  
Which in God's garden grows ;  
Whose fruits do feed, whose leaves do heal ;  
My Christ is Sharon's Rose.

Christ is my Meat, Christ is my Drink,  
My Medicine and my Health ;  
My Peace, my Strength, my Joy, my Crown,  
My Glory and my Wealth.



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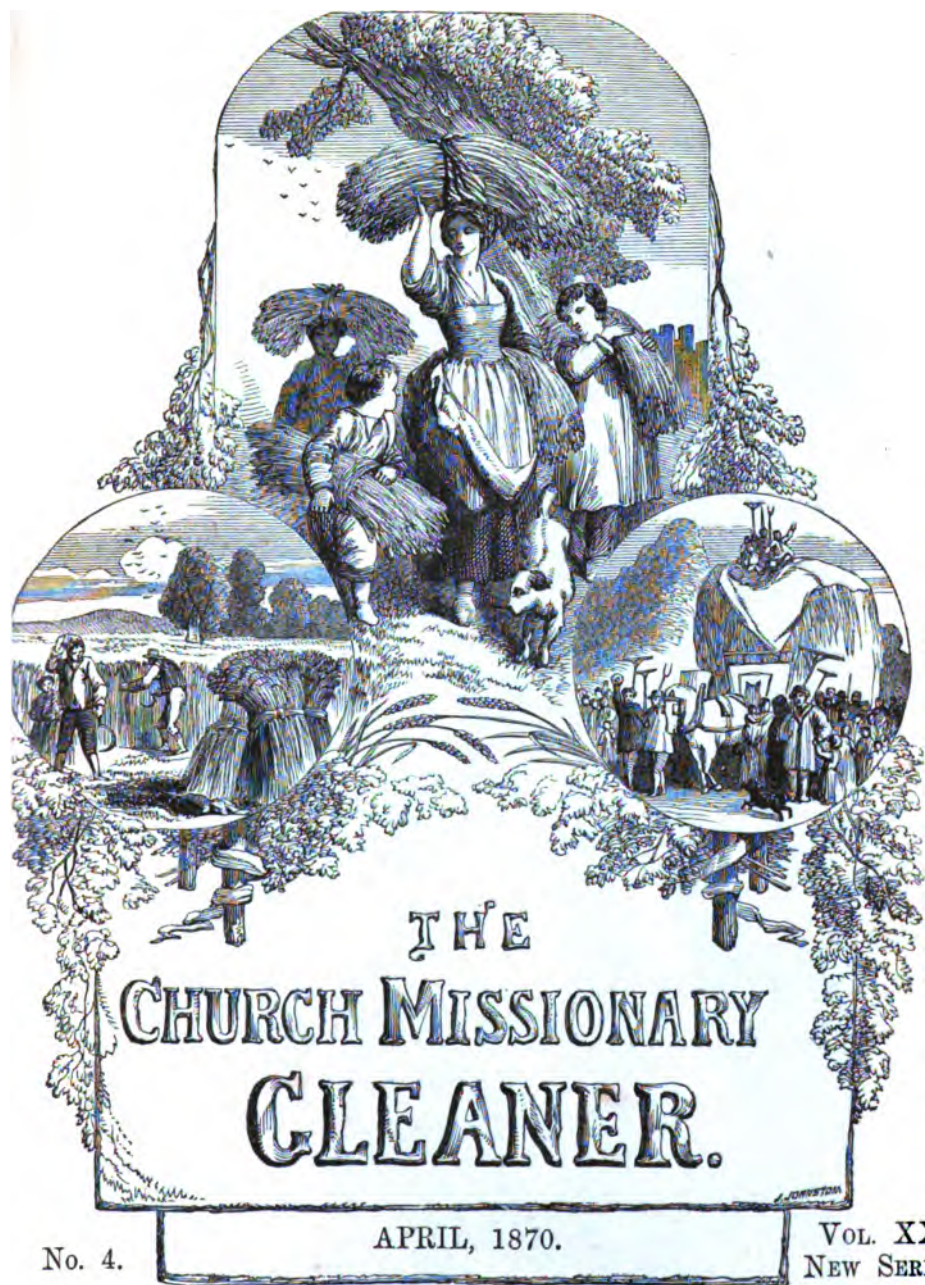
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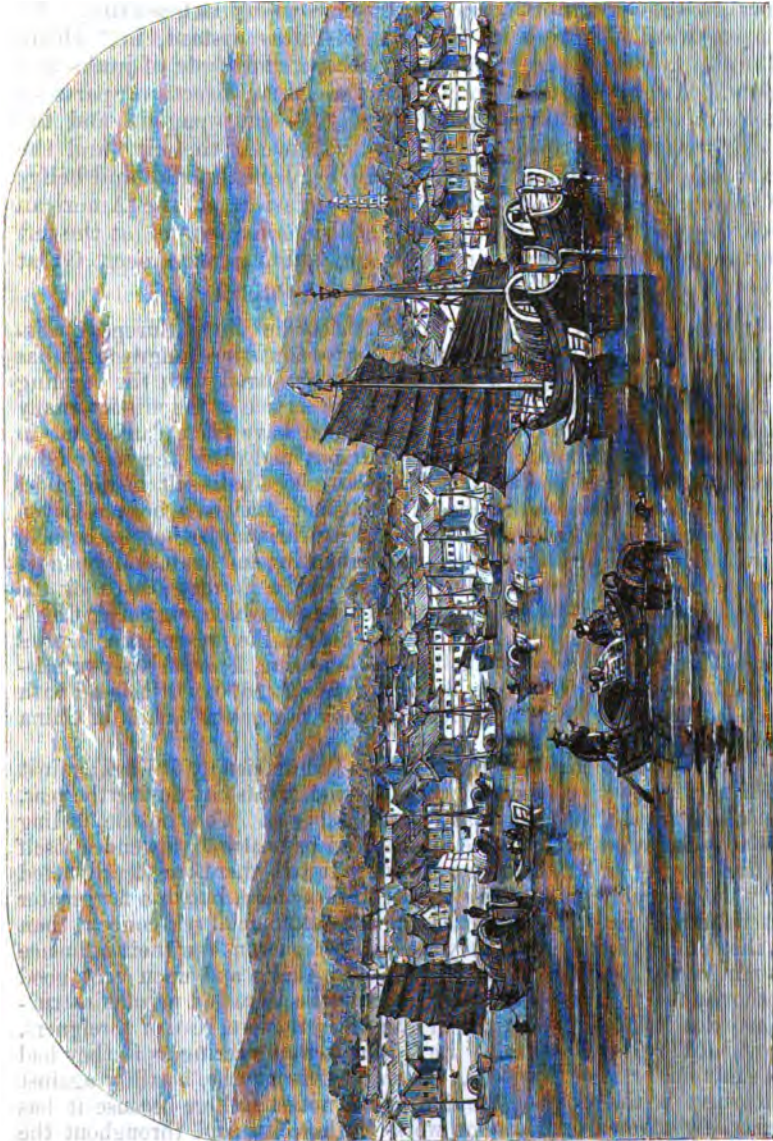
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## FUH-CHAU, CHINA.

THE city of Fuh-Chau in North China is situated about thirty-five miles from the mouth of the river Min. It is a walled city, the circuit of the walls being about eight and a half miles,



SOUTHERN SUBURB OF FUH-CHAU.

*April, 1870.*



and the population of city and suburbs, "including the people dwelling in boats," is estimated by Mr. Doolittle at not far from 1,000,000.

The foreign residents live principally on the hill near the southern bank of the Min. Standing on that hill, and looking towards the east, north, and west, the scenery is beautiful. To the eastward, looming up five or six miles distant, is "Drum Mountain." Nearer is the river, with its multitude of junks and boats. As one glances in a more northern direction, parts of the city come within range. In it the white pagoda and the watch-tower are prominent objects. Between the city and the river, apparently about midway, may be seen the roof and belfry of a brick church belonging to the mission of the American Board. In the city, Black Rock Hill is conspicuous (at the left in the picture), and nearer, in the suburbs, are seen Great Temple Hill and several spacious foreign hong.

In this city the Church Missionary Society has three European missionaries; but they are not alone. A native Christian congregation has been raised up. Although a little flock compared with the teeming multitudes around, yet it has yielded to the service of the mission many earnest and faithful evangelists. These men have been planted out in many of the towns and cities of the interior, and there they have been reproducing their Christianity. They have been as a salt in the midst of the vast and populous province of Fuh-Chau; they have been as leaven in the lump. The movement in favour of Christianity has been such, that the class most embittered against foreigners, and against all changes brought about by foreign influence, namely, the literary class, took the alarm, and there has been a heavy persecution, in which our native Christians have suffered much. This mission field at the present time excites much anxiety. We doubt not that the following letter from our missionary, the Rev. J. R. Wolfe, dated January 7, 1870, will be read with deep interest, and we do trust lead to many prayers on behalf of China and its people.

"I regret to say that the old prejudices and unfriendly feelings against foreigners have very considerably been revived in this city during the year, especially among the gentry and literary classes. This hostile feeling has to some extent affected the masses, and has naturally extended itself to Christianity and the native converts. It has therefore clearly acted very unfavourably on our Mission work everywhere, but to a far greater extent in this rendezvous of literary pride and official self-conceit, than in the country, where the gentry are not so numerous nor their influence so much felt. It is believed here in Fuh-Chau, and upon very good authority too, that the gentry and literary class have had private instructions from Peking to obstruct in every way the progress of foreigners, provided they did not involve the Government by acting as if they had its sanction for their misdeeds. However this may be, hostility against foreigners is the order of the day, and I notice it here because it has materially affected our Mission work in this city, and throughout the

country. But notwithstanding, the Gospel has been faithfully proclaimed, and its claims incessantly and boldly brought before the people, both by public preaching and private conversation, and by the distribution of tracts and the circulation of God's word; and though there has not been that violent opposition which has been manifested in some parts of the country against Missionary operations, there has been manifested on the part of the literati of Fuh-Chau a bitter hatred and contempt for the foreign religion; and amongst the people generally a coldness and indifference towards it which is very discouraging and painful indeed. On the whole, one's feelings with respect to this city during the year, from a Missionary point of view, may be summed up in the words of the Prophet, 'All day long I have stretched forth my hands unto a disobedient and gainsaying people.'

### *Country Outstation Work.*

"The district under my charge comprises an area of about 30,000 miles (90,000 Chinese li) and embraces the three Hiens of Ning-Taik, Lo-Nguong, and Lieng Kong, and portions of the Aw-Kuang and Ming Hiens. It is occupied at present by eleven Church Missionary Society's Stations, with twelve Native Catechists, two of whom combine the offices of schoolmaster and catechist. There are besides, three schools taught by schoolmasters, three of whom are members of the Church. The fourth is a heathen. There are in addition three villages, in which Christians and enquirers have spontaneously formed themselves into small congregations, one of their number giving up his house for Sabbath meetings, &c. The Sunday services are conducted either by one of themselves, or by a private Christian from one of the adjoining Stations, occasionally assisted by a Catechist from the nearest Mission station. It is difficult to state the exact number of Christians throughout this district at the present moment, but last summer those who attended the Sunday services, and placed themselves on the list of candidates for baptism, including women and children, exceeded eight hundred. At the beginning of the year, especially in the Lo-Nguong Hien, the Lord's work became exceedingly interesting and deeply encouraging, and I was enabled on the occasion of my visit during the spring to baptize fifty adults out of the large numbers that presented themselves for the sacred rite. This interest, chiefly through the instrumentality of three or four old men, members of the Lo-Nguong Church, continued to increase rapidly, and towards the end of May, the result assumed a cheering and to me a most satisfactory feature. The members manifested a desire to help in sending the Gospel to their dark fellow countrymen. At the instance of the Rev. Wong Kiu Taik, our beloved native brother, who was at this time amongst them, they formed themselves into a Missionary body for sending a teacher, or teachers, into the larger villages of the district. On the Lord's Day, the last but one, however, that they were all permitted to meet together again to worship God, they subscribed 34 dollars for the object, and 15 more for the rent of a suitable chapel, in whatever place they should afterwards decide to open a Mission Station. The leading members in this



hopeful movement were the old men already mentioned, and who have since been called upon to suffer so severely. The following Sunday the storm of persecution burst upon them with violence, sudden and severe, and continued till it has scattered the various little bands of Christians and enquirers, and, humanly speaking, put an end to all progress for the present at least, and nipped in the bud the hopes and aspirations which we had formed of this infant Church. In this persecution, which was entirely the work of the gentry and Government officials, our chapels were pulled down, the houses of the more wealthy converts destroyed, and all their property taken away, and themselves reduced to poverty and distress. For five long months, all who were suspected of Christianity were hunted by the police, who entered the Christians' houses and took away forcibly all that they could lay hold of, and in some cases broke the houses. Others were thrown into prison on the most abominable charges, and severely tortured with the bamboo, in order to compel them to make a confession of guilt. Others again, and feeble old men, were dragged through the streets in chains, with their heads covered with their own blood, the result of the cruelty of their persecutors, and only escaped imprisonment and further torture by paying considerable sums of money to their tormentors. Whenever they assembled for worship on the Lord's Day they were closely watched by the police, and the houses in which they met torn to pieces, unless immunity was purchased by money to the persecutors. If they appealed to the magistrates, which on two or three occasions they did, against this cruel injustice, their appeals were contemptuously refused, and themselves threatened with imprisonment if they again appeared. The officials and gentry gave out that it was treason against the Emperor to embrace Christianity, that they had authority to apprehend Christians, and treat them as rebels wherever they found them, and that they were determined to root out Christianity from the district. The vigour and resolution with which they pursued this object for several months, and the evident goodwill which the mandarins manifested towards their designs, led the people to believe that Christianity was in reality a proscribed faith. The Christians became alarmed, and many of the weak and wavering among them succumbed, for a time, at least, to the thickening storm. This persecution from first to last was altogether the work of the gentry and officials, who intensely hate and dread the influence of foreigners, and became alarmed at the rapid progress which Christianity was making throughout the district. That the high authorities in Fuh-Chau share these hostile and bitter feelings is too evident from the persistent opposition which they offer to every proposal for an equitable settlement of the matter, according to the terms of the treaty. More than seven months have now elapsed, and the mandarins have taken no steps to show that they disapprove of the persecution. The chapels are still in ruins, and the authorities refuse to apprehend or punish the ringleaders. As long as this is the case, the people will have the idea that Christianity is continued to be proscribed by the Government, and the gentry and Yamun officials boldly and industriously circulate and keep up this impression, to the great injury of our work.

"At present, there is no violent persecution, but the dread that the sword which is being suspended over them may at any time fall upon them, alarms the Christians, and deters many from joining a cause which in their hearts they believe to be the truth. One of those who suffered most in the persecution, and who has since his conversion been the foremost in zeal for Christ, said to me the other day, 'Ah, sir, had it not been for this wicked persecution, more than 1,000 souls in my village would have joined the Church this year. It was a clever move of Satan.' This old man has himself been the principal agent in creating all this interest in his own village.

"From other parts of this district encouragement has not been denied us during the year. At Ning-Taik, where hitherto there has been little or no success, an interest has been awakened which I hope will ripen into a rich harvest of faithful converts. In a large village about 100 li from the city of Ning-Taik, several, through the efforts of the colporteurs, have joined together to keep the Sabbath and worship God, and their numbers seem gradually increasing. The Ning-Taik Catechist and Colporteur visit them alternately, and their reports are interesting and encouraging. On the whole, I cannot but hope, notwithstanding the difficulties of the past year, that if the work is carried on in this district with energy and discretion—not expecting too much at first from those who are emerging from the long dark night of heathenism, but dealing patiently and lovingly with their many faults and shortcomings—a bright and a glorious day will ere long dawn upon this district, and the Lo-Nguong church, rising above her present trials and difficulties, will shine forth with renewed energy and faith."

### SIGNS OF PROGRESS.

AMONG other signs of progress of the Kingdom of God in Bengal, is the establishment of a weekly Christian newspaper in the Bengalee language, and conducted by Native brethren of various churches. It bears the title of "Saptahik Songbad" (*The Weekly News*). An extract or two from this paper will be of interest to our readers, for the translation of which we are indebted to the Rev. G. H. Rouse, LL.B. The first is interesting for the comments made on the fact recorded:—

"On January 31st last, the Bishop of Madras ordained thirty-four Native Christians to the office of ministers of the Gospel. They are to labor in connection with the churches in Tinnevely, under the auspices of the Church Missionary and Propagation Societies. The Native churches will furnish the half of their salary. We have also heard that in Travancore, under the care of the London Missionary Society, there are 32,000 Native Christians. These are accustomed, every month, to make a collection towards the support of their teachers.

"These people are not prosperous people, like the Calcutta Christians. Like the brethren of Krishnagur and the Southern villages, they are labouring men. How great their zeal, to be independent churches! By reason of this zeal, their poverty is able to place no hindrance in the way of their desire to be independent. We have no such zeal. We are

in the receipt of 100, 150, 200 rupees monthly salary, yet we impose upon the liberality of foreigners the charge of supporting those who every Sunday instruct us in the truths of religion, and we think nothing about it ourselves. There are those amongst us who, if they had zeal, could any one of them make a Church independent of foreign aid ; but they have no zeal. How can we give it them ? We have been a long time depending upon others. Now, Bengalee Brethren, let us in every respect seek to exhibit a desire to be independent. How long shall we continue to cling to the neck of foreign Christians ? ”

We devoutly pray that such an appeal as this may reach the hearts of our Bengalee Native Christians. It will be a great day for the advancement of Christ's kingdom, when they shall with one heart strive together for the faith of the Gospel. The next extract is interesting as a proof of the decline of idolatry in Calcutta :—

“Some old, respectable people at Calcutta have again established the Dharmsabha (Society of Religion). Its object is to preserve the Hindu religion. All intelligent people will understand how much good is likely to come from an attempt to preserve Hinduism. It would be more wise for Hindus of the present time to examine the Hindu Shastras to see whether Hinduism is true or false—whether salvation can be obtained by it or not. Otherwise the attempt to patch up the old garment will only make those who attempt it look more ridiculous. We expect that in a few years the barbarous Churruck Pooja (swinging festival) will be seen no more. Ever since the piercing with hooks has been forbidden, the excitement of the Pooja has become considerably less. Now, at Calcutta, the Festival is much less frequented than it used to be. Formerly, on the swinging day, it was difficult to move in the street in front of our office. Now, the number of people in the streets is about the same as on other days. In the case of the Doorga Pooja also, and other festivals, the attendance and excitement are gradually lessening. All this is a sign of good to the people.”—*American Missionary Herald*.

#### BADAGRY.

THE Niger Expedition of 1841 served a good purpose. It moved the liberated Africans of Sierra Leone to break up from the temporary home where they had been sheltered, and to return in considerable numbers to the lands of their birth, bringing with them for communication to their countrymen the Christianity which they had been taught. The Yorubas were the first of these migrating races, and Badagry, in the Bight of Benin, to the west of Lagos, was their port of landing, from whence they sought access into the interior.

The movement homeward of these people led to the commencement of the Yoruba Mission. They prayed that Missionaries might accompany them, and Missionaries were sent, the two first places occupied being Abeokuta in the interior, and Badagry on the coast.

Of the first of these places, and the results which have been obtained, by the blessing of God, on the preaching of His word, it is not our

purpose to speak now, except to say that Christianity has been planted there, and a Christian church raised up, which, although now for two years without the presence of a European Missionary, is nevertheless standing its ground, and becoming more and more rooted in the land. With Badagry, however, it has been far otherwise. Long did it seem to be a barren soil, the Popoes, both chiefs and people, being specially indifferent to the teaching of the Missionaries.

But it is well said, "though it tarry, wait for it ; because it will surely come, it will not tarry." When once we have sown a field with the incorruptible seed of God's word, we ought never to leave it because the spring-time is delayed. We may be driven out, but of ourselves we should never leave. "Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it until he receive the early and the latter rain." Shall the husbandman be thus patient in waiting for a harvest, which, after all, may fail, and shall they who preach that word, concerning which the Lord has promised, "My word shall not return to me void," grow discouraged, and desert the post before the harvest comes ?

Badagry, indeed, was left for a time, but only for a time. It was taken up again, and now, from our African Missionary who has been labouring there for many years, we receive accounts which are full of promise. He assures us that the aspect of the work is more encouraging than it has been in any previous year. Not only do the dry bones begin to move, but they are becoming living and effective men, fit for the Saviour's service.

Preaching had been carried on in a part of the town called Fiantos Street, until the illness of the catechist obliged Mr. Pearse to suspend it. He had no reason to think that any good had been done : but one fortnight afterwards he observed in church two persons from that neighbourhood, one Posu, a Popo, and a friend of his called Odunogun, a son of a former king of Lagos. These two, who had formerly been the pests of the place, came, after service was over, to Mr. Pearse, and said that they wished to serve God. The following conversation ensued—

Mr. Pearse asked, "Are you tired with your fetishes ?" Odunogun replied, "I have no fetish whatever. When I was a little boy, my father procured me Ifa, but on the same day we removed with my father from this place to be reinstated at Lagos, my Ifa accidentally dropped into the river : since then I have not cared to have another instead. You know I was a well-known thief here. I am tired of that now. I desire to serve God, not half and half, but with all my heart, as I once served the devil and wounded my own heart." Posu then replied, in reference to my question, thus—"You remember that day when you talked to us about Ifa at Franko (the name of that quarter of the town) ?" I replied, "I don't quite recollect now, but I believe I did." "Well," he rejoined, "those words you said that day are truths which I can never forget. You said, 'Which of these two should be the servant, the master or his slave ?' and we replied, 'The slave.' Then you said that the women were by far wiser than we men ; that they would with fifteen strings of cowries buy a basketful of palm-nuts, but

that we take from forty to sixty heads of cowries to the Babalawos, and received only sixteen palm-nuts, which we call Ifa. My companions laughed heartily, but I could not laugh, for my Ifa cost me exactly sixty heads of cowries, and the troubles that drove me to take it never ceased, but rather increased, since. You then insisted that it was actually 'buying,' and not 'receiving,' as we called the act; that there was really no difference between the action of a man who carried sixty heads of cowries into the market and bought a slave, and that of another man who carried sixty heads of cowries to the Babalawos and bought sixteen palm-nuts; that both were, in truth, 'buying.' You further said that our slaves, sixteen palm-nuts, being thus carried home, we became their servants, and began to serve them. I cannot describe how vexed I was with myself that day. When I went home I could not sleep, sit, or have any ease. I said if the Babalawos had broken into my house and stolen my sixty heads of cowries I could have taken them up as thieves, but I stole myself, I carried the cowries myself, I have nobody to blame but myself. That very night I took the bag containing my Ifa, went to the field and buried it in the ground. I missed you under the tree the following Sunday, and therefore, when I did not see you four days ago, I followed after you to church." These two men, I am thankful to say, are very promising attendants at the means of grace.

Another promising candidate for baptism is Noviejon. He brought me a lot of short brooms tied in a parcel, about the length and thickness of the middle finger, pasted with chewed kola-nuts: this is called Karo. He was dangerously ill, and the Babalawos said it was Ifa that was plaguing him, and this Karo was given him in preparation to receive Ifa. It cost him twenty heads of cowries. By the instrumentality of Jacob Dosa this man was brought to the saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

Oso, and Agbekorode his wife, have also renounced their idols, to seek shelter under the cross of Christ. The wife was first persuaded to attend divine service by one of our people, but it was against the pleasure of her husband, who threatened to put her away unless she would give up going to the house of God. Instead of yielding to her husband's wish, she begged me to help her to speak to him, which I did, and, after some time, the man began to attend the house of God, which he continued to do, in company with his wife, and on November 10th they voluntarily delivered up all their idols, already mutilated with their own hands.

Orunyomi, a slave from Agada, a farm village of Porto Novo, and a Babalawo, is now a free man, and a candidate for baptism. He was acquainted with Akibode\* at Addo some two years ago, as a senior Babalawo. He left Agada with a view to practise the Ifa-craft from place to place as far as Lagos, and then to return. He got to a place called Ijégó near Ipokia, and there met with Akibode, who left on a short visit to his people, not as a Babalawo, but as a preacher of the Gospel of salvation to his people. The man, quite dumb with surprise and wonder, accompanied Akibode home, who introduced him to me by the name

\* See *Gleaner*, for 1864, p. 2.

of Osu (Ifa's servant). The man said, "I am but a young man compared with Akibode: I know not the tenth part of what Akibode knows in Ifa. He sees danger in that way hereafter, and so runs from it as to abandon Ifa. Who am I to stand against a danger which makes Akibode fly? I flee at once from the wrath to come: I fly to God Himself, because I know Ifa cannot save me." I persuaded this man in vain to keep his Ifa for a little while until he has heard the word of God more fully. "No," said he; "what I have heard is enough. I know that Ifa is truly the devil's implement, and therefore, as I give myself to God, I will not keep the devil's property any longer." In about a fortnight after, he came to tell me that he would not keep his name Osu either, but will assume a better name, viz., "Orunyomi," i.e., "God saves me," literally, "Heaven saves me," because he is not returning again to Agada, and thus he is doubly free.

One portion of the population remains unmoved, the old people, who are rapidly passing out of sight into eternity. They who ought to be most thoughtful, are the least so. Indifference to the soul's salvation is a painful sight at any age, but the older the human being the more painful is the spectacle.

I regret to state, that the old generation is fast passing away, without any visible sign of religious awakening. My only hope is that fetish worship will also pass away with them. The past year has cheered up our hopes in reference to many among the middle generation. Already many are privately convinced of the vanity of idolatry, but are only deterred by the old people from making a public profession of the Gospel. Many have encouraged our people to go on, and promised to follow after before long. There is a general cessation of the public fetish dancing, once so notorious in this place.

Nothing, however, is too hard for the Lord. Let there be much prayer offered by those who read these instances of conversion among the heathen at Badagry, that they may be real, genuine, and enduring, and that from amongst the old men many may become as little children.

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#### FLOODS IN TINNEVELLY.

THE following letters from some of our Missionaries in Tinnevelly give full particulars of this disastrous event. The Rev. E. Sargent writes from Palamcottah, Nov. 18, 1869—

We have had rather an anxious time of it for the last two days. The monsoon failed us at its usual time in October, and we hardly had any rain worth speaking of till the 28th of last month; then it cleared up after a few hours, and we had only an occasional shower or so, till last Sunday, when it rained so heavily all the afternoon that the English service at six o'clock in the evening had to be given up. Monday was a clear day, but on Tuesday we had very heavy rain, which continued till about nine o'clock at night, when the wind rose and blew hard till about two o'clock on Wednesday morning. The rain, which seemed to

hold off during the gale, now poured down in torrents. The river rose far beyond its usual flood-levels, and the houses of the European residents in the neighbourhood were surrounded with water from two to three or four feet deep. There was no saying how much higher the water might rise, for it is in the memory of old people here, that some forty-two years ago, when there was no bridge in any way to obstruct the free passage of the stream, the river had flooded both its banks and stood some two or three feet above the flooring of the houses close by. By four o'clock on Wednesday morning the alarm was given that the houses were being flooded, and the family of the Judge and of the Superintendent of Police, including five young children, were obliged to make what haste they could in gaining shelter on higher ground. As my house was the first they could come at, they turned in to us, and glad we were in any way to contribute to their comfort. The depth of water crossed on gaining the high road from the house may be inferred from the fact that one of the ladies, though carried in a chair on men's shoulders, had her feet touching the water for a good part of the way from the house to the main road, and this not standing water, but water rushing at a great speed from the river bank between the bridge and the house, and covering the garden and the level country beyond. As the day broke the desolation was apparent. The high road was strewn with fallen trees, and every garden had suffered severely. At least 200 trees in the neighbourhood of Palamcottah had been blown down by the wind, the general direction in which they lay indicating that the wind had come from the proper monsoon quarter—north-east. Of course the centre of interest lay in our beautiful bridge, built by the princely donation of a wealthy native gentleman, under English engineers.

By eight o'clock several gentlemen had got to the place. The index on the left land pier, which indicates as high as twenty-one feet, was covered, but observation showed that the water was subsiding. A look along the parapet showed that the centre piers, or rather the piers on this side the centre, had sunk a little, and that this solid and beautiful structure might at any moment be swept away during the mighty pressure which was now bearing on it. It is known that some of the ten piers on which the bridge stands had to be constructed on walls that had been carried down to a firm bottom, while the rest of the piers are built on the rock. The rain, which seemed for some hours to clear away, came on again before noon on Wednesday, and by twelve o'clock last night the water had risen about a foot higher even than on the previous night. But the bridge does not seem to have suffered any more than what was apparent at first, and, having stood thus much, we may hope that its day is yet for a long time to come. It is said that several large tanks higher up have burst their bounds, and that this flow of water caused the rise, which at one time threatened so alarmingly. When the water was at its height it was night time, when little could be distinctly seen, but in the day-light, when the flood had even subsided some two feet or so, the whole country to the south of the bridge, being paddy land, was one sheet of water as far as the eye could reach on to the belt of palmyra-trees, more than a mile to the south. Water three feet deep

was also running through the streets of the town of Tinnevelly some two miles off. I need not say that every house in Palamcottah was leaking and uncomfortable. Last year we had  $8\frac{1}{2}$  inches of rain in October, and  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches in November, *i. e.* about 14 inches in two months. This year we had hardly half an inch in October but within seventeen days from the first of November we have had nearly  $16\frac{1}{2}$  inches of rain. The beautiful portico in Grecian style in the front of our Mission church to-day came down with a tremendous crash. It was built by Mr. Pettitt twenty-five years ago, and was very much admired by the natives. I hope the Committee or Christian friends at Madras will kindly enable me speedily to restore this porch, as, without it, the tower looks very unsightly. Part of the wall, also, in front of our girls' school has fallen down, and every cork-tree on the premises. I am apprehensive of the front verandah of my house being shaky, and coming to grief. Four of the houses in which our printing-office men lived have fallen in, and the houses of three other poor natives, but providentially no lives were lost. All this while the barometer indicated but a very small fall. The thermometer ranged from  $75^{\circ}$  to  $82^{\circ}$ . Tinnevelly is so flat a country, and the beds of its rivers so shallow, that a fall of seven inches is more than the rivers can readily carry off. The neighbourhood soon gets flooded, and the usual consequences follow.

In Palamcottah some fifty or sixty dwellings and outhouses have fallen in. A great destruction has been made in the regimental lines; but I believe there has been no loss of life. From other places news comes in slowly of disasters there. The new bridge near Tiruhankudy, which cost some 12,000 rupees, is said to have been carried away. One of my catechists has just come in to say that the church in his village, as well as his own house, has fallen in. Many of the river-fed tanks have burst their banks, and great damage has been done to the kar crop in all directions. The Tapal men, who leave their several stations on Monday, and generally come here on Tuesday morning, did not make their appearance till Thursday, owing to the state of the roads.

Since writing the above, the crack in the bridge has evidently increased, for now there are not only fissures in the parapet on both sides, but a treacherous-looking narrow gap is visible running across the bridge diagonally on the pathway. I remember the opening of this structure some twenty-five years ago. A bridge so scientifically and substantially built was supposed to defy anything that the waters of the Tambiravarni could inflict, and indeed a finer and stronger piece of workmanship, with its eleven arches, each sixty feet in the span, is not to be seen in Southern India.

*Nov. 24.*—Our worst fears about the bridge have been verified. At half-past two o'clock this morning four of the eleven of the arches came down with a fearful crash. The ruin is sad to look upon. Boats are now employed to carry passengers across, as in old times. All over the district we hear of damages committed by the excessive fall of rain. Hundreds of tanks have burst their dams. The district has been thrown back twenty years. I am thankful, however, to add, that as yet we are free from sickness.



The Rev. J. Thomas writes from Megnanapuram, Nov. 22—

We have, through God's good providence, escaped a most grievous calamity, if, indeed, we have quite escaped, but I hope we have. The whole of Tinnevely has been more or less inundated. All the tanks to the west of us burst their banks, and there came such an overwhelming flood, that a large tank just a mile from us could not stand the pressure, and the bank went in three places. Had it not been for the most strenuous efforts day and night on our part, there would have been two or three feet of water in our bungalow at that moment. The only difficulty now is to guard the two dams. Men watch them day and night, for we are not inapprehensive that they may be broken down by jealous neighbours whose houses have been destroyed. Numbers of villages have been flooded, and the people are on the sandhills without any protection.

"AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT."

ZECH. XIV. 7.

It may be that the day is dreary,  
It may be we are very weary,  
It may be we have battled long,  
It may be that our foes are strong,—  
Yet we a word behind us hear  
Which shall our drooping spirits cheer,  
And help to nerve us for the fight—  
"At evening time it shall be light."

Full oft perplexed with many fears,  
In sorrow shedding many tears;  
The shadows now we see are length'ning,  
The darkness deep'ning, evil strength'ning,  
But Faith shall kindle from the night  
A ray of Hope to make it bright—  
"At evening time it shall be light."

In Jesus now we would abide,  
He is our refuge where to hide,  
We're safe in Him whate'er betide—  
But O we long for that glad day  
When He shall come in bright array—  
Caught up to meet our glorious King  
We'll join the Saints whom He shall bring—  
And in His beauty, by His Grace  
Our eyes shall then behold His face—  
When thus He cometh in His might:  
"At evening time it shall be light."

And then shall dawn that day so bright  
That needs no sun, shall know no night,  
For God the LORD shall be its light.—L. G.



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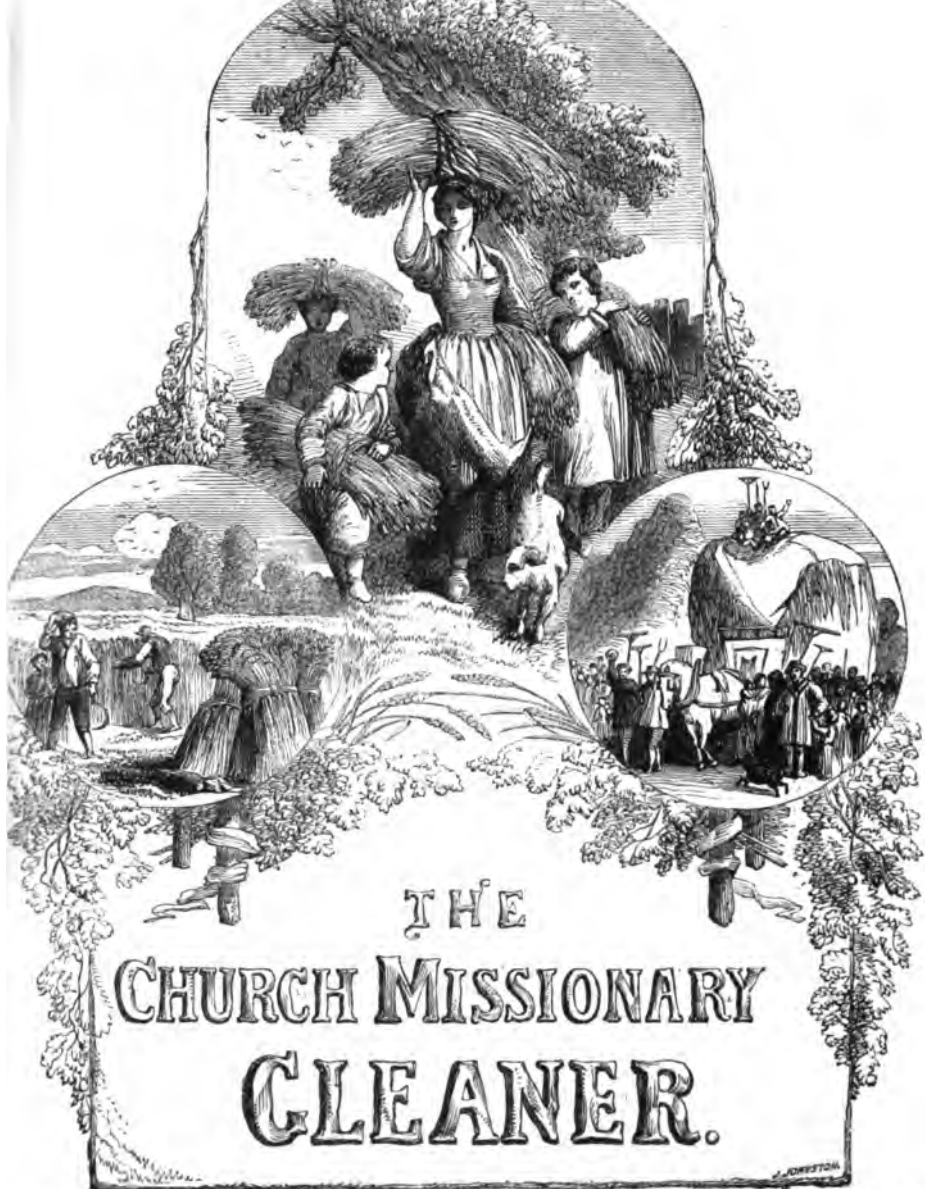
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TRAVANCORE AND ITS MISSION WORK.

TRAVANCORE is a heathen state in South India lying along the Western or Malabar coast. It is one of the richest portions of the peninsular. Its shape is long and narrow. For the distance of ten or twelve



MAVELICARA CHURCH, TRAVANCORE. (From a Photograph.)

May, 1870.

miles inland, it is flat, or nearly so, with gentle swellings, which are available for cultivation. Beyond this tract two hills rise, and at the back of all runs the great chain of mountains, called the Western Ghauts, which divides Travancore from Tinnevely, covered with forests and dense jungle, the haunts of the elephant and the wild tiger. It is a well-watered land, this kingdom of Travancore. Numberless streams, having their sources in the mountains, flow towards the sea, while at a short distance from the sea-shore extend the backwaters, an extensive series of shallow lakes running parallel with the coast, and communicating with the sea at certain places, by which boats bearing the produce of the country may pass from north to south without incurring the danger of coast navigation. In consequence of the abundance of water the country is green all the year round. In the lowlands are extensive fields of rice; in drier spots fine crops of corn. In scanty places cocoa-nuts abound. Pepper and other spices grow abundantly.

The population of this country numbers about one million and a quarter. When pure Christianity was introduced into the land by the Missionaries of the Church Missionary and London Missionary Societies, the people were found to be in a strangely divided state. The Brahmins are the highest and ruling caste; then come other high castes, such as Nairs, Sudras, numbering about one-third of the entire population; next the low caste; and, last of all, the slaves, of whom there are about 128,000. Each caste was despised and oppressed by those above it. The lower in the scale the heavier the weight of oppression which rested on that section of the population, and the slaves were therefore the most cruelly treated of all.

Now there had been in this country a people called Syrian Christians. So long have they been there that it is not precisely known when they first arrived. Had their Christianity been truthful and vivid it would have enlightened the land, but it was not pure at the time of their first arrival, and it became more and more clouded. Instead of gaining upon the surrounding heathenism, the darkness aggressed on it, and as we found this church it was a dead church, without truth or life, or holiness or usefulness. The Church Missionary Society tried to do good, and set about the effort of warming it into life. We would have dealt with it as Elisha did with the Shunamite's son, when he laid himself upon the child, and put his mouth upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands, until the child came to life and opened his eyes; but they would not, and we were obliged to turn to the heathen, and now there are in our congregations in this kingdom no less than 12,000 professing Christians gathered out from all sections of the population, no longer separated by caste distinctions, but uniting in the worship of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and communicating in Christian ordinances, so as to form one people.

One of the most interesting portions of the work is that which has taken place among the slaves. If they have been oppressed by man they have been favoured by the Lord. The Brahmins remain like the ghauts, very lofty, but, with few exceptions, covered with the gloomy

forests of heathenism ; but the slaves are like the lowlands, bringing forth Christian fruit.

One of the first efforts on behalf of these people was brought about in the following way. Our Missionary, the Rev. H. Baker, had been up the hills visiting a tribe of hill people called Arrians. As he passed along an elephant track by the side of a lofty mountain he observed a thin volume of smoke rising among the rocks. Silently the party climbed, expecting to find hunters or smugglers, instead of which they discovered in a hut, hid in the nook of a granite cliff, two men with their wives in a state of the greatest destitution. The men were clothed in pieces of bark beaten into a matted substance, but the poor women had no covering but small green twigs, tied to cords as a fringe round their middle. They were slaves who had fled from the plains nearly one hundred miles distant, from the tyranny of their master, and there they had been for many months, living on wild honey, roots, and wild fruit ; and yet they were not without their idol. A stone had been set up under a tiny shed, to which offerings of fruits and toddy drawn from the wild palm were duly presented.

These poor creatures were persuaded to come down to the Christian village of Mundakyum, where they made themselves useful in helping to drive away the elephants and other wild animals, the Christian people paying them here for the work they did. Very different indeed was this treatment from the scars and wounds and burnings which they had been wont to receive at the hands of their heathen masters.

Just about this time the Rev. N. J. Moody, then our Corresponding Secretary at Madras, visited Mundakyum. He was much interested in the poor slaves, and learned that there were numbers of them to be found living in various parts of the jungles. These facts he mentioned in a letter to some friends at Stamford, where he had once been curate. These friends also became interested in the poor slaves, and offered to pay the expenses of a native Christian who should go into the jungles and seek out the lost sheep. The question then was, would there be any one willing to go. Mr. Baker, at a meeting of his communicants, read the letter, and asked if any of them would undertake the work. No one spoke : they looked at each other. At length an old man said, "Well, Sir, years ago I used to take salt, cooking vessels and iron tools to those escaped slaves : I will go if you think me fit. Give me but food and clothing and I am satisfied : my eldest son will provide for my family." Thus the work commenced. The slaves began to come in and their numbers increased. They were wont to collect in a shed made of bamboos and thatched with elephant grass. The "line on line, precept on precept" told on them. Several of them had their eyes opened to see the value of Jesus as a Saviour and almighty Friend. They wished to be baptized, but thought that as slaves they were too impure to be admitted. Undeceived on this point, they were admitted to baptism, and they then became troubled in conscience, thinking that they were bound to return to the masters from whom they had run away, for they remembered how Paul sent back Onesimus to Philemon. They did so. Some of them soon returned, having been severely beaten by their masters ; but of the others nothing was heard for a long time.

At length the harvest season came round, when thousands of the low-country people enter the hills to help in gathering in the grain, and then the missing ones appeared, bringing with them a crowd of strange slaves. The work is progressing amongst this section of the Travancore population. Slave communicates with slave, one congregation reproduces others, and now that the political condition is amended, and they are no longer legally slaves, they are free to place themselves under instruction, and Christianity is rapidly advancing.

There are eight Missionary centres in Travancore, and there are few of them which have not slave converts in connexion with them. One of these stations is represented in our engraving, that of Mavelicara, which is a large town, containing a population of 60,000, in which are included many persons of the principal classes and castes in the country. Once the seat of Government, it is even now called "The Eye of Travancore." The relatives of the reigning Rajah reside there. The temples are in a flourishing state, and numerous Brahmins are fed and lodged at the public expense. It was taken up as a Mission station by the Rev. J. Peet in 1838, and the work has been persisted in until now, when the Mavelicara church has become a centre, having in connexion with it thirteen out-stations, all off-shoots from the parent stem, each of which shall in due time become centres of light and life to the surrounding country. They are well placed for such a purpose, being very generally separated from each other by long distances, and well spread abroad in every direction. The Mavelicara church has sent forth on all sides its runners, which have here and there struck down into the soil.

YU-YIAO AND ITS CONVERTS.

It is gratifying when we are privileged to receive incidental and favourable notices of our Missionary work, written by persons not immediately interested in the Mission, but from persons who happen to look in. The following testimony to our native Christians at an out-station of our Ningpo Mission, and to the native evangelist who is at work amongst them, is written by an American Missionary—

Mr. Butler and myself were on our way to Hangchow when we stopped at Yu-Yiao to wait for a change of tide. We went to the house of the native preacher, Mr. Bao. He proposed to take us to see some of the native church members, and as the day was rainy, we determined to visit those in the immediate vicinity.

We first stopped at a plain house by the road-side, where a woman about fifty years old was engaged in breaking iron on an anvil with a heavy hammer. She gave us a hearty welcome to her house. I was curious to know what she was doing. "Why," she said, "this is our fixed employment, to *mo tih só*—grind iron-dust. We first pound the old iron into as small pieces as possible, and then put it on the platform in the corner, and my husband and myself grind it by pulling

backward and forward over it a heavy block of iron." She showed me a large bowl of fine powder-dust thus produced. It is used in mending broken earthenware, and there is a steady demand for it in the market. While we were speaking her husband entered. He was well dressed, and was evidently having a kind of holiday. It was near the new year, when the natives spend a good deal of time in visiting and recreation. They expressed a good deal of anxiety about a daughter who is also a Christian, who is married to an opium-smoker and lives about fifteen miles distant, and seldom has the privilege of going to church or seeing any other Christian, either native or foreign. Mr. Bao informed us, after leaving, that this man and his wife are among the most exemplary of the members of his church. They are always at their place at church services and prayer-meetings, and contribute generously for religious purposes.

A short distance from this place we went into an eating-house, and were introduced to a young man who seemed to have charge of the establishment. I asked if he were one of the church members. Instead of giving a direct answer to my question, he merely replied, "I am far from being what I ought to be." As there were many others present, I refrained from making further inquiries about him, and after a short call we left. I learned that this young man had entered the church in opposition to the earnest remonstrances of his mother, who, after he had made a profession of Christianity, used all her influence to draw him back to heathenism. A few months since she was taken seriously ill, and sent for this son, who was some distance from home, expressing a strong desire to see him once more before she died. When he arrived she was still able to speak to him, and, taking him by the hand, she said, "I have one request to make of you which you must not deny me. I wish you to promise me, in order that I may die peaceful and happy, that you will renounce the religion of Jesus." Relatives and neighbours who were present all joined in urging upon the young man his unconditional compliance with this request, saying that it would be most unfilial to refuse to comply with a mother's wishes under these circumstances; and he yielded. From that time to this he has been in a painful state of doubt and distress, undetermined as to whether he shall be influenced by his conscience or his vow to his mother, by the earnest entreaties of his Christian friends, or heathen relatives.

From this place we were to visit the family of Jun-Kao, one of the first of the converts of Yu-Yiao, who has frequently been referred to in letters from that place. He is an earnest, active, and useful Christian. His mother, his wife, and several of his relatives are also members of the church. It is most encouraging to meet with such a family in a heathen city.

We next visited the Wong family. A young man belonging to it united with the church about six months since. He is, I should think, near twenty-four years of age. He is of a quiet and retiring disposition, but possessed of much firmness and force of character. He is diligent and successful at his business, and at the same time spends most of his evenings at the chapel with the native pastor, and is making rapid progress in acquiring Christian knowledge. A number of guests were

spending the afternoon at his father's house, and all present listened with attention to an earnest, clear, and forcible presentation of the truth by the native pastor. Mr. Wong, the father, in making replies, and in anticipating the conclusion to which the discourse was tending, showed clearly, not only that he had been faithfully informed as to the truth of the Gospel, but also that he was favourably impressed by it. It is our hope that through this son who has first been called into the kingdom, his family may also become sharers in the great salvation.

THE TIDAL WAVE ON THE DZAO-NGO RIVER, CHE-KIANG,
CHINA, NOVEMBER 12, 1867.

At noon, while slept the fitful breeze,
The dull sail flapping by the pole,
We struggled with the ebbing tide,
Far off the goal.

There came a sound as of the sea.
Above a rush of gathering wind :
We turned, and saw the tidal wave
'Tower up behind.

Round swung the boat to meet the shock,
The wave's crest struck and struck again ;
We tossed and rolled as when the storms
Shake yonder main.

But soon the troubled stream grew calm,
Full, strong, and flowing swiftly on ;
We turned, and on its bosom reached
Our goal anon.

Through the wide earth thy kingdom, Lord,
Scarce battles with the opposing tide ;
Far off the heavenly breezes breathe ;
Thy foes deride !

Oh feeble faith and faint desires,
That cry not for Thy saving might,
With Hell's gate yawning for Earth's tribes,
With Heaven in sight !

Oh let Thy grace, then, like the wave
Come from the eternal ocean in ;
And break the calm of earthly love,
The glare of sin.

It may be that thy coming, Lord,
By tribulation's angry roar
Pre-heralded, shall shake the world
From shore to shore,

Yet come, and on Thy mercy's breast,
Through storm or calm, through weal or woe,
Carry us thither, where the storms
No longer blow.

A.E.M.

METLAHKATLAH.

THE Rocky Mountains constitute a kind of backbone to the American continent, with this difference, that the portions on either side of the lengthened space are very unequal in extent, those on the east side being immense territories ; those on the west, except on the Youcon district, being very limited ; but the latter have a compensation in the way of climate, for the Rocky Mountains shelter them from the cold east winds, and lay them open to the genial influences which come from the Pacific Ocean.

And hence, while the human occupants on the east side are sparse, so that you may travel hundreds of miles and not meet a human being ; on the west side, when the climate is comparatively mild, and the game and fish abundant, the Indian tribes are very numerous.

Fifteen years ago they were in utter darkness ; nothing had been done for them. Through the representations of Captain Prevost, R.N., who had been stationed on the coast of British Columbia, the Church Missionary Society was induced to commence a Mission, and Mr. Duncan was sent out in 1857 to see what could be done, and on reaching the coast he took up his abode at one of the Hudson-Bay Company's Forts, called Fort Simpson, living within the stockade for defence. Even the Indians thought that it was not safe for him to venture into their midst. They were in bondage to cruel superstitions, under the influence of which unoffending persons were murdered in cold blood, and on their remains cannibalism of a most revolting kind was perpetrated. Mr. Duncan's life was at one time threatened by one of the fierce chiefs. He held up his knife as though he would slay him on the spot, because, during the time of the medicine feast, he refused to close the little school he had opened. But Mr. Duncan was enabled to stand firm and show no fear ; and a change came over the man, so that he dropped his head, and, turning away from the company, walked silently away. This man afterwards became converted like him who was of old called Legion. A man of very decided Christian character, he was to be seen sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind.

Another great difficulty which Mr. Duncan had to contend against, was the language. It was very difficult, and yet, until he could speak to the people in their own tongue he felt that he could not do real Missionary work. He engaged a young Indian to assist him, and having written out an address which he wished to deliver to the Indians, proceeded, with this man's help, to render it into the native tongue. As they went along the young Indian asked questions, and more particularly about Jesus Christ, and what it was He had come to do. He found it was difficult to understand that he had borne our punishment and suffered in our stead that we might go free. But as his eyes opened to that blessed truth, he became quite serious, and his whole manner, which had been rough, became softened.

At length the address was prepared, and Mr. Duncan sent word that he intended on a certain day visiting the houses of the chiefs, and that he wished them to assemble their people that he might speak to them.

In the first house which he visited were gathered about 150 of these wild, uncouth people. His courage almost failed him, and he said to his interpreter, "I fear it will be impossible for me to read this paper. I shall speak to them in English, and you can render what I say into Tsimshian." But the man would not. He was thus forced to begin, and so he went from house to house. "I confess," he says, "that cluster after cluster of these half-naked and painted savages was, to my unaccustomed eyes very alarming, but the reception which I met with was truly wonderful and encouraging."

Thus God gave him favour in the eyes of this people, and at the end of not more than four and a-half years from the time of his arrival, the first converts—fourteen men and five women—were baptized.

He now removed the station from Fort Simpson, where the temptations were too numerous and powerful to be healthy, to a place about fifteen miles distant, on the shore of a lovely channel, always smooth, and abounding with salmon and shell-fish, with plenty of beach room and plots of ground suitable for gardens.

Here is now the Mission village, with its 300 baptized Christians, and several hundreds more, who, although not yet baptized, are under instruction, and conform to the Christian regulations of the village.

The Mission Indians live in log-houses. They have their gardens. The channel in front of the village, west and south, is studded with islands. On these are the gardens of the Mission, affording to each person and family a good-sized garden of excellent soil. Next we may notice the school-chapel, an immense circular building, capable of holding 700 persons. It is a pretty sight to see the whole population, old and young, when the bell rings, thronging to worship God. As they enter the men take the right hand, the women the left. The singing is plaintive, the responses heartily joined in, and the sermon, wisely adapted to the Indian mind, listened to with deep attention.

Then there is the Mission house, solidly built with large square timbers, sixty-four feet by thirty-two, and lined with cedar. On the ground-floor are eight rooms, lofty and commodious. Up-stairs we find a spacious dormitory looking out pleasantly on the island gardens. Here are fourteen Indian girls, boarders in the Mission house. Mr. Duncan soon perceived how hopeless it was to raise the tribe if the women remained low and degraded. He trusted to raise up, under the influence of Christianity, some specimens of superior women. But if that were to be done, they must be taken into the Mission house, just as in early spring the tender plants are raised under glass frames to protect them from the frosts. And these girls are happy and contented. They are not only well taught, but kept fully occupied and are well watched; and they grow up so superior to their countrywomen, that the Christian young men not only prefer them as wives to all others, but will have none others.

Next we may visit the saw-mill, whither the rough timber brought in from the forest is sawn into planks or cut into shingles; or perhaps the soap factory is deserving of our attention; for when Mr. Duncan took the Indians in hand he found them filthy in their persons, and they excused themselves by saying that soap was so excessively dear

that they could not procure it; and so Mr. Duncan taught them to make their own soap.

Or let us go down to the beach, and there we find the schooner with which the Indians bring their produce from Victoria, placing it in the hands of the agent, and receiving in return such things as are required by the Mission. The master is a Christian Indian, and the crew are Christian Indians. Again, in connexion with the schooner may be mentioned the store, well filled with goods adapted to Indian life; and this makes the village a centre of attraction to the wild Indians of the interior, who come in considerable numbers to barter their skins for such things as they want. And for their accommodation is provided a large building, ninety feet by thirty, under the roof of which there is a court-house, for there is law and a native police in Metlahkatlah, and a guest-house, for it is not thought desirable that these as yet rude Indians should be lodged in the houses of the Christian Indians. Here, therefore, they find a lodging during their stay, while the Missionary visits them there, converses with them, and instructs them.

And now Mr. Duncan has just returned to England for a few months, in order to perfect various arrangements which are necessary for the progress of the Mission. Amongst other things, he wants to build a church instead of the school-chapel, and we doubt not that English Christians will help him, for the Mission is well worthy of support.

LAHUL.

LAHUL is a British district of the Western Himalaya. It formerly belonged to Ladak, and has been transferred from the rule of the Maharajah of Cashmere to that of the British Queen. To its north-east lies Ladak; to the east Spiti. If our readers will take a map of the Punjab, and trace up the course of the river Chenab, they will find its head-waters in Lahul, although not so elevated as some of the adjacent districts, yet the mean height of its inhabited parts is not less than 11,000 feet. Our readers are no doubt aware that some of the peaks of the Western Himalaya run up as high as from 20,000 to 25,000 feet. Hence, although the inhabited parts of Lahul lie so high, yet are they surrounded by mountains still higher.

The people, their language and dwellings, are mostly Tibetan, but with a strong mixture of Indian origin. Their religion is Buddhism, and their priests are called Lamas. The Lama wears a long red dress, bound round the wrist with a stripe of cotton, on which he carries his effects. Two large sheathed knives are also stuck in this belt; also his flint and steel, his money-bag and amulets. Round his neck he wears a string of beads, which he counts like a Romish priest. On each side of his red cap is stuck a quantity of letters and forms of prayer. His white boots are

tipped with red. He also carries his prayer-cylinder filled with rolls of printed prayers and charms, which revolve as the instrument is turned round, and are regarded as so many prayers, which go to his account.

In this country, at a place called Kyelang, we find some Missionaries. They settled there in 1857, and reports of them published in the Periodical Accounts of the United Brethren, tell us how they have fared.

The following is a letter by a Missionary named Rechler.

I have recently returned from a visit to Simla, the main object of which was to see some of the friends and supporters of our work here. During my stay there I was most hospitably entertained at the house of Dr. Brandis, Inspector-general of Forests, enjoying very pleasant Christian intercourse with himself and his lady. Through his instrumentality I had a welcome opportunity of conversing with several persons of position and influence about our Tibetan Mission, and found considerable interest and sympathy. I was also favoured to have an audience of more than half an hour with His Excellency the Viceroy, Lord Mayo, who was exceedingly kind, and assured me of his readiness to aid and further our work whenever able to do so.

I returned home laden with valuable presents, which will be most useful in our household, and for which we cannot be too grateful, and also with the conviction that in India there are many hearts beating warmly, and many payers offered continually in behalf of poor cold Lahul, its people still in darkness, and us, the Lord's weak labourers, in their midst.

Some time ago we had a pleasant visit from an English clergyman, who is undertaking very extensive travels in these and other parts of the world. He manifested much interest in our work, and handed us a donation of 500 rupees "for a purpose which would directly benefit the inhabitants of Lahul." This sum of money came most opportunely, and we thankfully availed ourselves of it for opening four schools in different villages. These are favourably regarded by parents and boys, and also by the men of influence or aristocracy, and we are glad to be able to employ as teachers some boys who have been receiving instruction here for three or four years, and are happy to be employed as schoolmasters in their respective villages. We hope that, in the next generation, ability to read will be almost universal, and with God's blessing on the perusal of His word, which is being printed as fast as we can manage it, we may believe that a bright day is yet in store for this benighted land.

A LETTER FROM STANLEY, N.W. AMERICA.

THIS station is situated about 700 miles from the Red River Settlement, on the Mississippi or English River, whose waters divide the Chipewyans on the northern shore from the Crees on the southern. There are forty families of Christian Indians around this point. Their dwellings are chiefly along the bank of the

river. As the Bishop of Rupert's Land, on his recent visitation, was approaching this station, the Christian Indians in their canoes joined his boat, so that when they came up to the beautiful church and Mission house, he was followed by a long procession. There are four out-stations at various distances, to which Missionary journeys have to be made.

The cold in the depth of winter is intense, penetrating everywhere, above and below the ground. The Rev. R. Hunt, who commenced this station in 1853, thus describes what it was in his day—"We are obliged to confine the children to the bed-room, the only part of the house we can keep at a temperature they can support, without roasting their faces before the fire, while their backs freeze. Even there the thermometer indicated 29° of frost at half-past five o'clock A.M. In the room where we breakfasted, although there was a great fire, the temperature on the table was 25° of frost, and at dinner, in the same room, the water froze in our glasses so quickly that we broke the ice again and again in order to drink. If the plates are not taken hot from the fire, anything put on them in a semi-fluid state quickly congeals. The knives and forks also must be put to the fire before they can be used with comfort."

A ladies' working party, with which the writer of this article has the privilege of being acquainted, has been in the habit of sending out a bale of goods, ready-made garments of various kinds, to the excellent native pastor at Stanley, the Rev. John A. Mackay, for distribution among the people. We doubt whether the kind friends who take part in these working parties are sufficiently aware how welcome the proceeds are to some far off Missionary at some lonely post like Stanley, where, amidst difficulties and privations, he is labouring for the salvation of the poor Indians. But let this letter from Mr. Mackay be widely read, and it will serve as fuel to the fire, so as to make their zeal burn more brightly.

December 21st, 1869.

I am often very much concerned at not being able to acknowledge the kindness of Christian friends in England, who send us gifts of clothing. My failing to do so does not proceed from ingratitude or carelessness, but from ignorance of the donors, or their places of abode. I received, in September last, a small parcel from the Ladies' Working Party, Christ Church Parsonage, T.W. I have been led to believe that this is your address, and I therefore desire to express to you, and to the other ladies of the party, my deep sense of your kindness to one who is unknown to you, except as an humble labourer in the work of the Gospel. The parcel was forwarded from Cumberland Station by Mr. Budd, by whom the bulk of the clothing was received; but it matters little by whom such gifts are received; they are equally valuable at every station among the poor of our severe climate, and we as earnestly pray, that the

blessing of the great Head of the church may be with you for your love to the cause of Missions.

We are now approaching the season of Christmas. It is in England, as I have read and heard, a season of rejoicing, of family gatherings, and happy re-unions. Here, too, we have our gathering at Christmas. Our Indians come from their distant hunting-grounds, some of them several days' journey, to join in the religious services of the season, and to gather around the table of the Lord. I have just come in from our daily evening prayers and lecture in the schoolroom, where I had the pleasure of seeing some who have been absent for months.

I should like to give some details of my work, but I fear that I have little to write of an interesting character. I wrote to you in August last, through our kind friend Mrs. Hunt, shortly after we had enjoyed the privilege of a visit from our good bishop. Not long after, I went down to the Frog Portage, two days' travelling from Stanley, to visit a party of Indians who were desirous of instruction. I travelled in a small birch canoe, with only an Indian boy. The Indians whom I went particularly to visit, belong to Deer Lake. They were never before instructed by a Missionary, but they have been, I trust, won over to the truth by two of our Stanley Indians, who have visited them at different times to impart to them the light of the Gospel. After my return from this journey we had holy communion, as usual, before the Indians dispersed to their hunting-grounds.

A good deal of my time was taken up this autumn in completing and fitting up a new schoolroom. The carpenter work had to be done almost entirely by myself, as our Indians are not skilled in any handicraft.

As soon as winter had fairly set in, and the lakes and rivers were sufficiently frozen over to allow of travelling on the ice, I left, in company with a party of fur-traders, to visit an encampment of Indians, a week's travelling from the station. On the second day after leaving home, we reached a trading station, where we heard of an unfortunate accident, the death of two young men from drowning. The circumstances were peculiarly sad. Their father had left the station, to spend the winter with a family of heathen Indians, in order to instruct them in the truths of the Gospel. He expected his sons to join him, and they were endeavouring to fulfil their father's wishes when they met their sad fate. They embarked one evening in a small canoe: the weather was already cold, and ice forming in the lake, and nothing was found to tell the sad tale, except their canoe crushed among the ice. In a small community like ours, where all are connected by ties of friendship and relationship, such an event casts a gloom over all. I returned alone from where I heard the sad news, giving up my intended Missionary journey, to go in search of the bereaved family, to acquaint them with their loss, and to impart Christian consolation; but after six days' travelling I was obliged to return, without accomplishing my object. The parents had already moved off to fulfil their mission, and they are still, therefore, ignorant of their loss. Such is Missionary work in this country. A Missionary has often to undergo much toil and hardship, without any apparent result from his efforts. The eldest of the two young men mentioned above has left a widow and three small children.

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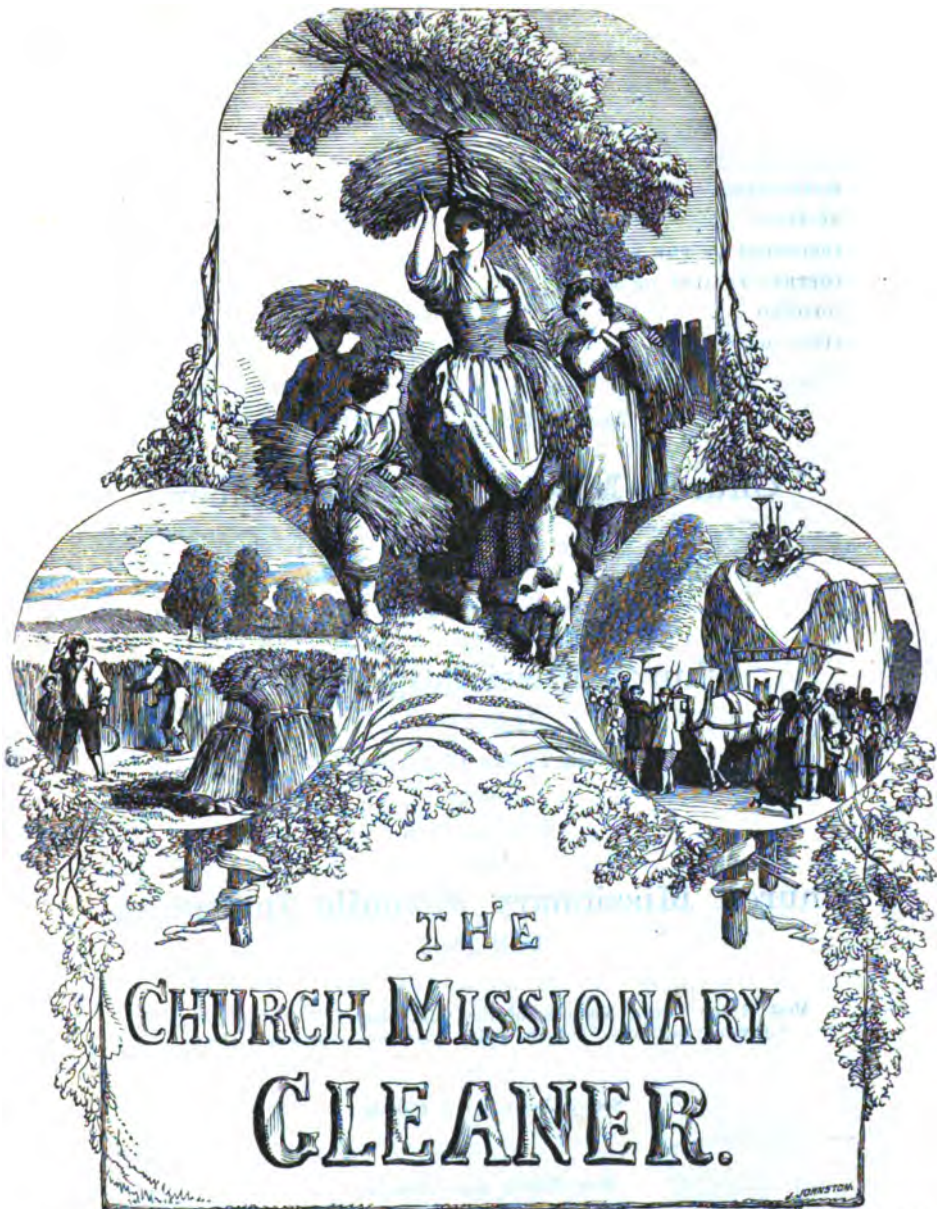
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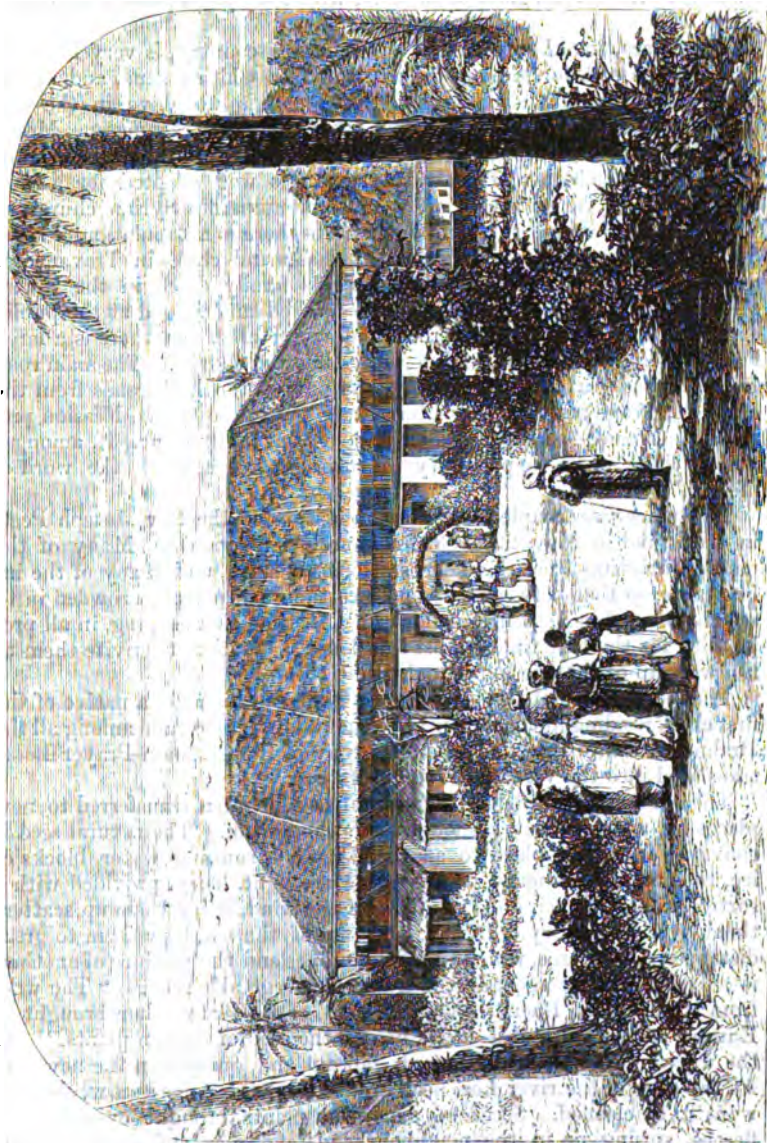
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MAVELICARA.

In our last Number we published an engraving of Mavelicara Church. Mavelicara is a large town, containing a population of 60,000. It was once the seat of the Travancore Government, and a place of great note



MISSION BUNGALOW, MAVELICARA.

and is still called by the natives, "The Eye of Travancore." It retains many vestiges of its ancient grandeur—large buildings and tanks, and the remains of a very extensive fort, in which the arsenal was kept, and the Rajah had his palace: there are also wide and well-constructed roads leading to the several gates of the fort, with lofty pines planted on either side.

Mavelicara, together with the surrounding country, is very low and flat, and the soil, for the most part, is a fine whitish sand, and as the heat, from the low situation and loose soil, is excessive in the dry season, it is not so healthy as many other parts of Travancore. Moreover, when the rains come, the rivers rise, and the place becomes damp and sultry. In other respects Mavelicara is well adapted for a Missionary station, being within a few miles of numerous Syrian churches; while in the town and surrounding districts there is a population of some 300,000, composed of all the principal classes and castes in Travancore. Several members of the reigning Rajah's family dwell in the town; also a great number of Brahmins, who are fed and lodged at the public expense. The Nairs are numerous and respectable, and there is a large body of Syrian Christians, with a richly-endowed church. The main road from different parts of the country, and one of the high roads from the old "Pundyan," or Company's territories, pass close by the Mission premises, and hence there is an almost continual influx of people, amongst whom there is an opportunity of sowing some seeds of the word of life.

This place was occupied as a Mission station by the Rev. Joseph Peet, in 1838, and in May 22, 1839, a church was opened. Many of the native Christians from the older stations attended, and many of the inhabitants, so that between one and two thousand persons crowded in to see this new thing. A little before 11 A.M. the bell was rung, in all probability for the first time amidst this dense population, to invite them to the worship of the one living and true God.

Then soon followed the baptism of a Nair and his wife, a native of the first class, residing in the fort, near to the Rajah's palace, and among all the Brahmins. Into this man's hands a copy of the Common-Prayer Book, translated into the vernacular, found its way.

The seed of the word, like the natural seed, is often transferred to new places by ways we never should have thought of. The natural seed is conveyed from one place to another by wind, running water, blocks of ice, the action of animals. Some seeds are light, hairy, provided with a sort of wings on their downy tufts, and the wind, lifting them up, scatters them over a country. Rivers, currents of the sea, bear them to great distances. Commerce, which transfers to one land the produce of another, is often an indirect agent in the transfer of vegetable seed. "The wool from the sheep of Buenos Ayres, Mexico, or La Plata, when brought to Europe, carries entangled in its fleeces the seed of foreign plants." As the wool is being cleaned the seeds fall out and quicken in the new soil. At the edge of the river Lez, near Montpellier, the American wools were wont to be cleaned. Seeds of American plants, brought over in those fleeces, sprung up in the neighbourhood, and new and strange plants

invited the attention of the botanist. Portions of the Scripture, Prayer-books, Tracts, are, like the seed, wafted here and there, and, falling into the hands of disquieted and anxious persons, afford to them a first glimmering of light, until they are eventually led to a glad apprehension of Jesus as the only Saviour.

So it was with this Nair. He read the Prayer-book, and his interest was awakened. He next procured a New Testament, and this he read with eagerness. His confidence in his own superstitions was shaken, and his mind was aroused to a conviction of the truth of Christianity. Such was his state when Mr. Peet met him. Conversations ensued, which were blessed to the enlightenment of his soul, and he openly declared his purpose of becoming a Christian. At first his relatives did not mind him, but when they found him persisting in the study of Christian books, they persecuted him, so much so, that, although the head of his house, he was obliged to leave his home, and hire a small house near the Mission premises, where, with his wife, he spent the whole of his spare time in reading Christian books. All possible efforts were made to prevent him making a public profession of Christianity. At length he was obliged to leave his new home, secreting himself during the day, returning only by night. As the persecution became stronger, and there was no doubt of the man's sincerity, Mr. Peet resolved on baptizing him, and the man and his wife were baptized on Lord's-day, June 9th, 1839, in the presence of the, as yet, little native congregation, and a considerable number of strangers, receiving the names of Cornelius and Mary.

They were the first-fruits of the Mavelicara Mission. Since then the little one has become a thousand and something more, there being now in the Mavelicara district no less than 3400 native Christians, in charge of two native ministers. The last convert, so far as we are aware, who has been baptized, is a young Nair, of good family, and reckoned somewhat of a scholar. He had been for a long time in an anxious state of mind, reading the Puranas and other Hindu works, in the hope of finding rest to his soul. At length a tract, called "The Way of Life," given him by one of the Christians, was made the means of bringing him to Christ. He has been named Nathaniel.

YŪ-YIAO.*

In our gleanings we have trespassed unintentionally beyond our own boundaries into the fields of another owner, and we have gathered there a goodly bundle of ears of corn, but we must restore them, and that without delay.

The Rev. A. E. Moule has very kindly pointed out to us the error into which we have fallen, in the following passage:—

"Yŭ-Yiao is not 'an out-station of our Ningpo Mission.' It was so when I reached China in 1861, and in October of that year my wife and myself were preparing to go and live in that city (some thirty miles up the river Yung), when the Tæ-ping rebels came down and threw all

* See Article "Yŭ-Yiao and its converts," in our last number.

our work and plans into confusion. When the wave of war and trouble had passed by, Russell and Burdon had left us for England and Peking, and our staff of workers was so much enfeebled that we (my brother George, Fleming and myself) determined to hand over our one inquirer and Mission premises to the Presbyterian American Mission in that city, and to concentrate our efforts on the Scen-poh out-stations. Yü-Yiao is a city of some 30,000 inhabitants, and is divided by the river into two parts—the old and new cities. Before the rebellion the American Mission and our own took, one, one side of the river and one the other, but since 1862 the American Presbyterians have been alone there. God has greatly blessed their work, and the writer of the letter which you quote, whom, together with Mr. Butler, I know well, was visiting his own converts and not ours, *en route* to Hangchow. The Mr. Bao whom he names I know also: he is a young man about half the age of *our* Bao.

Our readers will perceive that we trespassed just at the point where the separating fence was slight, and where the footsteps of our own Missionaries had once been. That there should be another Chinese evangelist named Bao, besides our own Mr. Bao of Ningpo, we never imagined; and so the similarity of the name led us away into fields where we had no right to glean, except with a distinct recognition of the fact, that our gleanings belonged to the harvest of another Society.

Perhaps our American brethren will the more readily excuse us, seeing that in the annual survey of the Missions of the American Presbyterian Board there is no mention made of Yü-yiao. Ningpo, Hangchow, and Shanghai, are enumerated as constituting the one Mission of Ningpo, but Yü-yiao is not specified. Thus our mistake has supplied an omission, and brought out before the Christian public this interesting out-station, which claims forcibly its share of Christian sympathy.

SPRINGING OF THE SEED.

WHEN fields have been duly sown there is a period of delay, more or less protracted, before the seed appears, and when it does appear, it is at first sparsely. Here and there a green blade is seen, but the little patches are often widely separate from one another. Where, however, there are these first-fruits we are encouraged to hope there will be more.

We have our large field of professing Christians among the Tamil people of Tinnevely, but we are not satisfied with a fair show in the flesh. It is encouraging to see well-attended churches, congregations serious and interested, communicants in fair proportion; but while thankful for all this, we want something more. We desire to see more of that which the Lord looks for—the growth

of spiritual character, and the opening of the ~~his~~ go for his livelihood. in true affection to him.—“Let us go forth into ~~ten~~ temple. The lodge in the villages; let us get up early to the vineyards, and that see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grape appetant death: whether pomegranates bud forth.”

And we are enabled to trace in our Tinnevely Mission ~~son~~ which these choice results.

The following instances are selected from the district of Nullur, containing some 2500 professing Christians. They are reported by the native pastor, the Rev. A. Samuel—

Sivanthipuram—The headman of this congregation is, I believe, a truly pious man: he is also a communicant. He may be said to be a shining light in these dark regions. His mother is a heathen. There has always been a conflict going on between the different members of this family. While the mother is endeavouring to persuade her two sons and their families, who are Christians, to go back to heathenism, the brothers are trying their utmost to bring her and another brother of theirs, who is still a heathen, to a knowledge of Christianity. Such were their respective aims and intentions for a long time; when one day the mother, returning home from her idol-worship, began enthusiastically to extol her religion, ridicule Christianity, and abuse and curse her sons. Thereupon the younger of the two brothers, not being able to bear her abuses and imprecations, got into a passion and beat her; but the elder one immediately ran and reproved him, saying, We must exhort her and pray for her. Some time after, the elder brother's wife went with her husband to see their cultivation. While they were there she was seriously hurt in one of her legs by the fall of a tree, which had been cut down by some people in the neighbourhood. She was immediately brought home, where her mother-in-law would neither go to see her nor sympathize with her in any way, but, on the contrary, went and told everybody that this affliction was caused by her gods, whom they had refused to worship. She was now quite sure of effecting her purpose, that is, of bringing them back to heathenism. But God has frustrated her designs. The broken leg is, by God's mercy, now almost well; and the woman is able to walk about a little. She and her husband, I am thankful to say, had grace given them to resist the wiles of the devil, and to continue steadfast during this trying season. They experience great annoyances from the surrounding heathen likewise. This good man, when not occupied otherwise, is in the habit of accompanying the catechist to preach the Gospel to the heathen. The unnatural conduct of the mother reminds us of the Priest and Levite in the parable of the Good Samaritan, who passed by on the other side when they saw the man that fell among thieves; and at the same time affords a literal fulfilment of that saying of our blessed Lord—“There shall be five in one house divided, three against two, and two against three. The father shall be divided against the son, and the son against the father; the mother against the daughter, and the daughter against the mother; the mother-in-law against her daughter-in-law, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law.”

Phathirapally—This congregation consists of four families, though at one time there were a good many more. These four families continue steadfast, in spite of the many persecutions which they are constantly called to suffer from the backsliders. The palmyras and lands, on which they depended for the necessities of life, were taken away from them; and yet they would not give up Christianity. Besides, they are very diligent in learning their lessons. They show a great desire to be taught in the fundamental truths of our holy religion. They are also very regular in their attendance on the means of grace, though they have no proper place of worship. The present state of this congregation is both encouraging and full of promise. If, by God's grace, they continue faithful, I have no doubt they will in time prove a great blessing to themselves and to the large population of that region which may be styled "Gaza, which is desert."

Thuthikullam—There is only one Christian family in this place, consisting of an old woman and her three married sons. These poor people were slaves at one time. Though they had subsequently purchased their freedom by the payment of a certain sum of money, their former owner was unjustly compelling them to work for him, as if they were still his slaves. While they were thus under the cruel yoke of this hard-hearted master, they happened to hear our Christian teaching, and gladly embraced the Gospel. From that time the man left off troubling them, fearing his conduct might be brought to the notice of the Government officials. They are now perfectly free, but they love to serve God. They are very regular in attending the means of grace, for which they gladly go to the next village, about a mile distant. On the occasion of my last visit to this village I was exceedingly pleased to see the old woman, with her three sons and their wives, coming in a group, with merry faces, to attend prayers. Their collecting-pots also were in their hands. Their contents were much beyond their scanty means, which show that they give cheerfully and heartily. If they continue faithful, and stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ appears to have made them free, they will in time prove a great blessing to other heathen slaves in those parts. We bless God that He has been pleased to reveal Himself to these poor ignorant people.

Kilpillarkullam—The conduct of a youth in this congregation is exceedingly gratifying. He is a Maravan by caste, but he has given up all his bad habits as such, and leads a quiet and honest life. He is gentle and meek in disposition. He has made considerable progress in knowledge. After observing him for several years, and conversing with him on many occasions, I have every reason to be satisfied with his sincerity and Christian piety. His faith in the Saviour is particularly conspicuous. It is not always that we meet with such pious youths among this notorious people. May God, who appears to have begun a good work in him, perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."

One more instance from the reports of the Rev. D. Gnanamuttu—

At Madathur I heard a pleasing instance by which I was confirmed in the fact that a right knowledge about our God and false gods is possessed by our people. One of our Christians belonging to this con-

gregation happened to join with several heathen and go for his livelihood by reaping. As they went on they met with a heathen temple. The god of that temple was considered by the heathen ferocious, and that any one daring to disrespect it would meet with instant death. The heathen challenged the Christian, and asked him whether he would go to the top of the Paran, a high wooden altar on which the victims were killed, and prove the superiority of his God. Upon this the Christian, with a clear understanding that the fear of the heathen was altogether foolish, went to the top of it without any hesitation, sat upon it, and told them that the God whom he worshipped was a mighty God, and that therefore he would get no harm whatever by his so doing. The heathen watched him, as the people of Melita looked upon St. Paul, hoping that he would get some fearful punishment or would be killed soon. But when they saw that no evil came to him, they were quite ashamed. I may mention another instance. There is a Christian man at Dhippanampatty, a congregation in which there is, as it appears to me, not much life and light on the whole after several years' faithful and earnest labours of a good catechist. This man, in the early part of his life when he was a heathen, was in good circumstances. He joined our congregation, with the whole village, evidently moved by certain worldly motives. After a few years most of the villagers, many among them being men of influence, went back to heathenism. But he, with a few others, remained steadfast in the congregation, received baptism, and joined also the Lord's table. His heathen friends tried their best to induce him to go back to heathenism, and when they saw that they could not prevail with him by such methods, they began to persecute him by various ways, and attributed his low circumstances to his remaining in the religion of Christ. But nothing would move him. By his endeavours his wife has become established in our religion. In him, a superficial observer would not see as much piety as he possesses, unless he closely examines his conduct and knows his mind by quiet conversations with him. Instances of a silent piety, I humbly presume, are many. My own impression is, that the Lord is evidently working with His humble servants, and blesses their unworthy labours."

FRAILITY OF MAN.

(FROM THE TAMIL.)

Compare with these verses Isaiah xl. 6—8.

If gem-like budding fragrant flowers,
Which glitter as the stars of even;
And, nectar-laden, fall in showers,
As pearl-drops in the light of heaven;—
If these can fade and fall to earth,
And all their fragrance pass away
The day that nature gave them birth,
And mingle with the dust and clay;—

Then man's diseased and sin-sick frame,
 How lovely beauteous it may seem,
 Shall soon exist but in the name,
 And lie in death's oblivious stream.
 For beauty is too tender and too frail
 To pass unscathed, when death's cold winds assail.
 ROBERT PARGITER.

COLOMBO.

Let us be permitted to say a few words about Colombo and the Missionary work which is carried on there.

Colombo is the chief city of Ceylon, containing a population of 40,000, and is the principal centre of the foreign trade. The harbour is small, and can only be entered by light craft, but large ships, except during the south-west monsoon, can anchor safely in the offing. Within the fort are the residences of the British officials. Outside its walls are the modest-looking houses of the Dutch and Portuguese, and also the dwellings of the native races, built of mud, white-washed, and either covered with tiles, or thatched with the plaited fronds of the cocoa-nut palm. A magnificent mountain road connects Colombo with Kandy, in the interior, and is thronged with bullock-carts, laden with coffee for the fort, or carrying up to the hill-country rice and stores.

The greater part of the population consists of immigrants from India, who, after a short residence in Ceylon, return to their own country; others are Singhalese, natives of the country; and thus our Mission at Colombo is carried on in two languages—the Tamil, which is spoken by the people who come from India, and the Singhalese. There are four congregations, containing about 300 native Christians, the greater number of which have been baptized. They contribute liberally, according to their numbers and means, to the Native Church Fund. There have been during the year some adult baptisms, and the Missionaries are zealous in their efforts to touch the hearts of the heathen, and to bring them to Christ. One of the appliances used by them is that of street and coffee-store preaching. The Rev. W. E. Rowlands reports of this branch of the work as follows:—

Preaching in the streets has been kept up regularly as in previous years, and we are still encouraged, as a rule, by having a good number of hearers, though they do not now gather in such crowds as they once did, probably because there is no longer anything novel in the scene. It is very rarely that we meet with any interruption, but questions are sometimes asked in a friendly way, which we are only too glad to answer. On almost every occasion we are able to sell tracts and portions of Scripture, but not by any means to the same extent as in some previous years.

The catechists have visited regularly a good many stores in different parts of the town. In some they have been allowed to preach to the Coolies before the roll-call; in others, their only opportunity has been to speak to the women while at work. They are generally very well received by the Tamils, but the Mohammedans for the most part resist, as determinately as ever, any attempt to proclaim to them Jesus Christ as the Saviour of their souls. This spirit comes out in the stores in a way that it does not often in the streets, which is easily to be accounted for from the fact, that in the streets they are perfectly at liberty either to listen or to pass on at pleasure, whereas in the stores we go to them, and they have not the same opportunity to escape the message brought to their ears, though they would. There is one store, however, with regard to which we have much reason to feel encouraged. At the request of the manager, the Rev. J. C. Mill commenced a Sunday preaching there some months before he left Ceylon, and the work which he began one of our catechists and myself have been permitted to continue. The service there (if so we may call it) has of late been held at seven o'clock in the morning, and, being on a Sunday instead of a working-day, it is of course quite optional with the Coolies to be present or not; indeed, it is part of the manager's principle not to coerce his people at all, but only to let them know that the store will be opened every Sunday at such an hour for such a purpose, and that he will be very glad if they meet together to listen to the word which, he has more than once told them, "is able to make them wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." The invitation has been responded to even better than the most sanguine mind could have expected. From thirty to thirty-five Coolies—all Hindus by profession—assemble every Sunday morning in the store, and sit down orderly and quietly on mats spread for the occasion. They listen attentively while prayer is offered up and a portion of Scripture read and explained, and as the passages chosen are generally more or less historical, many of them evince considerable interest in the subject. We cannot yet say positively that the heart of even one man is disposed towards the reception of Christian truth; but we know that "faith cometh by hearing," and are therefore emboldened to hope and pray on their behalf. Nor is this all. The managers of the mills have now generously proposed to support a catechist entirely at their own cost, in order that his whole time may be devoted to labouring amongst their employées, both in the store and at their homes. A suitable man has been selected, and we are only waiting for a house appropriated to him to be repaired before assigning him to his new work, upon which the blessing of God can scarcely fail to rest.

Thus, even in Ceylon, where the work of Christian Missions has not yet presented the same interesting and prosperous appearance by which it is graced in some other lands, there is something to cheer and much to encourage. "Though it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come, it will not tarry."

LUCAS MALOBA.

IN the rich and fertile valley of the Godavery, twenty miles from its source in the lofty ranges of the Western Ghauts, lies the Hindu village of Machmalabad, about three miles from the large Brahminical town of Nasik. On the opposite side of the river is the Christian village of Sharanpur, from which the heathen village is seen in the distance, nestling amid the huge forest-trees, while beyond may be distinguished the fields of the villagers extending up the sloping base of a lofty spur of the ghauts, whose fantastic outline stands forth in bold relief against India's clear sky. The whole forms a scene of exquisite beauty, on which the lover of nature delights to gaze, and, gazing, never wearies; but as he gazes the heart of the Christian is saddened by the thought, that for thirty years the feet of them that preached the Gospel of peace had frequently entered that retired village, and glad tidings of good things had been brought to its people, but the wondrous story of redeeming love had fallen on closed ears, and none had turned from their idols to worship Nature's God. But God's ways are not as our ways, nor are His thoughts our thoughts. In a marvellous way He was preparing to call those whom He had predestinated to be conformed to the image of His Son, that they might be to the praise of the glory of His grace.

Sixteen years ago, as a Missionary was walking in the streets of Nasik, a little Brahmin boy fell at his feet begging: he said his father and mother were dead, and he was friendless. The Missionary spoke kindly to him, and offered him a home with his native-Christian children. The pride of Brahmin blood was stirred in the boy's heart, and he exclaimed, "How can I eat from your hands?" The Missionary felt drawn towards the boy, and, struck by his spirit and intelligence, told him to call at his house and he would give him something. He did so, and received alms. A fortnight afterwards he returned, desiring to be admitted among the Christian children, and was baptized by the name of Lucas. From a child the grace of God appears to have been vouchsafed to him, and he gave early promise of being a vessel made to honour. After some years of careful instruction in the Christian school he was removed to Malligaum, another of the Society's stations, where he was lovingly trained by the Missionary there, and subsequently placed in charge of the Mission school. Close was the tie between the Missionary and Lucas, but it was severed by death, and Lucas was left to mourn the loss of one who had been to him as a father, and from whose lips he had learnt to tread more closely in his Saviour's steps. He then returned to his early friends at Sharanpur.

Strange, too, was the way in which God had been preparing one who was to dwell with him in love, and to be a fellow-heir of the grace of life.

Ten years ago a company of wandering tumblers were performing their feats two hundred miles from Nasik, when it was reported to the European judge of that district that several stolen girls were among them. The girls were rescued by his orders and sent to the care of the Missionary at Sharanpur. Among them was one who, by her quiet

amiable character and disposition, won the affections of all. At first ignorant and uninstructed, she profited more than the others by the opportunities she enjoyed at the Christian village, and was baptized by the name of Karoona (Mercy). She became the wife of Lucas, and has continued an intelligent and consistent Christian, and a good and faithful wife and mother.

At the suggestion of the Missionary, Lucas went, five years ago, to Machmalabad, to open a school, and, by word and example, to lead the villagers from their idolatry into the path of life and peace. The salvation of the souls of those among whom he went to dwell was ever realized to be his true mission as a Christian schoolmaster. Like the great Apostle, he sought in all things to approve himself as the servant of God in their midst, "by pureness, by long-suffering, by kindness, by love unfeigned, by the power of God." Like Luke the beloved physician, his heart's desire was, that "by the wholesome medicines of the doctrine delivered by him all the diseases of their souls might be healed." Let the following record tell in his own simple and affecting language how God honoured his work of faith and labour of love. It is translated literally from a letter recently received from him.

"I went to Machmalabad in April, 1865. There was a difficulty in establishing a school, as one was already there. As I was unable to get a place in the village to live in, I had to leave my family in Sharanpur, and go daily alone to the village. With the consent of the headmen, I commenced a school in the chowdry. At first three children came to me: the rest went to the village school, held in the temple of Marooti. However, having sought the help of God, I made a beginning, and gradually the numbers increased, till at last the heathen school was given up, and all the children attended mine. This was the work of five or six weeks. I then had twenty boys; and, besides, I obtained from the villagers a house to live in. From the commencement I used to make all the boys stand up, and, after offering prayer to God, we read the Bible. Many tried to stop my doing this, but I gave no heed, and only endeavoured to remove their objections, continuing meanwhile my practice. After a little time the boys began to say Amen after the prayer; then again some tried to hinder, but I paid no attention to them. Brahmans sometimes came over from Nasik (three miles off), and intimidated the villagers in various ways, and as often I tried to remove their misunderstandings.

"In order to gain the confidence and affection of the villagers, I purchased medicines, and used to administer them whenever sickness occurred. On their recovery, I used to receive from the rich the value of the medicines, but always gave them freely to the poor. To promote a desire for knowledge, I used to get books from the Nasik library calculated to interest them, and newspapers, which I read to them. Afterwards I established a night school for the adult villagers; who soon began to read easy books. Some of them rapidly acquired a fair knowledge of the Scriptures. When the boys had made some progress in their studies they were examined by the Government Inspector, when four received certificates, and one got an appointment as assistant-teacher

in the Nasik Government school, and my school obtained a grant in aid. Mr. Price, also, the Missionary in charge of Sharanpur, examined the school several times, and distributed prizes. All this time the boys were gaining a fair knowledge of Scripture. If from illness, or other causes, I was not able to attend school, the first-class boys, after offering prayer themselves, conducted the work of the school. The boys seemed to be alive to the importance of prayer. When I had prayer in my family, some of the boys used regularly to come and join us. Of these, several expressed their desire to become Christians; but in consequence of their tender age (not above twelve years), Mr. Cooke, the Missionary (then at Sharanpur,) could not receive them. One intelligent boy, however, went over to Mr. Cooke with the intention of becoming a Christian; but Mr. Cooke, after examining him, said, "I cannot now receive you to baptism." The boy replied, "If I were to die as I am, what would become of me?" Mr. Cooke said, "Remain as you are a little while." So he returned to his home. After Mr. Cooke had consulted with the European magistrate, he said to me, "Let him be baptized, and remain afterwards with his parents." When I told this to the boy and his companions, they felt in a great strait; for when the time came for worshipping the family idols they underwent much persecution.

"I will now state the causes that gave rise to increased persecution, and the breaking up of the school, and then proceed with the history of these boys.

"I used from time to time to visit that part of the village inhabited by the low-caste people (Mahars), and administer medicine to them. The villagers were very angry with me for this, and used to declare that if I persisted in visiting them they would not allow their children to attend my school. On these occasions I used to try and convince them of the folly of caste prejudices. Some of these caste people gave out that we ate and drank with outcasts, on which the villagers began to give us much trouble. No one would give us water, and they annoyed us in various ways. I paid no attention, but continued my visits to the low-caste people. At length, through the grace of God, a leading man among them, Poonja by name, went with his two daughters to Mr. Cooke, and declared his intention of becoming a Christian. Before the baptism of these three took place his relatives made a great disturbance: the two girls had been given in marriage, and their husbands' parents and friends created a tumult. At length, by the grace of God, the three were admitted into the church. On this there was a great excitement in Machmalabad: all Poonja's village rights as a Mahar were refused, and the cultivators began to give him much annoyance.

"Notwithstanding all this, my school still went on; but in two months the attendance of the boys sank from forty to twelve. Soon after, the feast of the Holee began. Then the father of one of the boys who had wished to become a Christian directed him to perform some idolatrous ceremony; but he resisted every endeavour to compel him. Seeing this, the father consulted the head accountant of the village as to what he should do.

(To be continued.)

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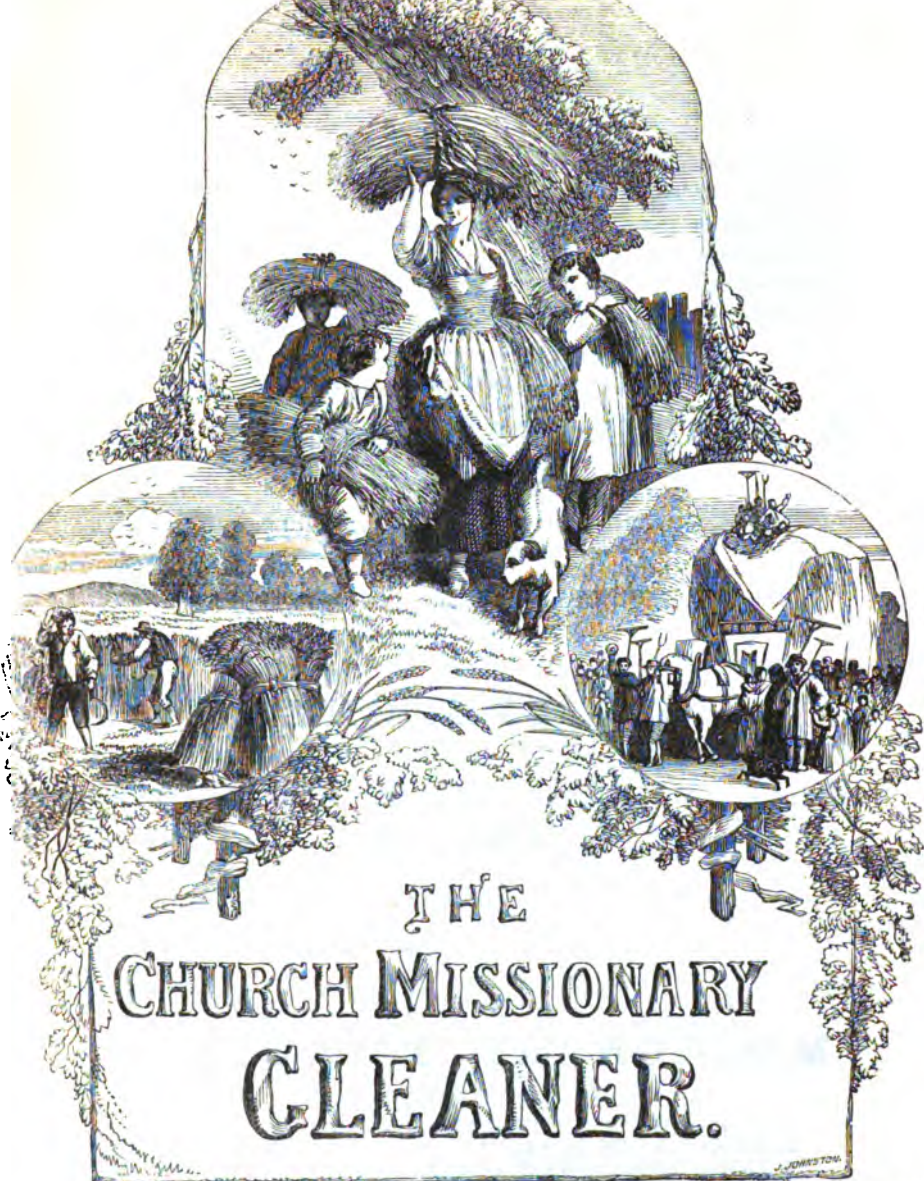
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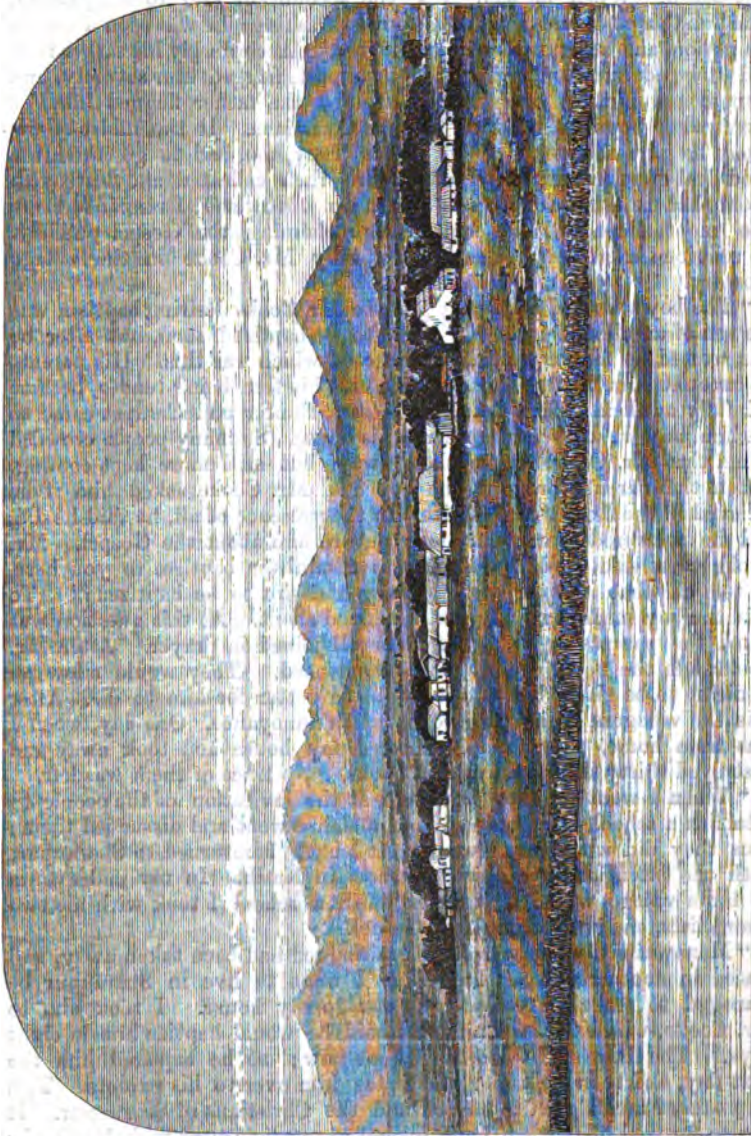
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## LUCAS MALOBA.

*(Continued from page 72.)*

WE now conclude this interesting narrative, which was unavoidably divided last month. Maloba, it will be remembered, is



SHARANPUB (From a Photograph).

July, 1870.

H



speaking of the profession of Christianity made by one of the school boys—

"The boy was sent for, and told he should be allowed to have his own convictions. 'But are you going to become a Christian?' they asked. When he said 'Yes,' the accountant said to his parents, 'Tie him to a post, and give him a sound thrashing; he will soon abandon the notion, and others will be intimidated.' Accordingly his father took and stripped him, and, tying him to a post, flogged him severely, and then locked him up seven days. Whilst the father flogged him he asked what boys intended to become Christians. In the midst of his agony he gave the names of five boys. They, too, had to go through a good deal of suffering; their books were then collected and destroyed. From that time the school was broken up. However, I remained there two months longer, and continued proclaiming the Gospel publicly. A religious ascetic was then baptized by Mr. Cooke in the village chowdry.

"The boy who had previously gone to Mr. Cooke desiring baptism was the son of an oilman. He had asked to be baptized soon, but after he was refused he fell very sick, the cause of which was this. His parents at once set him to very severe work, and his feet, being tender, became painfully swollen. Mr. Cooke and Messrs. Bunter and Carapet came to see him, and we all went together to his house. So many people crowded round that Mr. Cooke drove them away, but still more kept coming. When the parents brought the boy out, Mr. Cooke asked him if he believed in the Lord Jesus Christ. In the presence of all, he said he did, and he answered many questions put to him about the Gospel. Mr. Cooke then said, 'We have come to administer baptism to you here, so tell us what is your wish. Do you desire to be baptized?' To this the boy made no reply, but remained silent. As this question was asked the parents wept. We then all joined in prayer. After Mr. Cooke left the boy's sufferings re-commenced. They would allow no medicine to be given, but said it would be better for him to die. After this the villagers began to give us much annoyance. One day, when I was from home, they forcibly entered my house and took away and destroyed thirty shillings worth of books. No trace of them was left.

"When I went to another village, at the invitation of the people to establish a school, the people of Machmalabad went and dissuaded them: thus they did wherever I went. At length I returned to Sharanpur, with the intention of opening a school in Nasik. In my endeavours to find a village where I might establish a school I took with me two evangelists, and we preached the Gospel.

"Meanwhile the boy who had been flogged had been taken away, and placed in another village; but when I went to live in Sharanpur he managed to make his escape, and ran to my house. I took him to Mr. Cooke, who examined him, and said he would baptize him in eight days. The boy said, 'Do baptize me now;' so he baptized him the next day, and then took him and made him over to his parents. This step caused much grief to myself and the Christians of Sharanpur. It was so far well, that when I and several evangelists went with Mr. Cooke

to Machmalabad the villagers were all in their fields, it being about mid-day: hence there was no disturbance. Mr. Cooke then left the boy there, and returned to Sharanpur. There were only a few people in the village, and the boy told them he had been baptized, and had eaten food in the Christian village, but they would not believe it. Mr. Cooke also had said that he had been baptized, and had eaten with us. They all paid no attention to this, but said to the boy, 'Though you have eaten there, yet we shall be satisfied if you deny it.' The boy assured them, however, that he had eaten. They then asked with whom he had eaten: 'Come and show us.' The parents of the boy and the headman of the village then brought him to Sharanpur, and the boy saying he would show them the house, came with them, but refused to return. Finding their object in bringing him was defeated, they abandoned him and left. When the villagers returned at night from their work they blamed the parents, saying they ought to have locked him up there and then. During the next ten days crowds of the villagers kept coming to Sharanpur, sometimes using abusive language and making disturbances, and sometimes endeavouring to coax the boy away by kind words, but through all he remained firm and refused to return.

"On one occasion, when he was sitting in Ruttonji's house, his relatives came and were very violent, saying to Ruttonji, 'He has not eaten your food.' So Ruttonji put a piece of bread in the boy's hand, which he ate before them all, on which they returned to their own homes, some abusing, some crying.

"Though four months have elapsed since this, his parents come from time to time, and try to induce him to return with them. Truly God brought him here in a marvellous manner, has kept him in safety, and, given him courage. When Mr. Cooke, after baptizing him, handed him over to his parents, all thought that he would have to endure much, and it would be almost impossible for him to get away to us; but God has delivered him out of every difficulty, and joined him to His church. He now goes regularly to the Sharanpur school. He is a Wauzari by caste, and received at his baptism the name of Faith. From the village of Machmalabad there have been in all seven baptisms; nine more are under instruction, and of these four more are shortly to be baptized. The oilman's son of whom I spoke is now twelve years old, and of him there is good ground for hoping that he will soon join our church. God is able to fulfil this our hope.

"One thing I regret: the impression has been given that if youths are baptized, Mr. Cooke will make them over to their parents, and at present the people look very narrowly after their boys: still the Lord can remove all obstacles. Poonja and the former ascetic Muktidās are living in their village: the latter proclaims the Gospel to his people, and occasionally in the surrounding villages. Mr. Cooke declines appointing him to the office of an evangelist, because he is lame, so he says he is not admissible; yet Mr. Price employed a blind man, and provided him with a pony. Poonja goes out with the other evangelists, preaching the Gospel, and Mr. Cooke will, in course of time, examine him and appoint him an evangelist. He is well acquainted with the Scriptures.



"With respect to the Nasik school, I have advertised its establishment in the native local paper, but as yet few assemble. The above-mentioned state of things is the cause of this reluctance to attend. My constant habit is to commence with prayer and the reading of the Scriptures. At times it appears to me hopeless to get an efficient school here; still I have sought help from God, and have done, and will continue to do, what I can.

"I wish now to offer some general reflections upon the work at Machmalabad and its issue. Far better than rapid and extended itinerations is the sojourn for some time in one place. We should let the people see our customs and character; we should embrace every opportunity of showing, by acts of kindness, that we are their well-wishers. St. Paul himself sometimes remained a year or two in one town, endeavouring to win the people over to the truth. In this country European Missionaries sometimes adopt the same method; but how much more fruit might be expected did we ourselves, natives of this country, put forth zeal for its evangelization. The European Missionary should seek to qualify the natives of this country for the work of evangelization; such is my conviction.

"I will mention several good results from the efforts of Christian schoolmasters in this country; first and foremost, the children in their tender years become acquainted with the Bible, and the consistent walk of the teacher adds great weight to its truths. An affection springs up between the master and his scholars; they receive with pleasure his scriptural instruction, and are led to give up bad language and other evil habits, while their conduct becomes moral. In some instances they are brought into the way of life. Again, when the confidence of the people is gained, many nice opportunities of communicating the Gospel are obtained. In this way people are brought to Christ. In their riper years the pupils take delight in visits to their teachers, and on such occasions his words find ready access to their hearts: all this I speak from my own experience. Four years ago I had a school in Malligaum, and though many of my old pupils are now in government employ, they visit me with delight when I go to Malligaum. At Christmas they are always on the look out for me. Being told of your desire to hear of my work at Machmalabad I have written this. May the divine blessing rest upon all you do.

"LUCAS MALOBA."

Let us praise God for raising up in the native church men after His own heart, to exhibit the value of vernacular schools for the heathen, and for thus showing the legitimate use of this agency, viz. as a direct means for imparting a saving knowledge of Christ. Contrast this narrative with the accounts of the schools established in the earlier periods of our Society's operations. Vernacular schools then formed an essential part of the opening and subsequent development of a Mission; but the masters were heathen, to whom was committed the teaching of Scripture, under the supervision of the Missionary and his few Christian helpers. As the work progressed a sense of relief was felt when a heathen teacher could be replaced by even a nominal Christian. Under

these circumstances, can it be wondered at that these schools were regarded, not so much as a converting agency, but as one through which the goodwill of the public was conciliated, and opportunities of proclaiming the Gospel more readily obtained. No doubt there was gradually diffused a general acquaintance with the nature and claims of the Christian religion; but the universal testimony of the Mission body is, that such schools were unavailing to lead the heathen to repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. It is only in the more advanced stage of our Missions that we see, as in the narrative before us, the real value and influence of vernacular schools, where the teacher is himself taught of God and living the life of faith, and, by word and example; winning his countrymen to the service of that Lord whose grace he has himself tasted, and found to be precious.

The reader of this little narrative will be interested to know that others from the village of Machmalabad have been baptized, and more have placed themselves under Christian instruction. Lucas himself has been recommended to the Bishop for ordination as pastor of the native church at Booldana, in Berar. Let prayer ascend on his behalf, that the Holy Spirit, in all His sevenfold graces, may be richly imparted to him, that he and his wife Baroona may be blessed in all their efforts to build up their people in their most holy faith, and savingly to spread among their heathen countrymen around the glad tidings of salvation.

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**"IF THERE BE FIRST A WILLING MIND, A MAN IS ACCEPTED  
ACCORDING TO WHAT HE HATH, AND NOT ACCORDING  
TO THAT HE HATH NOT."**

WE should not be acting with due respect to the readers of the "Gleaner" if we left them in ignorance of the difficulties into which the Church Missionary Society has fallen in regard to Funds. Its income during the year, which has recently closed has been less than that of the preceding year by several thousand pounds. Now we know if a man's income lessens and his expenditure remains the same what the result must be—there is an excess on the wrong side, a balance not in his favour, but against him, and unless there be means at hand of balancing the account, a debt is incurred.

Now the expenditure of the Society is not less. A father with a large growing family cannot expect that his expenses will grow less from year to year: they might, if the children were to fall sick and die; but if they live, and are healthy and grow, then they must be educated and fitted for the duties of ripe age, until they shall be able to stand upon their own legs, and, with the blessing of God, do for themselves. Now the Church Missionary Society has a large family of children, namely, all its Missionary stations. and they are generally a very healthy family; they are growing. By and by they shall have grown up, and then they shall be able to do for themselves, and earn their own bread. One of them is

doing so—the eldest daughter of the family, the native church of Sierra Leone. Others of them, not so full grown, are yet earning something to meet their own expenses; but the family increases; somehow or another, the Missionary principle is very productive. The writer brought from Ireland, about two months ago, a plant of the real shamrock. At first it threatened to die; now, however, not only is the plant living, but new germs are showing themselves in different directions, coming up out of the mould; and so precisely is it with the old parent Missionary stem: new shoots appear very unexpectedly. These, if duly cared for and borne with in their infancy, will become mother plants themselves; but, until then, they must be cared for, and have their wants supplied. The Church Missionary Society, then, cannot reduce its expenses without starving the children.

It only remains, then, that its income be increased, so that it shall equal its expenditure. Now it is found that the Missions for the coming year will require no less an outlay than 156,000*l.*, while all that can be relied upon in the way of income amounts to no more than 142,000*l.*, leaving a deficiency of 14,000*l.*

What is to be done? First, in our difficulty, we go to Him, who says, "The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of Hosts;" and we speak to One of whom we can indeed say, "Oh, Thou that hearest prayer."

When the father of a family is in a strait, if he be a Christian man, he will do precisely the same, and then, when he has prayed, he will set to work; he will put forth some new effort, either with his brains or his hands, or both together: if so be additional means of support may be raised up.

Now the Church Missionary Society lives by suction. It is a benevolent Society, and its business is to do good to others, to relieve the most pressing need, that which concerns the soul, but it draws its supplies from the benevolence of the Christian people of England. This is the well from whence the waters come. It is a very deep well. It needs that the bucket should be let down very low, and, when it is filled, it requires no small amount of effort to haul it up, but there is always water in this well. It has never gone dry. If the water does not come up it is because the machinery has got out of repair, not because there is no water in the well. And so we are letting down our bucket into the deep well of British Christian love. Our buckets are our special appeal just printed and distributed, and the water is beginning to come up. Several gentlemen have come forward with subscriptions ranging from 500*l.* to 5*l.*, and smaller sums have been given, "each according to that which he hath," and thankfully accepted.

But we select one instance which has just come to hand, and which will interest the readers of the Gleaner.

One tradesman in a provincial town, of moderate means, has been so much struck with the duty of helping the Church Missionary Society in its great present need, that he brought his pastor a fifty pound bank note for the Society. He will not allow his name in any way to appear. He says it is far less than the gift of the O—— maid servant who brought to the same clergyman last year nearly a quarter of her wages for the Society, and who also will not allow her name to appear in the accounts.

These are very precious contributions : they show the grace of God bestowed on those who bestow these gifts, and how "to their power, and beyond their power, they are willing of themselves." And we look not only for large sums, but for very many small contributions. They who can give large sums are few, but they who can give little sums are many ; surely the number of givers makes up for the smallness of that which each gives. Such gifts come like the drops of rain—each so tiny in itself. What good," some one might say, "can a drop of rain do ?" But did you ever see a drop of rain fall without being followed by others, and then, when they fall thickly, although to the very last, they fall in drops, how the earth is refreshed and gets power to bring forth more fruit ! A million of pennies, would they not be a rich shower ? Why an additional penny a year from three millions of people would balance the Society's accounts and give it a sufficiency to go forward without anxiety, for some time to come, on its mission of love, or a little threepenny piece from one million of people would do the same.

Let every one who cares for the spread of the Gospel among the heathen do something—what each can, be it more or less, a penny or a pound.

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## SUFFERINGS OF THE INDIANS IN THE JAMES' BAY DISTRICTS, NORTH-WEST AMERICA.

THE following painful facts have been communicated to us by our native Missionary, the Rev. T. Vincent, of Albany, under date of February 15th, 1870,—

"We are now in the midst of our cold, dreary winter, precisely as we were when my last report was written a twelvemonth back. I have now to add that the sad state to which our people were then reduced for want of food only increased with the advance of the season, so that before spring came to our relief, with its abundance of wild fowl, we had many applications for help, and to many a sad tale of want and privation we had to listen.

"It was only, however, with the return of our dear people in spring that we knew to what dreadful straits they had been reduced during the long winter months, for the majority were far away in the interior where no

helping hand could reach them. A kind Providence, however, continued to watch over them, and all returned safely, excepting four individuals, to whom their sufferings proved fatal.

"I mentioned poor old John Scott and his wife in my last report as having come sixty miles during the previous autumn, to partake with us of their last communion, although we did not think so then. He had, like many others, travelled far into the interior in search of food, but finding none, they went to some fishing stations in the neighbourhood, hoping to get a supply: these did for a time furnish them with a little food; but the fish at length failed; the establishment was too far away to think of reaching it now. One of the party, too, was ill, and so nothing could be done but submit to their sad fate, which now approached with rapid strides. The old man, seeing what must follow, sent his two daughters to join another family living at a distance, and who were reduced almost to the same straits as themselves. He himself decided to remain and nurse his wife, she being too ill and too weak to be removed.

"The next time the place was visited the body of the poor woman was found in the tent, but that of the old man was never more seen. It is supposed that, after his wife's death, he left his encampment, perhaps in search of food, but, being then too weak to proceed far, sunk down from exhaustion in some place where there is no likelihood of his remains being found. I sincerely regret the loss of these two members of my flock, but I am not without hope. Both were possessed of many amiable qualities, and I trust that, in the midst of great suffering, they were cheered by the assurance of our Saviour's love, that both could look beyond, and with the eye of faith behold that better land where hunger is never felt, and where death cannot enter.

"Apart from those whom I have mentioned, a number of Romanist Indians perished as well. From this, some idea may be formed of the sufferings of the natives in the neighbourhood of Albany from want and starvation. The principal cause of this distress is the almost total disappearance of rabbits and partridges, the Indians' staple food, together with the almost total failure of the fisheries."

The same letter conveys to us most interesting accounts of the eagerness of these poor Indians to receive and embrace God's message of mercy in Christ. When men are in prosperity often they will not hear. In the furnace of tribulation they become softened, and no longer remain hard and unimpressible. In this respect their tribulations work for good. Dispersed abroad over vast regions, the opportunities of the Indians are few indeed, but they are the more precious. A little instruction is stored up in the memory and the heart, and they prize it as their chief treasure. And so it proves to be, for, on the bed of death, faith in the Saviour who shed His blood as a ransom for their souls, takes away all fear, and gladly do they bid farewell to earth, that they may go to that blessed place where they shall hunger no more nor thirst any more.

## THE BRAHMOS.

THE Brahmoss are a body of Hindus, who have given up idolatry, but have not become Christians. They do not receive the Holy Scriptures as written by inspiration of God, and as intended to teach man what he is to believe. Wise in their own conceits, they reject all those great truths which are distinctive of the Gospel. They do not believe in the Trinity, nor in the Godhead of the Lord Jesus Christ, nor in His atonement. What they do not believe amounts to a great deal more than what they do believe.

Such men assume to be reformers and teachers of their countrymen in religious matters, yet if they lead them no farther than they have got themselves, they will not do them much good. The half-way house where they have got themselves is a cold, bleak place, perched upon the crest of a mountain, where there is scarcely room to stand. They occupy the narrow pass, and rather than let inquirers go on to Christianity, would drive them back to idolatry.

The following case, communicated to us by one of our Missionaries in Calcutta, proves the truth of what we have advanced—

For four years back Zenana teachers of our Mission have been visiting and instructing the ladies of a Hindu family related to Keshub Chunder Sen. For two years back two young widows of the family have been believers in Jesus. Both of them, for months back, have been desiring to come to us for baptism. The elder was the feeblest in courage and faith, and she kept the other back. Six weeks ago the younger came to me, and I examined her and found her well instructed and bearing evidence of sincerity and earnestness. I did not then baptize her, for I never like to hurry these matters. She could not rest, and finding her elder sister unwilling to take up the cross, she resolved to come alone to us. She left all that were dear to her nine days ago and cast in her lot among us. She came alone and uninfluenced by us in any way. Immediately the most resolute attempts were made by her friends to take her away. I purposely deferred her baptism for some days in order to let them visit her and use any influence they liked short of actual violence. It was a terrible ordeal for the poor lady.

Day after day, from morning to night, was she subjected to their entreaties, threats and promises. I almost trembled for her, as her poor mother grasped her hands and wailed over her as for one dead. She wept and trembled too, but grace was given to her to answer every appeal with unwavering constancy. To their promises of a wealthy husband her reply was, "I want no husband: I care not for the things you promise. I want the salvation of my soul."

Their violence increased with her firmness. At length the old mother came and entreated us not to admit her brothers, for they had sworn that rather than let her be baptized they would conceal a knife in their garments and murder her. Then the Brahminist body took up the matter

and a threat of legal proceedings was made. The poor young woman was all this while entreating me to baptize her. I felt that further delay was useless and unwise. She had borne a good confession before many witnesses to her faith, and of her sincerity no one could doubt. I baptized her three days ago. We all, of course, expected that this would stop all further proceedings. So it would no doubt have been, had her friends been Hindus only; but the Brahmos said "No, she must not remain a Christian: we will get her back and make her a Brahmo."

Last night at ten o'clock a writ of habeas corpus was served on me. She was to be produced in court at eleven o'clock this morning. We took her there. We found an affidavit had been sworn to, charging us with enticing her away, she being a minor—she is really about seventeen, which is as much as twenty-five in English females. They said, moreover, that we had arranged to marry her, and I do not know what. They knew all these things to be utter falsehoods, yet they swore to them. Our counsel, however, procured a postponement of the case.

On the appointed day it was again brought forward, when the Judge decided that the lady was of age, and free to choose her future residence. Before, however, she was called upon to express her wishes, her mother was permitted to see her. No one else was allowed to enter the room where the interview took place. The sobs and wailings of the mother might be heard, but failed to shake the resolution of the Christian convert. On her re-appearance in court, she declared her determination to remain with the Padre Sahibs.

The relatives of the girl, being leading Brahmos, had spared no expense, and had quite an array of counsel. But all their devices, thank God, have been confounded, all their rage against the truth has been a vain thing, only serving to expose the Brahmos, the boasted party of progress, in their true colours, as the enemies of all the natural rights of men.

### COMING !

"What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch." "At even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning."

"It may be in the evening,  
When the work of the day is done,  
And you have time to sit in the twilight  
And watch the sinking sun.  
While the long bright day dies slowly  
Over the sea,  
And the hour grows quiet and holy  
With thoughts of me;  
While you hear the village children  
Passing along the street,  
Among those thronging footsteps  
May come the sound of my feet:  
Therefore I tell you, Watch!  
By the light of the evening star,  
When the room is growing dusky  
As the clouds afar;  
Let the door be on the latch  
In your home.  
For it may be through the gloaming  
I will come.

"It may be when the midnight  
Is heavy upon the land;  
And the black waves break so hoarsely  
Along the sand;  
When the moonless night draws close,  
And the lights are out in the house;  
When the fires burn low and red.  
And the watch is ticking loudly  
Beside the bed:  
Though you sleep, tired out, on your couch,  
Still your heart must wake and watch  
In the dark room.  
For it may be that at midnight  
I will come.  
"It may be at the cock-crow,  
When the night is dying slowly  
In the sky,  
And the sea looks calm and holy,  
Waiting for the dawn of the golden sun  
Which draweth nigh;

When the mists are on the valleys, shading  
 The rivers chill,  
 And the morning star is fading, fading  
 Over the hill,  
 Behold, I say unto you, Watch :  
 Let the door be on the latch  
 In your home ;  
 In the chill before the dawning,  
 Between the night and morning  
 I may come.

" It may be in the morning,  
 When the sun is bright and strong,  
 And the dew is glittering sharply  
 Over the lawn :  
 When the waves are laughing loudly  
 Along the shore.  
 And the little birds are singing sweetly  
 About the door.  
 With the long day's work before you,  
 You rise up with the sun.  
 And the neighbours come in to talk a little  
 Of all that must be done ;  
 But remember that I may be the next  
 To come in at the door,

To call you from all your busy work  
 For evermore :  
 As you work your heart must watch,  
 For the door is on the latch  
 In your room,  
 And it may be in the morning  
 I will come."

So I am watching quietly  
 Every day.  
 Whenever the sun shines brightly  
 I rise and say,—  
 Surely it is the shining of His face !  
 And look unto the gates of His high place,  
 Beyond the sea,  
 For I know He is coming shortly  
 To summon me.  
 And when a shadow falls across the window  
 Of my room,  
 Where I am working my appointed task,  
 I lift my head to watch the door, and ask  
 If He is come ;  
 And His word replies so sweetly,  
 In my home,—  
 " Only a few more shadows,  
 And I will come."

B. M.

## ZENANA WORK.

THE following letter is interesting. It is written by the wife of an American Missionary, and is addressed to the ladies of a New-Jersey church, who are striving to do something for the social and spiritual improvement of heathen women. May many ladies be stirred up in Great Britain and America to help in this blessed work, that although now lying among the pots, the female portion of India's population may become as the dove, " covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

We went first to the house of a very respectable old gentleman who has several sons all married, and they, with their wives and children, live in their father's house, he ruling them as the patriarchs of old ruled their families, his wife being supreme among her daughters-in-law. Of course we found a number of women in this house, and they were all busily employed in making pillow-cases for some very dirty-looking pillows which were lying on the floor. They stopped their work to receive us in the most kindly manner, spread a nice rug for our feet, and managed, from different holes and corners, to get together chairs and stools for us to sit upon. These women were all most interesting in appearance, and very intelligent. They could all read their own native language, which is Bengalee, and promised to learn to read Hindee, that they might make use of books I could give them. The most interesting woman among them is a widow, with a sweet sad face ; for a widow in this land has a sad sorrowful life, and so many daily trials to bear that no wonder there is a sort of hopeless look in her face. One of my Bible women is able to teach fancy work, and she has taught this poor widow to work very nicely. She showed us a pair of slippers that she had worked, and seemed greatly pleased with our approval of them. I had a most interesting conversation with these women, and they said that they understood all that was read to them. What I try to do always is to tell the history of the fall and how we all became sinners ; then how



Jesus died to save us ; and I trust the Holy Spirit will enlighten the minds of these interesting creatures, and make them understand this precious truth.

The next house we visited was that of a young Bengalee Babu, who is a pleader in the High Court of Allahabad, and speaks English beautifully. He happened to be at home, as he had a holiday, and received us most politely. An elder brother lives with him, who has become a Christian. He is a widower, I think, and has no family. We only found one lady in this house, the wife of the young Babu. She was in her private apartment when we went in, but came out directly when she heard of our arrival. This Babu has certainly done a very good thing: he has persuaded a number of his Bengalee friends to send their little daughters to his brother's house to be taught. A nice room, fitted up with benches and tables, is used as a schoolroom, and two ladies from the Calcutta Zenana Mission, who are doing a good work here, teach the children. The young Babu's wife is a lovely creature, and her gentle, graceful manners might be envied by the most well-bred lady. Her husband has bought a piano for her, and is very anxious she should be taught to play on it. A young lady who was with us delighted them all by playing a few lively airs upon the piano.

We went last of all to visit a Hindu lady, and were exceedingly pleased with her. She listens to the reading of the Bible women with great interest, and is quite willing to learn to read. She is very industrious, and showed us a beautiful lace veil which which she had worked so nicely that it seemed as if the thread were woven into the lace. She has to cook all her husband's food, as he will never eat food cooked by a servant, so her time must be fully occupied. I used to think that the native ladies were very idle, but now that I know more about them I find they have a great deal to occupy them. A great deal of their time is occupied, poor things, in the worship of their idols. May God have pity upon them, and send His Holy Spirit to illumine their darkened minds, that they may be led to trust in our precious Saviour for salvation ! I have been deeply impressed of late with the wonderful goodness of God in giving His Holy Spirit to enlighten our minds and cause us to have a simple faith in Jesus. We see so many wiser and better than ourselves, who are groping in darkness and trying to work out a salvation for themselves, simply because the Holy Spirit has never taken of the things of Jesus to show them unto them ; and then I wonder why He has made me believe in the perfect, simple way of Gospel salvation. "Even so Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight ;" and oh ! may we whom He loves so much, love Him as we ought !

It is impossible to read of these and many similar facts, and not be convinced that the need of education for their women is beginning to be very strongly felt by a considerable and influential portion of the men of India, and that they are earnestly desiring help in this important object. Truly "the harvest is plenteous, but the labourers are few." May the Lord of the harvest increase their numbers.

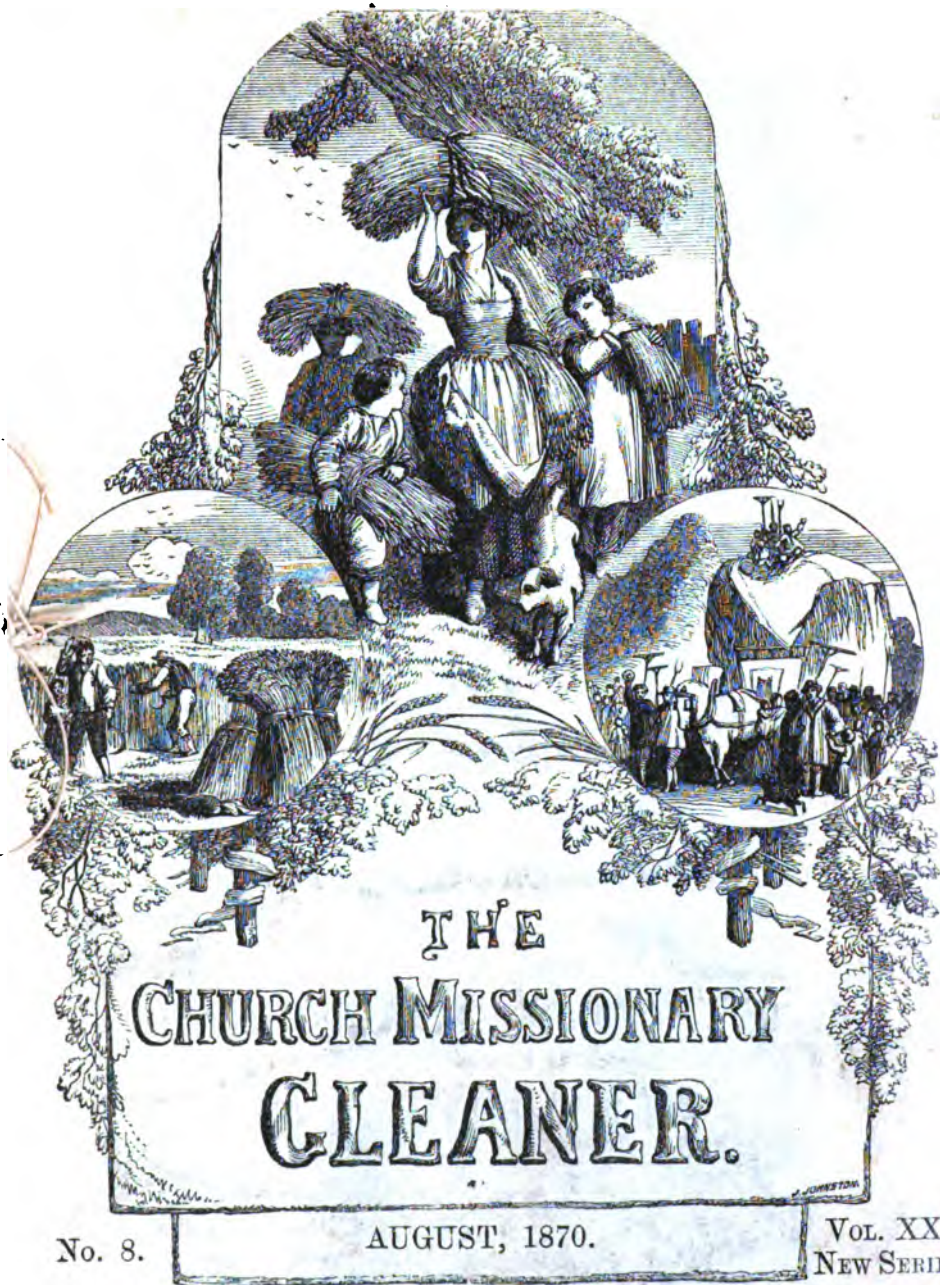


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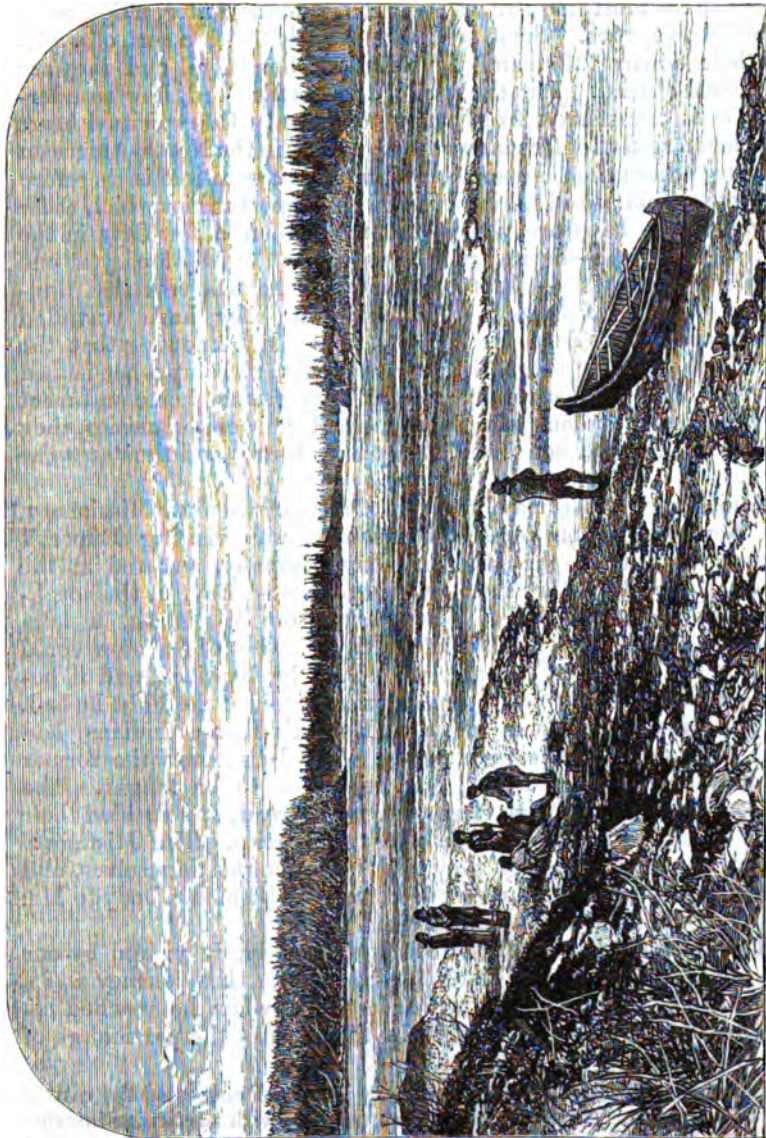
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MISSION WORK AROUND JAMES' BAY, NORTH-WEST AMERICA.

STRANGE contrasts present themselves in the reports which we receive from these remote stations—so much of physical misery,



JUNCTION OF MOOSE AND ABBITIBI RIVERS (From a Photograph).

August, 1870.

I

of starvation, sickness and death, and such a readiness to hear, such a willingness to receive God's message of mercy in Christ. Tribulations, like the plough, break up the soil, and the seed settles on hearts which receive it with meekness. The natural seed drifts about in the most singular ways—wind, running water, ships, merchandise, voyages. Some seeds are provided with a sort of wings in their downy tufts, and the wind catches them, and they are dispersed abroad. But the seed of the Lord's word, how wonderfully is it transferred from heart to heart! One spiritual heart becomes a seed-plot for many hearts; and, as in the North-American regions, where the summer is brief, and the vegetation is therefore the more rapid; so in spiritual things the opportunities which these poor Indians have are short—not more than a few days in the course of a year—during which they meet the Missionary at one of the Company's posts, to reach which he has travelled hundreds of miles from one direction, while they have travelled hundreds of miles from another direction. But knowing that the time is short, they listen the more eagerly, store up what is said to them the more carefully, and, as they return home and meet with bodies of Indians who have not had their opportunities, they tell them the good news which they have heard, and thus sow the seed.

An instance of this may be given. One year when our Missionary, the Rev. J. Horden, of Moose Factory, was visiting Rupert's House, a post of the Hudson's-Bay-Company, situated at the point where Rupert's River flows into James' Bay, at the south-west corner, a brigade of boats came from Misticsee, a lake lying near the sources of Rupert's River. One of the crew could read in the Syllabic Cree, and wished to be baptized, and it became a question by what means this man received the light he had. It appeared that some of the Rupert's-House Indians had met with some Misticsee Indians. The latter saw the former reading one of their books, and requested to be taught. The Rupert's-House Indians taught them to read, and divided their little stock of books between the two parties. The Misticsee Indians taught others as they had been taught themselves, and persuaded those new inquirers to come with them in a body to Mr. Horden, who instructed and baptized them.

The lone station of Misticsee has been lately visited by our Missionary, the Rev. T. Vincent, of Albany. His journey was a difficult one, but the results which he found when he reached his destination amply repaid him. He thus relates the particulars of his journey:—

Before setting out on my Missionary journey I entrusted the care of my flock to Isaac Hardisty, the native teacher, with particular instructions for his guidance during my absence. On my return I found that

he had been very diligent indeed, and that all things had gone on well. He conducted service regularly, both on Sundays and week-days, and held a Sunday-school as well for the native children, assisted by several other members of my congregation. I may just add that Hardisty has always given me entire satisfaction when left in charge of the station. I have felt full confidence in his integrity and prudence, and believe that he really seeks the benefit of those intrusted to his care.

On the 21st June I set out from Albany on my Missionary journey to Misticinee, having first committed my dear family to the kind keeping of our heavenly Father. One cannot but feel a little anxious when setting out on such a journey: a distance of 1300 miles must be travelled over, and the greater part through a dangerous and perilous route. But one must not think of this: the call is, "Come over, and help us," and he who really desires the good of souls will think but little of the difficulties of the way.

As Misticinee is situated in the interior of the Rupert's-River district, I had first 200 miles of coast travelling to perform before leaving it finally and ascending that river. From Albany to Moose I took a passage in a boat, belonging to the Company, going in that direction, and as we had a very favourable voyage we reached that establishment on the second day, and found all our friends quite well.

From Moose to Rupert's House I went by canoe, in company with the gentleman appointed to the latter place. The voyage occupied the greater part of six days, and we had a fair share of bad weather, which usually falls to the lot of travellers. On each day I assembled the voyagers for prayer and praise: we formed quite a little congregation, our party numbering fifteen individuals.

No time was now to be lost. I had to wait one day for a canoe to take me forward. This day I spent very pleasantly. There was quite a number of natives still about the establishment. I found plenty of work among them teaching and preaching Christ.

On the 7th July we fairly set out for our voyage for the interior. Here our difficulties really began: we had to ascend a rapid and dangerous river for 450 miles. For the first day we advanced but slowly. I was at last compelled to take a paddle myself and assist, after which we went on more rapidly. Onward and onward we went for four days, now in the swift rapid contending with its rushing waters, next on the portage, carrying canoe, tent, bedding, &c., to avoid a fall, before we overtook the brigade.

I was glad to overtake them so soon as we did: to me every face in the party was familiar, and our delight at meeting was perfectly mutual. A large party of the Rupert's-House Indians were also in company, and these likewise gave me a cordial reception.

I shall not give a full account of our voyage up, but merely state one or two incidents of interest which took place on the way. When we were altogether we formed quite a large and happy party. The particular events of each day were discussed every evening before a blazing fire, but our closing duties were to commit ourselves to the kind keeping of our heavenly Father, and thank Him for mercies vouchsafed to us.

I never lost an opportunity, when one offered, of saying a word

for Christ on the way. Besides my travelling companions, we saw quite a number of Rupert's-House Indians, who, hearing of my coming, waited for us on the route to hear from my lips the message of salvation. They had all many questions to ask about religion, which I answered faithfully, and which usually ended in a pleasant conversation, I trust to our mutual benefit. Sometimes I drew their attention to the works of nature, and spoke of the wonders of creation and creation's God; and then, to remind them of His love for man, I would speak of the gift of a Saviour.

On the forenoon of the 29th July we reached Misticinec, twenty-two days after leaving the coast. This is the first time that the voyage up has been performed so quickly when I was in company. The gentleman in charge received me very kindly, and during my whole stay I wanted for nothing to make me comfortable. He also very kindly prepared for us a large tent to make use of instead of a church, as they have no building there suitable for such a purpose. We found that it answered admirably, seating a large number; and the greater part of my congregation could stand as well while singing.

I could not receive a warmer reception anywhere than I did from the Indians of this post. A large number were present on our arrival, and those who were absent came shortly afterwards. The whole were glad that I had gone to visit them. Nothing could exceed their attention during my whole stay. Day after day they listened attentively to the message of salvation from my lips, and I pray God that it may still be very deeply impressed upon their hearts. During my stay with them my time was fully occupied: from morning until night I had no rest except when partaking of refreshment.

I conducted three divine services regularly every day; spent some time with each family in private, and sought by conversation to ascertain what knowledge they possessed, their mode of living, and whether they practised what they knew. In most cases I found that the knowledge possessed by our converts of the truths of Christianity was very good indeed. Many could answer the questions put to them correctly, proving that they had not been taught in vain. This mode of proceeding I afterwards found of great advantage, as I could speak to them freely of their difficulties and trials, and at the same time give them instruction and counsel for the future. I never dismissed them without prayer, but committed them to the kind keeping of our heavenly Father.

Jacob, the Rupert's-House Indian, John Gunner and Joseph Pool assisted me very much, as they also took part in teaching while I was otherwise engaged. We had three marriages and eight infant baptisms at that establishment. All the adults, baptized on a former visit, have been received into the visible church of Christ. There are now no heathen Indians connected with that post. Much of my time was spent with those preparing to receive the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, as many were to do so for the first time. I explained to them the nature of this sacred ordinance. I exhorted them and prayed with them again and again that they might spiritually eat the flesh of Christ and drink His blood. This was a very anxious season for me,

and at the same time it was a cause of much rejoicing to see how willing they were to rank themselves on the side of Christ.

Sunday, August the 8th, was a happy day for us all. I conducted four divine services, baptized one infant, and administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to thirty-five individuals. Six of this number belong to Rupert's House, but the remainder are immediately connected with Mistisinee.

We now begin to reap the first-fruits of our labours at that post, which I pray God may end in a large harvest of souls, and to His name be all the praise. A brighter spot than this we cannot find in our Mission field: the triumphs of the Gospel are as much felt there as in more favoured portions of God's creation.

I may mention that a Roman-Catholic priest arrived a few days after I did. He seemed somewhat disconcerted to find me there, imagining no doubt that the place would not be visited by us. He remained, however, eight days, going among our Indians and conversing freely with them. When he spoke of religion, recommending his own form of worship as better than that of Protestantism, they told him that they were quite satisfied with our teaching, as we taught them from the word of God. Indeed the chief told him that they did not want him there: if they did they would send for him, but until then he might keep away.

After spending thirteen days very happily among this interesting people, I took my departure for the coast, regretting that I was obliged to leave them so soon. Before doing so I solemnly committed them to the safe keeping of our heavenly Father, praying that He might bless them, and water the good seed sown with the dew of His Holy Spirit.

There is another spot called Abbitibbi. This post is situated on a lake of the same name, from whence the Abbitibbi River flows, pursuing its course until it unites with the Moose River just before it enters James' Bay.

A SUNDAY AT NAZARETH.

EVERY traveller coming from Europe to Nazareth, and wishing to spend his Sabbath in a profitable manner, would probably select the shade of a tree on one of the hill-tops near Nazareth, in order to meditate there undisturbed and in secret upon the grand theme, that the "Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." No doubt such meditations have a peculiar charm on a spot consecrated by the most wonderful remembrances so closely connected with our salvation. But we will not linger too long on the solitary mountain-top without remembering that our Saviour is risen, and yet present with us, in order to renew this generation, so that all may know the Father and worship Him in spirit and in truth.

Let us come down into the valley of Nazareth, and see what the people are there doing. It is a fine morning in spring, the last clouds of dew have swept over the brow of the hill and moistened the ground

as with rain, and refreshed every creature. The different objects, the houses with the tall minaret in the centre, become clear; different sounds are heard in the valley, the first is that of the muezzin proclaiming in doleful and still sleepy tones, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God: wake up believers: prayer is better than sleep." Not long after, we are agreeably reminded that Nazareth is still a Christian name, by the homely and clear sound of a bell from the Latin convent. All is silent again, yet now and then you see the figures of men lifting very slowly some mantle on the house-top, and rising to say their prayers. In the streets we see already the figure of a woman, or little groups of women, with their pitchers on their heads, hastening to the fountain in order to bring the supply of fresh water cool and quietly into their houses before their babies wake. Now the sun rises and sheds its wonderful radiance over the clouds and over the dewy ground. Every one delights in inhaling the fresh morning air before the scorching heat begins. In long rows the cattle leave the town for pasture, and here and there you see the herds of goats following their shepherds up the hill-side. Now the bells begin to ring on all sides of Nazareth. The Roman-Catholic, Greek-Catholic, Maronite, and the Greek orthodox clergy, are already in their churches, ready to celebrate the early mass, but only few people attend it. Some time later, however—it may now be seven or eight o'clock—you hear the bells again, and find all the world alive. The bazaar is, with the exception of a few Mohammedan shops, altogether shut, only here and there you see a booth of vegetables and fruit, and in one place a long row of women who have come from the country to sell their milk. Also a few butchers' shops are thronged with people anxious to get once a week a bit of meat into their pot. All this buying is done as quickly as possible, as each is wishing to get at least part of the service in his church. You see groups of women gaily attired in rich silk dresses, with their white izar over the head, hastening to one of the churches; you are also struck by the appearance of others with long strings of silver-coins round their faces. Most of them have their children with them, and all of them seem happy to show themselves once a week in good robes with as many gold and silver ornaments on their head and neck as they can afford, and not only washed, but also with painted eye-brows.

Let us now enter for a moment into the churches. The Latin church in the Franciscan convent is said to be erected over the grotto in which the mother of Jesus lived. It is a fine large church, and the sound of a beautiful organ, played with skill in the liveliest way, greatly attracts the natives, who kneel and sit in numbers on the stone-floor, and, from time to time, join in the singing, for the boys, and most men, have learned to repeat a few words in Latin. The whole service consists of the alternate singing of monks, with choristers and the people, accompanied by as much incense, tinkling of bells, and occasional processions, as possible. The whole service is in Latin, which is not understood by the people.

The difference in the Greek church is considerable. There the

women are carefully separated from the men ; they sit in a gallery, hid from view by a perforated screen. Here the people do not join in the responses, neither have they any musical instrument: the congregation has therefore full leisure to engage in conversation. When the bishop officiates the service is in Greek, which is not understood; but at other times it is partly in Greek and partly in Arabic. Three or four times a year a short exhortation is delivered. The singing is very poor, for the Greeks all sing through their nose. A principal diversion is the dressing up of the bishop, and occasional processions round the church with gaudy banners and crosses, especially at Easter. In the Maronite church the service is in Syriac, and in the Greek Catholic one in Arabic.

Whilst there is so much show and ceremony, and so little devotion going on in these churches, there is, in the centre of the town, a very different kind of worship carried on in the Protestant school-room. From the market you pass through a gate into the court, from which you enter into a large hall, the doors of which open towards the west into a garden. One part of the hall is filled with girls of the boarding school and the women of the congregation; and the other is so closely packed with men, that every observer would wish to have a larger locality. The service is in Arabic, according to the liturgy of the Church of England. The responses are said by the whole congregation, and all heartily join in the singing, accompanied by a harmonium. It is, of course, not to be expected that Orientals, who are just touched by civilization, should observe the decorum you meet with in Europe: a stranger would at once be surprised to see their heads covered, either with the red fez or a little white cap, or a black handkerchief tied with a brown rope, in the Bedouin fashion; and yet he would be struck with the close attention expressed in almost every face at the time of the sermon. More than anything else, this evident interest in spiritual truth would prove that the preaching of God's word has not been in vain, and that the Spirit of God is at work in moving the dead bones. After this service you find a large congregation in the house of the Missionary, discussing the subject of the sermon and other spiritual questions.

A very usual sight on a Sunday morning is the marriage procession of Greeks or Latins. You see the bridegroom paraded through the streets to and from church, surrounded by numbers of young men singing and clapping their hands, whilst the bride, closely veiled, rides on a horse, accompanied by all her female relatives and friends likewise singing and clapping, as if to illustrate the words, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice." Most people marry very young: men generally before their twenty-second year, and girls before they are fifteen. The wishes of the latter are very rarely consulted: their parents alone make the match, sometimes simply because they wish to obtain the assistance of a daughter instead of a servant for the work of the household. Often the bridegroom has never before seen his bride, still less spoken to her.

Toward noon even the Arab feels the power of the perpendicular rays of the sun, and is glad to seek the shelter of his cool house, and to

refresh himself by partaking of his frugal breakfast, consisting of some flat cakes of bread, which he dips into a bowl filled with sour milk, or into a dish of eggs fried in oil. At two o'clock the Protestant bell rings again for the Sunday school, which is attended by as many or rather more adults than children, for the former need it especially, not having had in their younger days the benefit of a school, which the present generation now enjoys. At three o'clock the afternoon service begins in the same locality, but is not so fully attended as in the morning, for the Nazarenes are not accustomed to a second service. Instead of it the young people of the Greeks and Latins gather on the threshing floor in the valley for play, and others are used to go to the western slope of the hill facing the sea, which is covered with vineyards and fig-trees. They delight to sit there, each under his vine or fig-tree, enjoying the cool breeze which has sprung up from the west, and eating the juicy fruit of the cactus, which grows in abundance.

The Arabs are a very social people, and are never at a loss about a theme for conversation. Alas! their talk too often turns upon material things, as the prospects of the harvest, politics, the state of the Government, or the gain or loss resulting from their petty mercantile pursuits. Christian women are not quite ignorant of Bible history, but their knowledge is very much confused and mixed up with tradition, as none of them can read. You might, for instance, hear one of them relate the story of the prophet Elijah, but all adorned in truly oriental style. You hear that the prophet, in coming to Sarepta, was first refused admittance at the door of a rich man, under the pretence that the bread was too dear. But when the prophet asked the poor widow for some bread she bade him heartily welcome in Christ's name, and then the prophet gave the wonderful blessing to her provisions. The name of King Solomon is very well known. They tell that once all animals were brought before him, beginning with the lion and tiger. Solomon grandly kept his seat as he received them in turns, but when the locusts came he rose from his throne to salute them. When he was asked why he thus honoured the locusts above the rest of the animals, he said, "Because they are the soldiers of God, and no one can withstand them." Some of his servants thought they could resist the locusts and destroy them, and began killing them till they were tired. But so many were left, that while the servants were asleep at night the locusts came and eat off their beards, and they had to confess in the morning that Solomon had been right. How necessary is it to do something for the establishment of such schools as impart the pure and un-mutilated knowledge of Scripture instead of these half Moslem traditions! Protestants, however, are generally anxious to have religious discussions, and are very glad to receive on Sunday evening a visit from their Missionary, who assist them in turning their thoughts from the sorrows and the misery of earth to the world above, where peace and righteousness dwell, where faith is changed into sight, and where Jesus for ever satisfies the cravings of a believer's heart. Indeed, here in Nazareth, in the centre of Galilee, there is no lack of topics for religious conversation. You have only to lift up your eyes upon the country before you, upon Tabor and Hermon, upon the plain of

Esdraelon and Carmel, upon the sea coast on the west, and snow-covered Hermon on the north, and you have an open Bible before you, teaching you plainly what wonders the love of God has wrought, from the times of the patriarchs and prophets till the time when the country witnessed Jesus' works and sufferings, and became the cradle of the Christian church by the preaching of the Apostles. Yes, their words have been forgotten, and the curse of God has made the Holy Land desolate. Before sunset prayers are once more read in the Greek and Latin churches, after which every one expects to find his supper ready at home. A mat is spread on the ground, and a low round table is placed upon it; on this the dish is put, surrounded by several bread cakes with a number of wooden spoons. Any one passing at the always wide open door is pressed to join them at the meal. Now the sun sinks into the sea, his last rays throw a purple light over the clouds of dew rising from the west, and on the east the steep mountains of Gilead and Bashan glow in a variety of the most exquisite tints of pink and violet. The same glory seems spread over heaven and earth, and you exclaim—"Indeed the Lord will come again and make everything new." One by one the stars appear, and soften the darkness with the same brilliancy as in the days of Abraham.—JOHN ZELLER.

HYMN.

OH, Saviour! is Thy promise fled?
No longer might Thy grace endure,
To heal the sick and raise the dead,
And preach Thy Gospel to the poor?

Come, Jesus! come, return again,
With brighter beams Thy servants bless,
Who long to feel Thy perfect reign,
And share Thy kingdom's happiness!

A feeble race, by passion driven;
In darkness and in doubt we roam,
And lift our anxious eyes to Heaven,
Our hope, our harbour, and our home.

Yet mid the wild and wintry gale,
When Death rides darkly o'er the sea,
And strength and earthly daring fail,
Our prayers, Redeemer! rest on Thee.

Come, Jesus, come! and as of yore
The prophet went to clear Thy way,
A harbinger Thy feet before,
A dawning to Thy brighter day;

So now may grace, with heavenly shower,
Our stony hearts for truth prepare;
Sow in our hearts the seed of power,
Then come and reap Thy harvest there.

HEDER.

SREEMOTY GUNESH SHUNDOREE DEBI.

In our last Number we briefly sketched the history of this Hindu lady, and the trials she had to pass through in following out her convictions and professing herself a Christian. As we have the opportunity of filling up this outline, we proceed to do so, in the hope of enkindling that sympathy in the minds of our readers which may express itself before the mercy-seat of God in earnest prayer on behalf of all who are in tribulation for the truth's sake.

Some four or five years ago the ladies of the American Zenana Mission were invited to visit a Hindu family, in order to instruct two widowed sisters. This family is a branch of the Sen family, and closely connected with the leader of the Brahminist body Keshub Chunder Sen. The members of this particular branch are not however, Brahmos, nor do they appear to have taken any part in that movement. They were, and still are, orthodox Hindus.

Two native Christian women, members of the Mirzapore congregation, accompanied those ladies. Upon these devolved the main part of the teaching. The subject of our story, "Gunesh" was at that time between 13 and 14 years of age. Both the sisters progressed favourably in their studies. From the first, religious topics were introduced; and as the sisters acquired the ability to read, they were led to the study of the Holy Scriptures, and of several Christian books.

The widowed mother of those native ladies was not only a consenting party, but was herself constantly a willing recipient with them of religious teaching. After a while, both the daughters became interested pupils in the school of Christ. For about two years back both have avowed their faith in the Saviour. The younger, however, in faith and zeal and courage has far outstripped the elder. Gunesh had the spirit of Mary; the other is akin to Martha. "My sister," said the elder to a Christian lady, "cares only for spiritual things; I care for worldly things too." This was an ingenuous acknowledgment, and is of special value when seen in the light of all that has followed.

Gradually the family awoke to the conviction that the two sisters were no longer Hindus. This would not much have distressed them, if only the two interesting sceptics had outwardly conformed. The elder, for peace sake, did this; the younger firmly and consistently declined: while her sister would be bowing before Rimmom, she would steal away to a quiet corner on the roof of the house, and there commune with her God. The mother opposed her not, but bitter was the spirit, and cruel the taunts of her brothers. Her devotions were the subject of their ridicule, and on one occasion the sacred book was snatched from her hands and torn.

It could not be that she could long remain at ease without publicly confessing her Lord. She saw that she ought to be baptized, and that the Lord expected that all who believe in Him should openly profess Him. But how could she obey the divine command and enjoy that blessed privilege? To remain in her home and be baptized was impossible; to leave it and go for ever from those who were dear to her

was a trying alternative. For a year back she has been deliberating the matter. She hoped, at least, that her elder sister would join her in the momentous step. But her hope was vain. The nearer the cross came to view, the more did the timid one shrink from it. At length Gunesh took the step alone.

On the 29th April, in the dusk of the evening, did she find her way to the Amherst Street Mission compound. She desired immediate baptism. That for obvious reasons was declined. There was no ground for questioning her sincerity, but it was all important to use deliberation. She was directed to possess her soul in patience, and to give "a reason of the hope that was in her" to her friends and relatives. Every facility was afforded to her mother, brothers and uncles to test her steadfastness. From morning to night was the compound besieged by crowds of eager visitors, whilst Gunesh was subjected almost incessantly to the entreaties, promises and threats of her relatives. It was a most trying ordeal. It was a harrowing sight to behold the poor mother, with tears and bitter cries and embraces, trying to shake her resolution. The young confessor trembled and wept too, but never wavered a moment in her determination. "Mother, I must be baptized," was her reiterated reply.

"Think not that I came to send peace on the earth; I came not to send peace but a sword; for I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law." Strange words these to fall from the lips of the Prince of Peace in connexion with the Gospel of peace which He came to establish! Yet so it is, so it ever was, and so it ever will be, until this old, crooked, wicked world of ours is rectified. The first messengers of peace were charged with having "turned the world upside down," "and no wonder," says a quaint old writer, "for they found the world *downside up*."

This is really how it is—the world has been turned topsy-turvy. Everything is out of gear. Man's nature in itself is sufficiently perverse; but man has sought out to himself many inventions, and these are "earthly, sensual, devilish." The accursed system of caste and the abominations of idolatry are to blame for such heartrending scenes as that described.

Gunesh's mother showed no anger: her's was heartfelt distress; but the spectacle of the young woman's firmness excited the wrath of her brothers to an alarming extent. When all hope of preventing her baptism by fair means failed, violent measures were resolved upon. On Tuesday, May 3rd, the mother came in a state of deep anxiety to implore the Missionaries not to admit the brothers, for they had solemnly vowed to conceal a weapon in their clothes, and murder her before the sacred rite could be administered. Under these circumstances it became a question whether her baptism should be any longer delayed. She had made a good confession before many witnesses. She was found to have a competent acquaintance with the leading facts and doctrines of Holy Scripture; she had a clear perception of the work of Christ and of the Holy Spirit; she seemed to exercise simple faith in the atonement; of the simplicity and correctness of her motives there seemed

not a shadow of doubt. Well, then, might those from whom she demanded the holy ordinance inquire, "Can any man forbid water that she should not be baptized?"

She was baptized on the evening of that same day. Her mother was informed of this on the following morning. Presently she came with her immediate relatives, attended by several influential members of the Brahmo Somaj. The project now was, to make the best of the matter: she could not be again a Hindu, but she might be a Brahmo. By making her a Brahmo the credit of all parties would be in some sense redeemed. The Sen clan evidently were not less aggrieved than the most bigoted Hindus at one of their relatives becoming a Christian; nor were they less bitter and unreasoning in denouncing her conversion.

Gunesh knew too well that to return to her friends would be to make a total surrender of her religious liberty, whilst no effort would be spared to make her apostatize. She accordingly declined to accompany them; and the whole party left with threats at legal action which were not empty air.

Two days after, a writ of habeas corpus called for the production of the young lady in the High Court. Her friends had solemnly sworn that she was under 14 years of age. They carefully abstained from producing her horoscope, for they well knew that would prove her to be seventeen. In order to establish this barefaced fabrication, and regain possession of her body, an array of not fewer than four barristers was employed.

Never perhaps has the High Court witnessed a more exciting scene. For the best part of two days was the case argued. Hundreds of eager spectators crowded the court.

Happily this formidable array of legal ability was confronted by a man of sterling wit, eloquence and learning. Apart from the special interest of the case, it was a real treat to see him lash the errors and sweep away the legal cobwebs of his less learned or less fortunate antagonists. Speaking of the folly of questioning the power of discretion in this Indian lady of seventeen, he said most truly that, had her husband been living, she would probably have been the mother of several children, and might have been at this time exercising her discretion in choosing for them the partners of their future joys and sorrows. All true, very true; but yet this same lady is pronounced incapable of choosing her own religion; and when she does it, cries are forthwith raised of "Baby conversion."

The case admitted of but one decision. The learned judge accepted as true the return made by the Missionaries, and decreed that Gunesh Shundoree Debi might exercise her choice in fixing the place of her abode. For a quarter of an hour she was closeted with her mother. Too clearly were the wailing and crying of the old lady heard. At length the interview closed, and Gunesh was brought into court. To the question of the judge as to her choice, she steadily replied, "I will go to the Padri Sahib."

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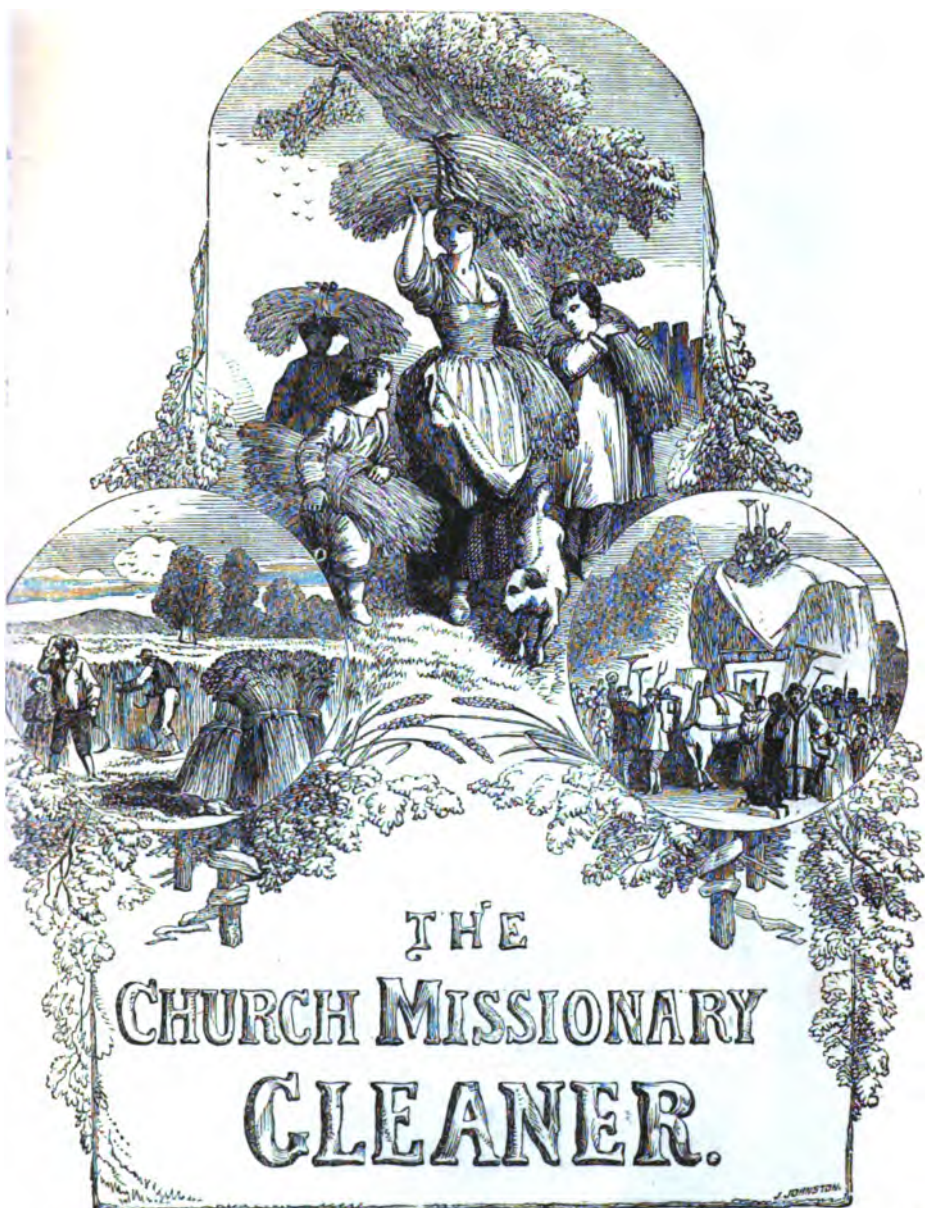
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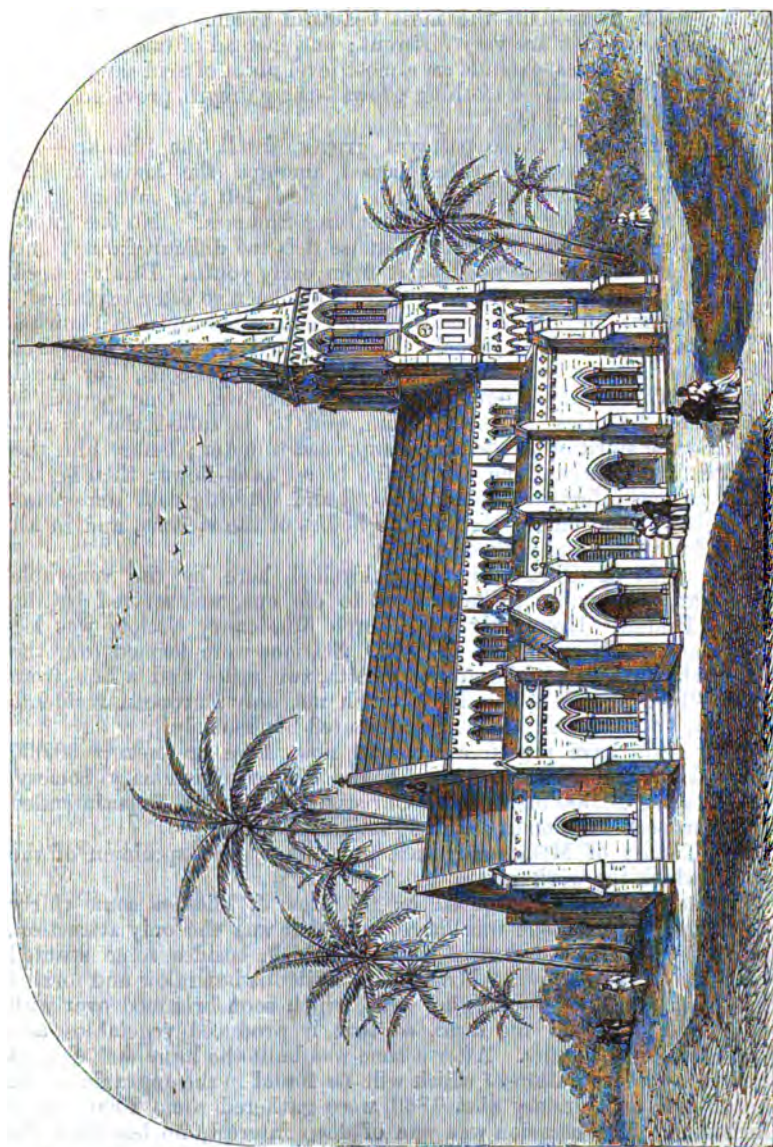
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**MENGNANAPURAM, TINNEVELLY.**

**TINNEVELLY** is the name of the most southern province of India, on the eastern coast. A chain of mountains, called the Ghauts, some of

**MENGNANAPURAM CHURCH, TINNEVELLY.**

*September, 1870.*



which rise more than 5000 feet high, separate it on the west from the province of Travancore. Although not so fruitful as some provinces of India, yet it is not without its beautiful spots; and especially along the sides of the river Tambrapoorny may be seen, in the season, extensive rice-fields dressed in the most beautiful green. But other portions there are which are very different; and instead of tamarinds and other spreading trees, extends an almost level plain of arid sand. Yet in so unlikely a locality something grows—the palmyra, provided without human care or culture.

And here, amidst these palmyra groves, dwell the Shanars—an industrious, hard-working race, classed amongst the lowest of the Sudras. To one subdivision of this people is left the cultivation of the palmyra, and they are called “climbing Shanars.” No one interferes with their vocation, simply because it is too difficult for any one who has not been accustomed to it from early youth. But we need not dwell upon this part of the subject, it has been so often explained.

The Shanars, and all the castes below them, worshipped evil spirits, and more particularly a female demon named Aman. The places where the rites were performed were called “pei-coils,” or devil temples. There they offered up animal sacrifices. One person is selected by the priest as the medium, and he is called the pei-adi. Into him the spirit of the demon is supposed to enter; before him the sacrifices are slain, and he drinks the blood as it flows; then he becomes as one infuriated, dancing about and uttering wild sentences: the night is spent in feasting on the bodies of the victims, and in all kinds of revelling and wickedness.

Some light of Christianity was kindled here by the venerable Missionary Swartz, and, when about to die out, was revived by the Rev. J. Hough. Eventually the Church Missionary Society was led to commence a Mission here in 1820. Stations were formed over the face of the province, while at Palamcottah, two miles and a half from Tinnevely, a church was built, to which not only European residents in India, but even rich heathen contributed handsomely.

Fifty years have passed away, and now there are nearly 30,000 baptized Tamils in connexion with the Church Missionary Society, besides some 13,000 more under Christian instruction, superintended by 9 European Missionaries and 30 native pastors.

The district of Mengnanapuram presents a good specimen of the way in which the work grows.

The station was commenced by the Rev. J. Thomas some thirty years ago. The village was large, and that was the only attraction, for all around was a desert of sand, in which, besides some stunted shrubs, grew the palmyra. Mr. Thomas built his bungalow and formed round it his garden, by digging wells, which soon brimmed over with water and fertilized the sand, so that it produced vegetables and flowers, trees and fruits. After a time was built the large and elegant church, a representation of which will be found in the engraving. In this church, on January 31st, 1869, were gathered some 2000 native Christians. The occasion was one of deep interest, no less than the ordination by the Bishop of Madras of thirty-two natives, ten of them

to the order of priests, and twenty-two to the order of deacons. Of the thirty-two natives, eighteen were connected with the Church Missionary Society, and fourteen with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The candidates had been examined by the bishop's chaplain, the Rev. O. Dene, and by two Missionary chaplains, the Rev. J. Cornelius, of the Church Missionary Society, and the Rev. D. Samuel, of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The ordination sermon was preached by the Rev. C. Devanayagam of the Church Missionary Society, from Col. i. 28, "Whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom, that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." On December 18, 1859, Bishop Dealtry, in the same province of Tinnevely, ordained twelve natives, an occasion of such interest and importance as to induce the bishop to say, "Never since the time of the Apostles had a Christian bishop been privileged to take part in so solemn and interesting a service." How much more this might be said of the ordination on January 31, 1869? There are now in the same province forty-seven native clergy, of whom twenty-two, or nearly one-half of the whole were admitted to orders on January 31, 1869: of these forty-seven, thirty are in connexion with the Church Missionary Society.

Thus the Rev. J. Thomas had the privilege of seeing the Christian work, to which he had put his hand some thirty years before, marvelously increased and strengthened. The large church of Mengnapuram is the type and emblem of the progress of the spiritual building. Mr. Thomas lived to see 12,000 native Christians in his own district, ministered to by fifteen native ministers, each with his own pastorate assigned to him, his church, schools, congregation. He could say, "Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation;" and he fell asleep in Jesus on the 28th March, 1870, in the midst of his people, among whom he had laboured thirty-three years. A few hours before he died he pointed to a large-lettered card of texts, which was hung up at the end of the room, and said, "There is where my reliance is. We have not an high-priest who cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities."

Thus the Lord's servants wear out and pass away, but "Thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail." Under His direction and blessing His work progresses, and the prophecy of Zechariah is being fulfilled, "He shall build the temple of the Lord. Even He shall build the temple of the Lord, and He shall bear the glory, and shall sit and rule upon His throne;" nor shall the work be suspended until "He shall bring forth the head-stone thereof with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace unto it."

#### THE DHESSERA CEREMONY IN KANDEISH.

KANDEISH is a collectorate of the Bombay, or Western-India Presidency. It is a rich alluvial tract watered by the river Taptee, which runs through it from east to west. Its population is about 750,000, chiefly Mahrattas.

In this province the Church Missionary Society occupies two



stations, Junir and Malligaum, and from these centres our Missionaries, European and native, itinerate through the surrounding districts, and labour to sow the seed of the kingdom amongst the rural population.

The darkness and ignorance of these poor people will appear from the following description of a ceremony which our Missionary, the Rev. E. Sampson, witnessed amongst them.

Having been an eye-witness of the scene I am about to describe, and as it is still fresh in my memory, I send it to you, believing it will be read with interest by not a few interested in Missions to the heathen. The village is called Soundhona; it is situated about twelve or fourteen miles from Malligaum, in a direct westerly direction. The village is on one side of the river Oda, and on the other is the bungalow. The houses are all made of mud. The inhabitants number in all about 800 souls: they are divided into four castes, Brahmins, Kunbis or cultivators, Mahars, and Bhils. I am glad to say the Brahmins are very few, only two families. The Kunbis are the principal men of the place. As the village is surrounded by a large mud wall, you must enter by the gate. I was just preparing to go and see the place, when the sound of the horn (a necessary nuisance in any Indian village) indicated that something was going on. Accompanied by one of our native helpers, I proceeded to the scene of action. By the time we got over the river crowds of men, women and children had assembled in front of the principal gate of the village, when we learned that the Dheissera rite was about to be performed. The people were all excitement. A fierce battle of words was going on in one spot among the leading men of the place as to who should have the privilege of conducting the proceedings. In the meantime there was a grand rush to the gate, and in a few seconds an unfortunate buffalo was dragged to the front, decorated with flowers, and held by three men with ropes attached to the head. All having seen it, they then led it round the village, beating it in the most cruel manner. By the time it arrived at the gate the second time the dispute was finished, and forward came the champion of the evening brandishing a half-rusty old sword, prepared to perform his part at any risk. The sun was fast setting when the buffalo arrived: the crowd gathered closely round, every one eager to see how the deed was to be performed, when the executioner, with arm made bare, wields the old sword until the beast becomes restive, then he hacks, here and there, and at last he succeeds by chance to cut off the tail. No sooner is the tail off than there is a cry raised, and in this bleeding, half-dead condition the animal is again led round the village by the three men, one at either side, and one in front, while a goodly number pursue them behind, flailing the helpless victim with long bamboo sticks most unmercifully. Back they come again for the last time. Now the excitement is at its pitch. The victim being placed in front, but outside the gate of the village, the individual with the old sword again approaches, and the men holding the animal are cautioned to hold firm. The victim's head is held close to the ground, and now, as

the fatal blow is about to be struck, all is silence for a moment. In an instant the sword is raised, aim is taken, and down falls the blow; then blow after blow succeeds one another, until, at length, the head being severed from the body, the animal is allowed to wallow in its blood. Presently the Mahars swarm round the body just like bees in a hive, and it is soon out of sight. They are the only people profited by the whole transaction: it is a rain-fall for them. They had a grand feast upon the unfortunate buffalo. As far as the Mahars are concerned, they would have no objection if the Dhessera occurred once a week instead of once a year.

But why do I send you this information? First, to let you see that the people here are still steeped in sin and ignorance. Secondly, to show you, that though they are in this state, yet their notions as to how sin is to be removed, how sin is to be pardoned, are, in one sense, correct. And thirdly, to inform you that we had an opportunity of preaching to these people assembled the great sacrifice of Christ upon the cross. Their object in killing the buffalo was, that by its blood-shedding all past sins, crimes and offences might be blotted out. The animal once slain, their consciences are at perfect rest. During the time the victim was being led round the village, and previously to its being slain, we were enabled to proclaim to them that—

Not all the blood of beasts  
On Hindu altars slain,  
Can give a guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away its stain;

that Christ, the Heavenly Lamb, has come to shed His blood for our sins, and that it is the blood of Jesus Christ alone that can wash away our sins. We showed them how God delighted not in burnt-offerings or sacrifices; that He has given His own dear Son to be a sacrifice for us; and that it is by faith in His blood alone we can obtain remission for our sins. Some seemed for the time impressed; and I think most of those who heard us understood what we said; but none, alas! believed it, as far as we can see, to the salvation of their souls. As it is the Dhessera time, our preaching shall be, during this tour, on the value, the power, and the efficacy of the blood of Christ to remove any stain of sin from the conscience. This rite has been performed in every village, and where it cannot afford a buffalo, they kill a goat; and where they cannot afford a goat, a fowl is killed.

Such details remind us of the typical sacrifices which of old were offered amongst the Jews as foreshadowings of the Great Sacrifice, which, in the fulness of time, was to be offered for the sins of men. If a ruler sinned through ignorance, he was to bring a bullock without blemish unto the Lord for a sin-offering; or if any one of the common people, he was to bring a lamb or a kid of the goats; and if he were not able to bring a lamb, then he might bring two turtle-doves or two young pigeons. All this was designed to teach how accessible the Great Sacrifice for sin is to men of all classes, so that the poor man who is burthened with

a sense of sin and desirous of relief from it, is as free to use that Sacrifice as the rich and great.

Again, in the offering of the typical sacrifice, no acts of cruelty were permitted, such as are crowded into the Dhessera sacrifices. But the offering of the Great Sacrifice was stained with the greatest cruelty. Never was there any one who so deserved to be loved, as that Mighty One who stooped to take upon Him our nature, that in that nature He might suffer for us ; and never was there any one so cruelly treated. He was led forth amidst the revilings of Jew and Gentile. All took delight in His sorrows, and every one pressed forward, if in no other way, at least by unkind and taunting words to increase their bitterness : and patiently, in His love to sinners, did He endure the ordeal, and "suffered once for sin, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God."

This is the grand truth which the poor idolaters of Kandeish need to know. May the number of faithful evangelists throughout India be increased, and the blessing of God be poured down richly upon the seed sown, so that Kandeish, as a fruitful valley, may yield rich harvests to the Lord.

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### POEM,

BY THE LATE VEN. ARCHDEACON PHELPS.

THE poem which we now publish was written by the late Archdeacon Phelps. An incorrect version appeared some time back in this periodical, and we have been requested by Mrs. Phelps to give a correct copy of the verses as they were composed, a request with which we readily comply.

Yes ! to depart—'t were better far.  
I would not, mid this earthly war  
Of turmoils, sigh and linger on ;  
Come, Saviour ! quickly come ! I burn  
To hear the welcome word " Return,"  
And from my prison to be gone.

Yet, yet I bow. Thy high behest  
Hath fixed the hour it deemed best ;  
And patient would I wear my chains ;  
And meet with calm, though tearful eye  
The sorrows of mortality,  
What time Thy better will ordains.

Nor would I, with insensate soul,  
Forget the goodly streams that roll  
And sparkle in the wilderness ;  
Nor fail to own, around, above,  
The voice, the hand, the smile of love,  
That deigns my saddest hours to bless !

And well this boding heart can tell,  
 That when it comes—the sad farewell—  
 And I, and those I love, must part;  
 With mix'd emotion, soothed and riv'n,  
 And half on earth and half in heaven,  
 Regret and joy will share my heart.

But oh! the dark, cold bed beneath,  
 The cheerless dwelling-place of death,  
 How wilt thou fleshly nature, meet?  
 I know, with trembling awe impress'd,  
 That thou wilt dread to be undress'd,  
 And shuddering see the soul retreat.

Yet not for all that charms me here,  
 Not ev'n for those I hold so dear,  
 Would I avert the coming stroke;  
 Nor, for the deep and awful gloom  
 That gathers o'er the silent tomb  
 The voice, that bade Him come, revoke.

For oh! what tongue can tell the bliss  
 To see my Saviour as He is,  
 And bear an image like His own;  
 Whose love shall staunch the streaming eye,  
 Whose presence ev'ry want supply,  
 Where sin and sorrow are unknown!

## BADDAGAMA.

BADDAGAMA is one of our Church Missionary stations in the south of the island of Ceylon. A brief description of the land and its inhabitants will help us, who live so far off, to realize the kind of work in which our Missionaries are engaged, its reverses and discouragements, and so excite that sympathy and interest which lead to co-operation.

The Baddagama district includes three pattus (something like the English counties) viz. Gangabadoe pattu, Wallalla pattu or Korle, Wellabada pattu. The northern boundary is Bentotte, the southern boundary Talpe pattu, the western boundary is the sea and the eastern boundary Hinidum pattu. The total number of all ranks, races and creeds is estimated at about 70,000. Of these, however, only about 420 men, women and children are under direct Christian influence, that is, only that number attend for Christian instruction. Hence about 69,580 still remain in that miserable condition described by St. Paul in his epistle to the Ephesians, "Having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their hearts, who, being past feeling, have given themselves over unto lasciviousness, to work all uncleanness with greediness." Only the pen of inspiration can fully describe all the misery and cruelty which exist in these dwellings of darkness. The people call themselves Buddh-

ists, but they appear to have stolen something from all the pagan religions in the world. They endeavour to secure to themselves merit by building bana maduas, or preaching-places; by hearing their sacred scriptures read in Pali, of which they understand about as much as many of the poor ignorant Roman Catholics do of Latin; by offering flowers, by building wehaves and dagobas, and by going long journeys on pilgrimage. They imagine that these things will prepare them for happiness in the invisible world, and they appear to be as well satisfied with themselves as the erring Pharisees were in our Lord's time. When their fields and trees bring forth abundantly, they make offerings, not to Buddha, but to a number of heathen gods who are supposed to preside over their worldly affairs. When suffering from sickness, or any other calamity, they endeavour to conciliate the evil spirits by the performance of devil ceremonies. Such are some of the enemies with which the Christian Missionary and the native evangelist have to contend.

In twelve schools about 300 children are taught. Most of the Christians at Baddagama are either the children of Christian parents or converts from schools. I think nearly all the direct converts from heathenism are at Dodanduwa and Kosgoda.

At Dodanduwa things have gone on as in former years. It is still the most prosperous part of the district. The Aratchi, David Weerasuriya, and his family, are quite models of Christian simplicity, faith, charity and liberality. The father, mother and two daughters are regular communicants. The eldest daughter has a school, in which about thirty girls are daily taught the great truths of the Bible on which eternal things depend, and the most interesting part is, that all these pains are taken, and this time expended, not for lucre, but for love's sake, as she receives no remuneration for her labours. When the Lord increases the number of such Christians, true religion will doubtless gain the respect of the people, who appear now to suspect the sincerity of salaried teachers; and some hesitate not to tell us that both Missionary and native agents preach and teach for salary, and not for love or religion.

The case of a schoolgirl may be here related. It will prove that sometimes our schools are the means of leading children to the truth, and also show what children are called upon to suffer if they believe and confess that truth. It will perhaps suggest, too, the reasons why more do not acknowledge the truth as it is in Jesus, and why they do not confess that they believe it.

When this girl first began to attend school she manifested great opposition to Christianity, would not pay any attention to the Bible lesson, nor kneel down for morning and evening prayers at the opening and closing of the school. She contended for the truth of Buddhism against other children of Christian parents, and in various ways manifested her opposition to Christianity, as the child of an Upasakarala, might be expected to do. (An Upasakarala is one who has taken upon himself rigidly to observe a certain number of the precepts of Buddha.) It seems a mystery why the children's parents should ever have allowed her to come to our school at all. Probably their desire that the girl should learn needlework overcame their scruples about Chris-

tianity, or else they supposed the child proof against its influences. As time passed on she began to show more interest in the Bible lessons. She was frequently with some cousins, who are decidedly pious girls, and the parents began to feel some alarm for their daughter, and took her away from school. After a while, however, they again permitted the girl to come to our school, and in the meantime what she had previously heard had borne fruit, for now her desire to attend school, her interest in all she heard, and her willingness to learn, were most pleasing: her conduct in school was uniformly good, and her lessons were well learnt, but more especially the Scripture portions. She would now come very early to school, an hour or more before the proper time, and soon it was discovered why she came so early. It was in order to hear the catechist read and expound the Scriptures at family prayers, and afterwards to sit quietly and read her own Bible until the other children came to school. All this time she was attending the Buddhist temple with her family, but gradually she left off taking offerings and flowers, and did not worship the priests. She simply accompanied her mother, but without any interest in what she said.

It was about this stage of the history that I visited the school, and in order to test her knowledge and satisfy myself with regard to all I had heard about her, I called her and another girl aside, and questioned them upon the subject of Christianity. The answers of this little girl astonished me. Her knowledge of the New Testament history, her clear views about the way of salvation only by the blood of Jesus, and her grasp of Christian doctrine, were altogether so different to that of the other girl, that I could not help feeling she must be taught of God.

The answers of the one girl were what one would expect from learning by memory and hearing the Bible read and explained, but in the other case it was evidently experience and personal interest in the doctrines which she had learnt and read. Even at this time she well knew what a profession of her faith would involve, and I took special pains to explain to her that if she did confess Jesus before men she "must suffer persecution." It was not long after my conversation with her that she was called upon to "endure hardness," to witness her confession of faith, and to receive the persecution she had been led to expect.

This little girl had gone to the house of a Christian family, and there, during conversation, she acknowledged herself a Christian, and utterly renounced all faith in the religion of her fathers. A Buddhist servant overheard this conversation, and went and told her father and her family. It may be imagined what a storm it raised against the little girl. Her whole family, for generations strict Buddhists, her grandmother an Upasaka Amma, her father a Upasakarala, her uncle a priest, and nearly all her relatives devoted to Buddhism, do we wonder that they abused the child who dared to be a Christian, and that her father beat her, took away all her books, forbade her attending the school, and cut off all intercourse with our Christian people? But though beaten and reviled, she did not give up her faith in the Lord Jesus, neither would she make offerings, nor worship the priests, although beaten before the image. Although forbidden to come to the school or

Sunday services, her parents could not, and did not, hinder me or the catechist from going to the house and talking with the girl.

To questions about her trust in God, prayer to and faith in Jesus, she always answered satisfactorily. A short time before leaving the district I called at the father's house and saw her. I asked, "When you are beaten and persecuted, have you any comfort?" She replied, "God helps me to bear it all." "Do you think that God hears and answers your prayers?" "Oh yes," was the reply; "I know He does." "Do you believe that God can and will forgive your sins?" "Oh yes, I know He can, for Jesus Christ's sake," was the immediate answer; and this said with an expression of countenance I shall not soon forget. She also maintained that she would never give up Christianity, and never again be a Buddhist, and hitherto she has been faithful to her high resolve. One day she went to the house of the catechist, and begged his wife to tell me she wanted to be baptized, and to be taken away from her father's house, that she might serve God in peace. Being so young, only about thirteen years of age, of course she could not leave home without her father's consent, and we can only pray that God will give her strength to endure persecution for the cross of Christ, and that she may glorify the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and adorn the doctrine of her Saviour in all things. My last intelligence of this little girl was, that, though still persecuted, she was steadfast in her determination to be nothing but a Christian.

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#### BENARES.

SOME kinds of soil respond more promptly to the labours of the husbandmen: others are reluctant and hang back. Some seeds spring up more quickly: others are tardy in their development. Yet it is well to remember that the productions which are most valuable and lasting are usually the slowest in their growth. The kids soon frisk about and become goats: the offspring of man is long in babyhood.

In North India, although our Missionary work is on an extensive scale, and our Missionaries all that we could wish them to be, although their labours have been persistently carried on for many years, yet, so far, the visible results have been few. We cannot reckon, as in South India, the Native converts by many thousands. Congregations there are in several places, yet comparatively they are not numerous, and are thinly scattered over the face of the land. Nevertheless we are persuaded that there is a great work in preparation, and that it will break out suddenly, and on an extensive scale. Hinduism, in North India, is a strong concrete. When the people begin to move it will be not by units, but in masses, and the sapping and undermining process is being persistently and unostentatiously carried on.

Some labourers must have the excitement of present success, else they cannot work. But the superior labourer is the man,

who works on, although of present success there is but little, depending on the promises of God. Such men are the Rev. W. Smith and the Rev. C. B. Leupolt, of Benares. Forty years and thirty-eight years have been the respective terms of their Missionary lives. We thank God that they have been left so long with us. May they be spared to see the winter past, and the breaking forth of spring!

The branches of work at this city of darkness and idolatry are many—Orphanages, normal schools, male and female; industrial, infant girls' schools; zenana work. In this latter branch progress has been made: admissions have been obtained to thirteen new houses, so that at the present time there are twenty families under instruction. Then there is the native congregation at Sagra, numbering 415, and a city congregation assembling in the new church, which was opened by Mr. Smith immediately before his declining health compelled his removal to the hills. Then there is also the beautiful little out-station at Gharwa, concerning which Mr. Leupolt says, "our prayers and labours are that this little station may become a centre stem of a beautiful Christian banyan-tree, from which branches (churches) may shoot forth in all directions, and take root in the neighbouring soil to the glory of God."

In addition to all these there is the aggressive work of preaching to the heathen, and how this important department is carried on Mr. Leupolt thus informs us—

During the last cold season myself and readers were engaged in itinerating. We followed the old plan of pitching our tent in some central spot, and visiting for several days the villages around the same. Thereby opportunity is offered to any inquirer to come and see us, whilst we also become more acquainted with the people. With the exception of two or three villages, we were gladly received everywhere, and the people listened willingly to our message, admitting freely that the Bible alone described man's nature as it really is, and points out its wants, and the means to supply those wants; a thing which it is not in the power either of Hinduism or Mohammedanism to do. Thinking natives feel this.

Thus whilst staying at Sakaldiya my colporteurs came and told me that they had discovered a Hindu Fakir, and supplied him with two tracts and a New Testament. He desired much to see me. I visited him twice, and found a man forty-two years old, with an interesting but anxious countenance. He told me something of his life. From his childhood he had been anxious to know God. The books which were given him to read did not satisfy him; he wanted more. When eighteen years old he became a Fakir. He left his home and built himself a hut. After some time he found that he made no progress in finding God and coming nearer to Him. To obtain this end he had a place excavated under-ground, and there he sat for two years, seeing neither sun nor moon, and never speaking a syllable to any human being. If food was



placed before him he ate it; if not, he went without food. At the end of two years he found his health giving way, but his end seemed as far off as ever. He then ascended again and spent eighteen long years more in his hut in contemplation, without coming nearer to his end of finding God.

On my speaking to him of Christ, showing him what He had done for us, how He meets all the aspirations, longings, and wants of the immortal spirit, he exclaimed several times, "Jesus Christ is a Saviour such as I want: I want a Saviour, and he is my Saviour. I will follow you." We urged him to read carefully the New Testament, and pray earnestly that God, through His Holy Spirit, may give him light.

Since then I have sent our people to visit him. He has left his hut, given up his Fakiri, has taken the farm of his father, and is diligently engaged in reading the word of God. I hope to see him next month.

As there is nothing in Hinduism to satisfy an immortal spirit, so there is nothing in Mohammedanism. Not long ago I had a visit from a Moulvi. He told me that, during the Affghan war, he had received a New Testament: he read it carefully, and doubts were created in his mind as to Mohammed. He then left Ghazni and went to Peshawur. On meeting and conversing with the Christians there his doubts increased. His friends advised him to go on pilgrimage to Mecca and drink of the celebrated well there, and all his doubts and fears would be removed. "I followed the advice," he said, "took 600 rupees, and set out for Mecca. I spent several months in Arabia, drank for some time daily from the well, saw a great many people, and conversed with them freely." "And your doubts," I asked; "has the celebrated well removed them?" "Yes!" was the reply; "they are gone! doubts and fears about Mohammed and Mohammedanism are gone. I am fully persuaded, and there is no doubt left on my mind, that Mohammed was an impostor and Mohammedanism is a lie. As to the people, if we are bad in India, the people of Arabia are ten thousand times worse." He made these remarks before another Moulvi.

At home, the city of Benares has not been neglected. We have continued our special meetings on Tuesdays for prayer and preaching, where most of our teachers and others attend. Our congregations in the city have not been very large, but the people have been attentive. There is at present a great stir among the Hindus and Mohammedans.

During the year we lost two of our best men. Our senior catechist, David Thakur, died in May last. He was with me till the last few days of his death. I trust he is with the Lord. He was my right hand in visiting and itinerating: we were always together. The natives generally respected and honoured him. And as far as my experience goes, I may safely say, that in our days a Christian who walks according to the Gospel is no longer despised by the natives.

The second who died was poor Dharam Sewak. He was very anxious to preach the Gospel to his fellow-countrymen, and to tell them what Christ had done for his own soul. He married, but at the end of last year he was taken ill with consumption and spleen. He suffered a great deal, and two months ago he fell asleep in Jesus. His end was peace. The Lord's ways are indeed not our ways, nor his thoughts our thoughts.



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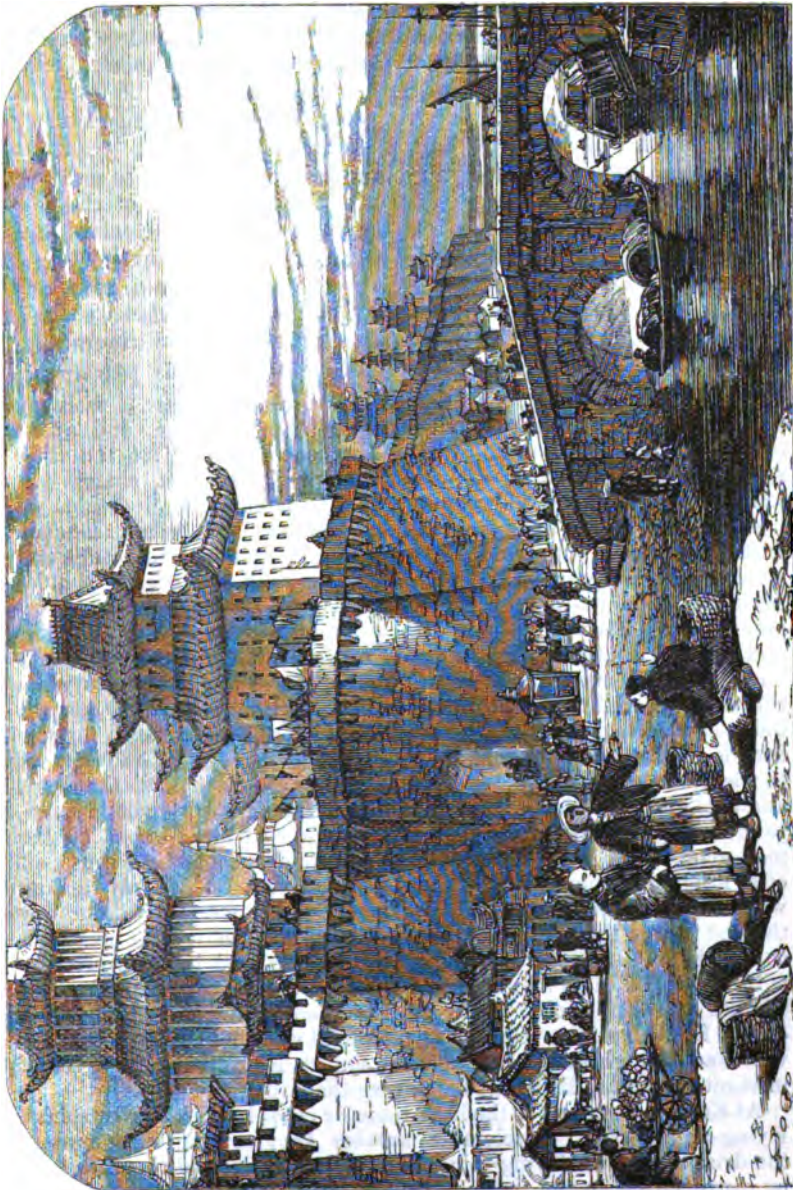
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NINGPO.

CHINA occupies a more than ordinary share of our anxiety and



WESTERN GATE, PEKING.

November, 1870.

prayer at the present time. Another article in this Number explains the cause.

The Ningpo Mission has been favoured, until very recently, with much quiet, so much, that several new Missionaries from England having reached the coast, the brethren at Ningpo decided to occupy midway a new centre—Shaou-hying, a *foo*, or departmental city, situated between Ningpo and Hang-chow, the circuit of its walls being three times as much as Ningpo. The surrounding country is one of the most fertile and populous in China; so populous indeed, that in the Shaou-hying plain there are about five millions of souls speaking the same dialect. The inhabitants of the city and plain are celebrated over the empire for their intellectual and literary attainments, and exercise a corresponding influence.

The stations already occupied are carefully watched over, our Missionaries making frequent visits to the spots where a little fire has been kindled. The particulars of one of these itinerancies by the Rev. F. F. Gough will be found in the following paper—

June 14, 1870—I started on Tuesday last (7th inst.), with my Christian servant, about four o'clock in the afternoon, and about eight P.M. reached Loh-do-gyiao. I at once went up to the little room we have rented there, with a native Christian in charge. A number of neighbours followed me in, full of curiosity, to whom we preached the Gospel in a conversational manner. One woman listened with considerable intelligence and interest. I promised to return and speak to them again in the morning. I moved my boat to a quiet nook on the opposite side for the night, on the suggestion of my new friends, where I held a little evening service with my servant and the two boatmen. I afterwards retired, but for a sleepless night under the persecution of mosquito bites. Great was the relief when the morning light brought deliverance. Although needing sleep, I did not dare to begin to take any, lest I should be unready for our friends on the bank. I told the boatman to move a little further on to the stone dike at the terminus of the canal, got out of the boat, and spoke to an elderly man standing on the dike with net in hand, to catch any fish that might chance to pass over with the water. Other men soon began to come round us, who told me of the recent visit of a foreigner, whom I knew to be Mr. Bates. Upon my asking what they had heard, one elderly man repeated to me pretty accurately the first part of the parable of the prodigal son. I moved the boat back to the chapel landing-place, and went on shore, and had conversation with those who came together, and with old Sing-kwông himself, with whom I left some books. Near noon, started for Kôh-du-z, only three or four English miles. On our way, hailed by the messenger whom my wife had thoughtfully sent to meet me at Kôh-du-z, with a set of mosquito curtains, for which I was very thankful.

At Kôh-du-z went up to the little room or chapel, where our catechist, Kyng-ming, lives. A tolerable number kept coming in, in spite of the drizzling rain. Kyng-ming and myself addressed them, or kept up conversation on the truth, during a great part of the afternoon, a

copy of the creed and of the commandments on the wall, and still more my Testament in my hand, supplying abundant materials "for doctrine, for reproof, &c." At last I retired, somewhat tired, to the boat; then started with Kyng-ming to walk round the eastern base of the Kôh-du-z hills. He showed me the path over the pass into San-poh. Returning, we stopped in a hamlet, and began conversation with a seller of bean cakes (deo-vu), who furnished us with seats, but scarcely liked our pointedly addressing him. However, many, principally women, gathered round us and listened. I spoke pointedly to an aged woman (seventy-six years of age), who presently referred to the reports against us here, amongst other things, that we give 40,000 copper cash (upwards of 7*l.*) to every proselyte, besides a regular allowance, on the condition that at death we take out their hearts! On our way back to the room we had conversation with the catechist about these reports, which he spoke of as a trying impediment in his way. Decided, if the weather should allow, in the morning to walk to Ha-pu with him. My boat was fastened for the night in a little creek nearly opposite the chapel. Much rain and strong wind, especially towards morning, but I had refreshing sleep within the mosquito curtains.

I decided in the morning not to walk to Ha-pu, but to return from Kôh-du-z at once, and proceed in the direction of Z-kyi, for two reasons (1), there was not much opportunity for work in the rain, and (2), I feared that a very little more rain would make me, or at least my boat, a prisoner for some days, as it would be impossible to get under the bridges.

INVITATION TO PRAYER.

THE Rev. W. A. Russell, in a letter from Ningpo, reminds us that the position of Missionaries in China at the present time is unquestionably one of grave danger and of great perplexity, "needing the prayers and sympathies of our Christian friends in England, that we may be kept in this hour of trial, and have that faith in God, and that practical wisdom imparted unto us which we now especially need."

This is the true resource—"Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." We may take for example and encouragement the action of the church at Jerusalem, when James the brother of John having been slain by Herod, and Peter cast into prison and on the eve of execution, then "prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him."

Our Missionaries are in danger. The sky is overcast, and appearances ominous. The danger may be averted. Once, when Abeokuta was threatened by the Dahomey king, and our Missionaries in that city were in danger, an appeal was drawn up and circulated, and Christians in England were invited to prayer. It was responded to by numbers, and was remarkably answered, the barbarian king abandoning his intended onslaught on the city, and our Missionaries being thus preserved in circumstances of great danger and perplexity.

The subjoined appeal for prayer has already appeared in the columns of the "Record" newspaper, and appears to be most appropriate for such of our friends as may desire any hints for special prayer—

Eight years' experience of the Chinese have made me, in a certain sense, familiar with hostile rumours and a threatening aspect of affairs; but from public telegrams and private letters I am led to fear that such an outburst of hostility, and such circumstances of danger as the present, must be regarded as unprecedented.

I will not pause to discuss the political bearing of the question. I desire now, through the medium of your columns, to enlist the sympathies of all who can pray, on behalf of our fellow countrymen in China. I believe that there are many in England possessed of that virtue with which the King of Prussia has been credited, namely, an "enthusiastic faith in the power of prayer." Nothing but God's special intervention, as it appears to me, can save lives imperilled in China; but we are certain that that can do it, and we believe that prayer can move the Omnipotent arm.

Let me briefly enumerate the special objects for which I request special prayer. In addition to the large number of merchants and civilians at the port, numbering from four to five thousand, and in addition to the numerous Roman-Catholic priests and Sisters scattered through the provinces, there are about one hundred Protestant Missionaries, with some six or seven thousand native converts, in China. I confess that my gravest fears are roused for these Chinese Christians, very many of them being in their very infancy as to Christian knowledge and experience. Prompt and judicious action on the part of our authorities in China may possibly, with God's blessing, rescue all the Missionaries and their families; but if the hostile movement proceeds, and if war results, the vengeance, impotent against Armstrongs and Sniders, will be wreaked upon Chinese men, women and children, our brethren and sisters in the Lord. About four years ago, whilst I was residing in the city of Ningpo, kidnapping rumours, similar to those which caused the Tien tsin massacre, were rife, and I remember well one of our catechists reporting to me the threats which had been aimed at him when preaching in the country—"The English will soon be exterminated, and then your turn will come." Let prayer, then, rise for the Chinese in peril in China, and let the Missionaries residing at Tien tsin, at Che-foo, at Tung-chow, at Nan-kin, at Kiu-kiang, at Han-kow, at Nu-chang, at Yang-chow, and Shanghae, at Ningpo, at Weng-chow, at Fuh-chau, at Amoy, at Swatow, at Canton, and at Hong Kong, be borne on the hearts of God's praying people. And let those far removed from gunboat or any power of man—the Missionaries at Peking, my own dear brother and his fellow-workers at Hang-chow (140 miles away from Ningpo), and others at Shaou-hying (100 miles inland)—be commended in loving faith to the Omnipotent and Omnipresent Redeemer's hands. And He who hears even future prayer by anticipation, will not allow our prayers to be too late; He will enable our brethren and sisters to glorify Him, whether by life or by death; and it may be that they will all be spared still, "the

living to praise Him," in a country opened all the more widely to Christian efforts by this outburst of the malice of Satan and of evil men.

FORT YOUCON.

FROM time to time we have been enabled to bring before our readers fragmentary notices of the Missionary work at this station. Our periodical is literally a Gleaner. It is not in our power to present our readers with sheaves, but only with gleanings. Yet although we have only gathered gleanings from the Youcon field, they have possessed a portion of the interest which characterizes the work of evangelization in that quarter; and our readers have, with us, thanked God when they have read of the simplicity and readiness with which the Indians have received the word, to the improvement of their character, and the saving of their souls.

The time in which we live is marked by great political changes. In the short space of two months strong dynasties, as they seemed to be, have been overthrown, and powerful nations reduced to weakness. A great earthquake is in action, disturbing the settled arrangements of the political world. Even the remote district of the Youcon has felt the vibration. The Fort of Youcon has been found to be within the limits of the territory which has been transferred by Russia to the United States Government. Fort Youcon is not in British territory.

A letter from our Missionary, the Rev. R. McDonald, dated Fort Youcon, January 7th, 1870, acquaints us with these facts—

"An American steam-boat arrived here last summer, on the 31st of July, with agents of a fur-trading firm, and government officials, to determine the position of the Fort. It was found, by astronomical determination, to be seventy-five miles due west within the boundary of the Alaska limits, and they claimed the Fort in the name of the American Government."

The nearer tribes of Indians having been accustomed to trade with the Hudson's-Bay Company, are not disposed to trade with the Americans. The majority of them have already removed within the limits of the British territory. It has therefore been deemed advisable that the Hudson's-Bay Company should establish a Post within British boundary, on Rat River, otherwise Porcupine River, in order to keep up trade with these Indians.

To this new Post Mr. McDonald purposed to remove, that thus he also may be in a position to maintain his Missionary work amongst the Indians.

There is, indeed, every thing to encourage our Missionary in his work. He reached Peel-River Fort, from Fort Simpson in the beginning of December. A large number of Indians awaited him, the majority of the Peel-River tribe, and a few of the Mackenzie-River Tukuth. On the same day a party of Esquimaux arrived. These people evinced the same willingness as usual to receive Christian instruction. The Rev. W. C. Bompas has expressed an anxiety to labour amongst the Esquimaux, and visit their camps in winter. When

they were told of this they shouted out, "Thanks! Thanks!" and appeared truly delighted, and said they would be glad of his doing so.

Other Posts were visited. At La Pierre's House the Indians were at their deer-barrières, but on being made acquainted with the arrival of the Missionary, they came to the Fort in considerable numbers. Twenty of them participated in the Lord's Supper. They all seemed to be possessed of an humble and grateful spirit.

On his way to Fort Youcon Mr. McDonald stopped at various camps of Indians, spending one or more days with each, as occasion required. Amongst the Ventu kutchin on the North River he baptized five adults.

Fort Youcon was visited by several groups of Indians, especially on New-year's day. Mr. McDonald improved to the utmost the opportunities of imparting Christian instruction, and administering Christian ordinances during the few days of the visit of each tribe, and purposed to visit them at their respective camps.

"THE LABOURERS ARE FEW."

(Continued from page 115.)

Do you love your earthly parents,
Joyfully requite their love?
Much more should you love your parent
Whom you hope to meet above.
Do you love Him?
Works will follow earnest love.

Do not hesitate or linger;
Enter on this noble race,
As a soldier of your Saviour,
Be not slow to take your place.
Crowns await us
When we reach yon blissful place.

Mind not trials or temptations,
Those of body, those of mind,
Those from Satan or the heathen,
Of whatever name or kind.
Christ is with us,
Help and strength in Him we find.

There's a joy found in thus working,
Greater far than I can tell.
Think of this; our work is turning
Sinners from the road to hell.
Lay your hand to
Help in saving souls from hell.

Christ has given you many blessings,
Full forgiveness, joy, and peace;
These and other gifts possessing,
Come and labour to increase
That great number
Who in Christ have joy and peace.

Toiling, watching, waiting, praying,
In our striving souls to win;
Fear and trembling, dark foreboding,
Grief and pain, because of sin;
All await us
In our efforts souls to win.

But when once the toil is over,
Oh! when once the work is done,
Then to be with Christ for ever,
With the Father and the Son,
This awaits us
After all our toil is done.

Then no pain, no doubt, no fearing,
No more grief and anxious care;
Rest and peace, and joy and glory,
With our blessed Lord we'll share;
With our Jesus
Each will be a fellow heir.

Come, then, join us in our labour,
We must work now while we may,
(Whoso'er may frown or favour)
Tarry not, but come away;
'Tis your wisdom
Thus to work as well as pray.

LETTER WRITTEN BY THE WIFE OF A MISSIONARY ON RETURNING TO SIERRA LEONE.

Charlotte, Sierra Leone, January, 1870.

LEAVING England, after an absence from the Mission of nearly two years, and touching at Madeira, the writer and her husband arrived at Sierra Leone. She says—"Now we are somewhat settled in our own mountain home I must not let the mail leave without a line to let you know how lovingly our Heavenly Father has guided and cared for us. We arrived at Madeira on the 30th November, in time for those who could enjoy it to have a nice English breakfast. After having a pleasant drive in a sledge drawn by two oxen, we returned on board much strengthened and refreshed by our visit on *terra firma*. I had been ill ten days out of fourteen. We had a very kind and attentive doctor on board. His remedy for sea-sickness (and which gave me great relief) was chloroform and ginger. On the morning of December 8th we saw our beloved hills at sunrise, and anchored at 9.40, but did not land before one o'clock, as there was a great display of banners, flags, and arches made of the beautiful palm-leaf, erected on the wharf in honour of the Governor's (in-Chief for the West Coast of Africa) return. While we were waiting on board, some of our Sunday-school female teachers took a boat and came to us. It seems they had waited four days in November, hoping we should arrive then. Poor things, they were quite overpowered, the tears running down their faces. Most thankful were we to set our feet once more on dear Africa's burning soil, and hearty were the greetings and kindness we received from all. Many of our people met us in Freetown, with the hammock and palanquin tastefully decorated with flowers and white flags: the flowers they had walked three miles to obtain, to show us, as they said, their joy and gladness at our return. At Gloucester many of the beloved children met us, but, as we came nearer home, men, women and children crowded round us, making our hands and ears ache with their warm salutations. When we arrived at our own home we found the house and yard filled with people. The great difficulty was how to separate from them without giving offence, as it was very late, and we were worn out with the heat and excitement of the day. However, my dear husband assembled as many in the schoolroom as he could, to sing the well-known hymn, "Come, let us join our cheerful songs;" and after a few words of prayer they all went away quietly to their own homes. True, we went to bed, but were, as you may imagine, too excited to sleep. Perhaps we realized more than ever, on that eventful day, that we could raise our Ebenezer with gratitude deeper than ever. When we left, in 1868, we were obliged to leave through illness, many of our things were left unpacked and scattered about, yet we have not found one thing missing. The most trivial thing has been prized and put away. Does it not speak well for our liberated children, who have been left alone for so long a time without any European supervision? We cannot think too well of them, or our native matron, Mrs. Nottoge. The first week in January, 1870, we had four of our girls married, which, as all weddings do, increased our work considerably. Three of the younger men had been educated by the American Missionaries in

the Sherbro, so that the girls will be among their own country-people. We look upon this event as an answer to prayer, and earnestly hope they will be bright examples to the heathen, and strive to gather the children around them to be instructed as they themselves have been taught in our schools. I must tell you how delighted our big as well as little children are with the fine yellow picture-books of nursery rhymes, &c., you gave us. It is ridiculous how well they understand that sort of literature. We have lately admitted six more poor little heathen girls into our midst. Three of them seem dear gentle children. I trust they may soon understand the love of their Saviour, and be led to give their young hearts to Him.

Our school progresses very nicely. The children continue most anxious to learn. We have reorganized our school, and are trying to train fifty of our younger children for governesses. I need not tell you, beloved friend, how much care and time are necessary so that we do nothing rashly. Will you pray for us that we may be endued with much wisdom and patience? I cannot tell you how intensely I often long for Christ's kingdom to come.

IT COSTS MUCH TO BE A CHRISTIAN.

It does so, whether at home or abroad.—“Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple.” Many there are who say when the strain comes, “This is a hard saying: who can bear it?” and they go back and walk no more with Him. It is not, however, that the sacrifice is too great, but the principle which actuates the man is too weak. Where it is genuine, not of nature but of grace, it can cope successfully with all difficulties—for whom I have suffered the loss of all things.

Sometimes, when professors go back, the case is one of decided apostacy, and they never return; the work being throughout unsound. In other cases the backslider goes away, but he finds himself restless and unhappy, until at last convictions break forth in words like these: “I will go and return to my first husband; for then was it better with me than now.” And when they do come back it is, like Peter, with a truer knowledge of themselves. They are not all Judas-like, these poor backsliders: some are like Peter.

Ministers at home are no strangers to these experiences among their people, neither are Missionaries abroad. In the case of the most promising convert we should rejoice with trembling, and when disappointment comes we should never despair.

There is a case now in Calcutta which bears out this observation. For the present, however, we keep it back, until it assumes a more decided aspect one way or the other. We shall illustrate our meaning by an instance culled from the Missionary experiences of our German brethren at Palghat, in the Malabar country,

and in that great depression in the Western Ghats which leaves a communication between the two coasts of the peninsula.

Two youths, Pallaniandi and Kelen by name, of Kinnanur (an out-station about three miles north-west of Palghat), had come to hear us for months, and had listened very willingly to God's word. As they were anxious to join us, I went, on the 31st of December, to Kinnanur, and, accompanied by the catechist, Jonathan Kandappen, directed our steps to the house of Pallaniandi, which was not far distant from our school. On the way we met the two youths, who were waiting for us, and who both said that they were determined now to come out in good earnest. We went to Pallaniandi's house, partly to give him an opportunity for taking the first step, partly to see the parents, and show that we did not go to work in any under-hand way. After having invited all who were present to the kingdom of God, we rose to depart, accompanied by the two youths, and then ensued one of those often-described scenes in which true faith must prove itself strong enough to bear the rending asunder of the ties of the strongest natural affections. Mother and sister burst into tears, and cried that they would take away their own lives if their son and brother persisted in his determination. Finding that no notice was taken of this threat, the mother rushed from the door, and blocked up his path, then threw her arms round his neck, fell at his feet, and besought him in a way that might have moved the heart of the sternest judge. Still all these tears and this grief were in vain. Pallaniandi remained firm, gently drew himself away, and went with us to Kelen's house. There, not long since, the eldest son had become a Mohammedan, and the mother's grief over this was so fresh and strong that the danger threatening the younger seemed at first to affect her but little. She listened quietly to the words preached to her, and scarcely made any opposition to his departure. Next we went to the house of Pallaniandi's nephew, Muruhu, and there also we were allowed to preach the good tidings of salvation for sinners, undisturbed.

On the way back we had again to pass Pallaniandi's house, and there in the road stood his mother and aunt, who, as we approached them, threw themselves upon Pallaniandi, pulling and dragging him away, and beseeching him with tears not to give them this bitter sorrow. Once again he broke away from them, and came cheerfully and unwaveringly with us, his mother, however, still following him at some distance. At length we all reached the Mission station, where we prayed, gave thanks, and consulted together. Both young men felt that it would be too great a trial of their constancy to be besieged day by day by their relatives, and were therefore willing to go with me to Palghat for a time. The old mother, however, did not relax in her efforts, and was soon strengthened by her friends. Again and again they attacked Pallaniandi, who evidently began to yield to his natural feelings, and finally lost courage, when Kelen, called away by his employment of palmyra climbing, declared that he must now go home, and went, in spite of our warnings. When the time came for us to start to catch the evening train from Parali, I set before Pallaniandi a last alternative, giving him his free choice about going or staying.

If the women let him go quietly, he resolved to go with me : if they seized him, not to do so. As we passed before them and went out of the gate, they, as if restrained by an invisible hand, made no attempt to lay hold on him, but kept about ten paces behind us, and finally went back. Unhindered we reached Parali, entered the train, and arrived at Palghat with the twilight. With trembling we began to rejoice, thanked God, and prayed to Him for further victory. But what happened? The next morning, January 1, as we went to the railway station to greet and say our last farewells to two brethren, who were going to embark at Madras, Pallaniandi's mother came into our compound, coaxed her son to come out, and persuaded him to return quickly with her. On our way back from the station we met them, and saw with horror what an advantage the mother had gained. We talked, warned, begged and intreated for fully a quarter of an hour, while a crowd of people gathered round us, but all in vain. He must go now, he said, with his mother, but could come again to us. Ah! but when? In all haste a young wife was sought out for him, and they were married now twenty days ago. We have often seen him since. Languid, miserable, and troubled, he goes about and confesses that he is far from happy. But how can he now free himself? Let us pity and pray for the poor captive one!

LAHOUL.

AND where is Lahoul? somebody may be disposed to ask. It is one of those remote places where are to be found that which is more precious than gold, for there are human beings, and in every living human body, however debased it may be, there is an immortal soul which may be won for Christ. People will go any where if gold is to be found, in the search of which they are satisfied to endure great dangers and privations. There are some men who will go any where to win souls. Such men are not understood by the world, which thinks them fools. The fact is, they soar too high, and are beyond the range of earthly vision.

Lahoul is a district in the north-east of the Punjab. Around it lie Ladak, Spiti, Kulu, Chamba: it is about 68 miles long by 34 in breadth: surrounded by lofty mountains, some of the peaks rising to the height of 13,000 and even 16,000 feet.

The snow falls in this country to a very great depth, and drifts along by the force of the wind, so much so, that the suspension bridge at Kokser is annually carried away by a mass of drift snow, which buries it during the winter. Whole villages are occasionally snowed up for three weeks at a time, but so long as the houses stand the people suffer but little inconvenience.

This is not an inviting home, yet there are good men, Moravian Missionaries, who have chosen it as their Missionary home, and settled themselves there because they hoped to win souls to Christ. The religion of the people is Lamaism, a modification of Buddhism. The priests are called Lamas. Every Lama carries

a *chos-kor*, or precious religious wheel, a metal cylinder, about three inches high and two and a half inches in diameter, filled with rolls of printed prayers or charms, which revolve as the instrument is turned round. This the Lama, by a gentle motion, keeps perpetually turning in his hand, and as every twist of the prayers in this cylinder is supposed to be the same as a recitation by himself he can multiply his prayers to any extent. Some account of what the Missionaries are doing will be found in the following extracts from their reports—

Probably all the inhabitants of Lahoul by this time know what our message is; but, just in proportion as they perceive the difference between our doctrines and their own, their unwillingness to hear us increases. It is almost a rarity that any one comes to the service on Sunday, except such as are to some extent employed by us. On the other hand, the people of the village have consecrated a new idol-house. The proceedings were such as one would be ashamed to describe. Br. Heyde attempted to address the people in the language of admonition, as long as they were sober, but subsequently had to retire. The girls, who attended our knitting-school in the winter, from the money which they then earned subscribed to the maintenance of the Lama who manufactured the idol. Dewi Chand, too, the proprietor of the estate, becomes more and more bigoted.

I now proceed to speak of our small congregation. In reference to it we have cause for anxiety. The baptized are, as has been previously remarked, all from Ladak. All of them live close together in our yard. Under these circumstances their infirmity often manifests itself in disharmony and quarrelling among themselves. It has happened that heathen from the village have had to appear as witnesses on such occasions, or even to act the part of mediators. When such occurrences come to our knowledge, and we admonish them in love, good is done, but only for a time, and we have to see how little Christianity has really influenced their hearts, and how the old man again and again manifests itself. Then, too, I believe they have a longing for their native country, Ladak, and think they could live as Christians there, as they have been instructed in the true religion, taking our books with them for further perusal. Lately, Matthew and Lydia actually packed up their goods, after a quarrel with Hannah, in the course of which many angry words had been used. It is true, they attended to our admonitions, and remained here; but we cannot dismiss the apprehension, that some day our little flock will in this way be dispersed. I must admit that they are in a peculiar position: they are strangers here, their native land has attractions for them, and in the summer they see numbers of their fellow-countrymen passing by, who do not omit to employ persuasion. Besides this, they have no intercourse with the Lahoules, being looked upon as apostates, so that the women hardly leave our premises all the year round. This state of things is calculated to confirm them in a merely external apprehension of Christianity. Hence we are careful constantly to impress upon them

that it is not enough to be convinced of the vanity of idolatry, but that the heart must be penetrated by the Saviour's love, and He, to whom all things are possible, will doubtless graciously hear our prayers. May He give us grace to continue labouring with patience in His vineyard!

Mr. Rechler, a Missionary who wrote the above report, has been since at Simla, and, it is pleasant to find, has been recognised and welcomed as becomes one to be, who, amidst many hardships, is labouring to plant the tree of life in the inclement region of Lahoul.

STATISTICS RESPECTING CHINA.

It appears that there are in China 129 Protestant Missionaries of various denominations, besides 23 lay-helpers, and 129 Missionary ladies. Of ordained natives there are as yet only 19. The stations occupied are in number 306, and the communicants 5742, the whole presenting a little flock indeed amidst the dense masses of heathen Chinese: nevertheless, a beginning has been made, and what is well begun is half done.

The Church Missionary Society has at present nine Missionaries in China, who are to be found at Peking, and in the provinces of Chekeang and Fuhchau.

From Fuhchau we have published from time to time very interesting accounts received from our Missionary, the Rev. J. R. Wolfe, of the extension of a spirit of inquiry, and an increase in the number of native converts in various places in the interior of the province.

Now the American Missionaries in the province of Fuhchau report the same facts, and bear the same testimony. One of them has published in the "New-York Evangelist" the following, in which he compares the present state of things with that which existed thirteen or fourteen years ago—

"Instead of there being no Protestant chapels in the surrounding country, and but five or six small rooms or buildings rented and fitted up to serve as chapels in the city and suburbs, there are now sixty church buildings, chapels, and preaching-places in the city and surrounding country At almost all of these, regular religious services are held on the Sabbath, besides other services held more or less numerous and regularly during the week.

"Instead of having no native helpers, as thirteen years ago, there are now about forty such persons, only a few of whom are stationed in the city and suburbs. They are expected to devote all their time and strength to the work of teaching, catechizing, distributing books and tracts, preaching, &c. There is also a class of young and middle-aged native Christians, spoken of as student helpers, numbering more than thirty, who are employed partly as Mission helpers while under instruction, in the hope that within a few years they may be prepared for fuller work and greater usefulness."

MESSRS. HATCHARD'S LIST.

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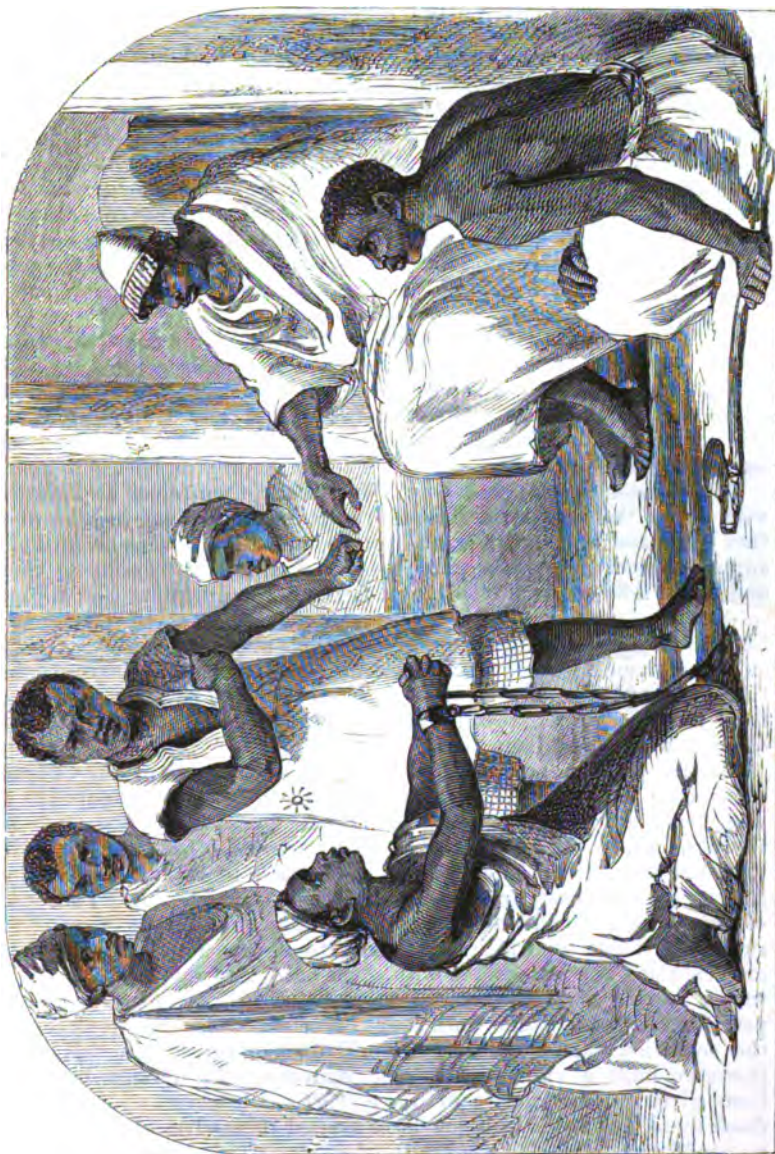
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NOTICES OF IBADAN, IJAYE, AND OYO.

Our native pastor, the Rev. W. Moore, of Oshelle, Abeokuta, reached Ibadan on Saturday, August 13th. The next day he took the morning service at



ONIKEKU ENTREATING LEAVE TO REMAIN A CHRISTIAN.

December, 1870.

Kudeti, and preached to an attentive congregation of 223 souls from 1 Tim. ii. 5. Afterwards he administered the Lord's Supper to eighty-two souls. Besides the three stations at Ibadan, there is an open-air preaching-place, where the native catechist used to go every Lord's-day, and always had a good number of hearers. The audience on this Sunday was about 400 souls, and, after the service, two persons came forward, inquiring what they must do to please God.

On Monday, August 15, Mr. Moore celebrated a marriage. As the Ibadan chiefs had recently returned from the Ijesha war, Mr. Moore proceeded to visit some of them, viz. "Orosi, who has now the title of Asipa, and is designated to be the Bale, or Governor-in-chief of the town; Ajayi Ogboriefon, who is also designated to receive one of the higher titles of the town; and Ajobbo, who is designated to be the Balogun, or Captain-general of the warriors." They received the native pastor from Oshielle very gladly, appeared friendly, and made him presents of cowries and kola-nuts.

All the chiefs who had received titles of distinction some four years ago by Ogomula, after they had returned from the Ijebu war, had passed away from time to eternity, and now their boasted glory and distinction are at an end. Others were found eagerly straining for the said transitory distinctions, regardless of how soon their predecessors have been snatched away.

The Mission agents had very wisely made themselves acquainted with Asipa, the designated Bale of the town, explaining to him who they were, and the nature of their work, and how they received their support, namely, from the good people of England, who loved God and their fellow-men, and desired that all should know the way of salvation. The Asipa was very much pleased at their waiting on him, and spoke very encouragingly to them, and very highly of God as the supreme and sole ruler of the universal world. He encouraged them to apply to him whenever they should suffer any grievance from any man in the town, promising that he would to the utmost of his power protect them.

Mr. Moore then proceeded to Ijaye, once a station of the Church Missionary Society. This large town, once so densely populated, was found to be overspread with thick bush and forest, broken through and traversed only by a mere narrow footpath, hardly more than one foot wide, kept open by the track of caravans from the interior to the coast, or from the coast to the interior. The spot on which had stood the residence of the late tyrant chief, Kurummi by name, to which men used to approach with great fear and caution, was so covered with thick bush, that its precise position was a matter of some uncertainty. A son of this man has been permitted by the Ibadan authorities to return to his native place, on the condition that he does not build on the ruined site. He has therefore built a village at a little distance. Permission has also been given to any native of Ijaye, "*who is a slave to nobody*," to dwell there, but as yet only few have availed themselves of this, having no confidence on Ibadan's promise of safety. This new chief received the Missionary party courteously, and made them some presents as a token of his good-will.

The next place visited was Oyo. Their arrival was reported to one Orikunkun, whom the king had appointed to receive all strangers from the coast. Arrangements were made for an interview. In the afternoon they were summoned to the king's quarter. After waiting about two hours outside the gate, at about 5 P.M. they were called into the royal presence. Their mode of reception was not very gracious. They had to sit on the bare ground in the open air, about twelve yards distant from the king, who sat on a mat leaning upon a fine bolster under a porch of his house, and surrounded by forty or more of his wives, while some fifty of his slaves prostrated themselves before the porch, at every word which the king uttered repeating the word—Kabiyesi—and smiting their breasts. After some conversation about Abeokuta the interview terminated.

It had been Mr. Moore's intention to visit Isein, but tidings arrived that a civil war was raging there, and that the king had been shot, his numerous wives having set his house on fire, in the hope of escaping from their confined position. Abandoning this purpose, they remained at Oyo, and spent the Lord's-day with the few converts there. These poor people have been without a teacher for years, and yet they had not forsaken the assembling of themselves together. On every Lord's-day they met, not indeed to enjoy a regular service, inasmuch as the individual who had undertaken to be their leader, and at whose piazza they assembled, could not read well enough. They united together in singing a hymn, and then arranged themselves into classes, those who knew a little more than the others acting the part of teachers to their fellows, and thus they kept together for about four hours; then, after another hymn, the leader, or some one else of the party, prayed. Towards evening they met again and did the same. Oyo has never been the residence of an ordained man, and the Lord's Supper had never been administered. On the occasion of Mr. Moore's visit they engaged in a regular Lord's-day service. It is remarkable that at this place the church and Missionary house had been broken down, but the living church, consisting of nine men and nine women, had kept together and lived on.

One of these converts, Lucy Oterunmi, had brought up a niece, named Onikeku in the Christian faith. Having arrived at mature age, she was married to a heathen husband, a pledge and promise having been given by him that he would not hinder her from following the Christian religion, a promise which he kept for some time; but within the last three months he had begun to persecute her. Onikeku, however, paid no regard to his threats and ill-usage, but continued to meet her fellow-Christians every Lord's-day. She was then taken before several men of distinction in the town, in the hope of scaring her from her profession of Christianity, but she regarded them not. She was next brought before the king's elder son, who rules with his father in the town. This ruler put her in chains for five days, giving her, as it were, the water of affliction and the bread of affliction. After this confinement she was commanded to meet the Christians no more—that she should renounce the Christian faith altogether. Earnestly did she plead with him. She reminded him that she had been brought up in the Christian faith, and that it was not meet that she should be called

upon to renounce it. Kneeling down, she intreated the king's son that she might be suffered to remain in the Christian religion. The king, becoming angry, commanded that she should be struck on the mouth, but this did not silence her: she continued to say the same words. Then the ruler gave his decision—"If you will serve God you must serve him in your husband's house, and go no more to serve God in any other place;" and that if she broke this injunction she should be put to death. He then commanded that she should be carried away from his presence.

Lucy, the guardian of Onikeku, was greatly grieved when she heard the king's decision. So grieved was she that she proposed to her adopted to escape with her from Oyo, and get down to the coast, where she might have freedom to serve God. But here Mr. Olubi, the native catechist of Ibadan, happily interfered, reminding them, that even if they got clear off, yet they would leave their fellow-Christians behind them, and that the whole weight of the trouble would fall on them; that, moreover, no compulsion had been put upon her to worship an idol, and that it was better for the present that she should content herself with worshipping God in her husband's house. It might be that they might soon have a teacher, their place of worship be rebuilt, and eventually the privilege obtained for her of attending public worship.

TIDINGS FROM MADAGASCAR.

VOHIMARE, the north-eastern province of Madagascar, was the locality where our Missionaries, Messrs. Campbell and Maundrell, commenced their work in that island. The town which they occupied as their head-quarters was called Amboania, about three hours distance, by filanzana, from Hiarina, the sea-port, where they first landed. This part of the country being found unsuitable to serve as the basis of a Mission, it was resolved to occupy a town called Andovoranto on the east coast to the south of Tamatave, inhabited mainly by Betsimisarakas and Betarimenas, with a sprinkling of Hovas, and to that point the Mission was transferred in the autumn of 1866.

At Vohimare a few had been gathered in. When the Missionaries left, two native Christians, John Ratsiza and Simeon Ratsitera, stood forward to carry on the work.

In June of last year Mr. Campbell revisited Vohimare. We have his journal before us. What had the native teachers done during the time of the European Missionaries' absence? Had they been the means of doing good, and are there any proofs of this?

At Soavanandriana, a small town on the route, Mr. Campbell found several candidates for baptism, and on June 6th had the pleasure of baptizing three men and two women. "Of these, four were among our disciples at Vohimare, and the fifth, who had

known something of the truth at Antananarivo, was further instructed by our friends here."

On the next Sunday there was a further ingathering. A man came from Vohimare, with his wife and child, desiring baptism, and bringing with him letters from John and Simeon testifying to his sincerity and earnestness. "This young man formerly attended some of our services, but did not strike me as being very hopeful; but God has His own way of working, and brings His people to Himself, in His own time and way. 'He led them by the right way that they might go to a city of habitation.'"

In the evening a list of ten persons desiring baptism was presented to our Missionary, and amongst them the names of the governor and his wife.

After a visit to Vohimare of some weeks duration, Mr. Campbell returned to the town of Soavanandriana. Sunday, August 8th, will not soon be forgotten by its people. That was the day when these baptisms took place. The candidates, who sat on a form in front of the congregation, stood up so soon as the baptismal service was commenced. As the Missionary took them severally by the right hand, they knelt down reverently, and were baptized.

The governor chose the name of Zacharias, and on the Tuesday he killed a large bullock in honour of his baptism, that all his friends might rejoice with him.

Let us now see what happened whilst Mr. Campbell was at Vohimare. The Christians came out to meet him as he approached the town, and, marching in file before him, escorted him to the house which they had prepared for his reception. There was, indeed, much on account of which to thank God and take courage. John and Simeon had built a church capable of holding 150 persons. It was furnished with a communion-table and rails, and also with a reading-desk. Some laughed at them when they began to build, and told them they would never be able to finish, nor was it wonderful that they should have such doubts, for they were poor men—one a soldier, the other a slave. Sometimes they had not wherewithal to pay the workmen, but some unexpected help always came to hand, and at last the building was finished, and well finished too; for when a fearful hurricane visited the town, and most of the houses were levelled with the ground, the church-building stood firm.

Here also there were baptisms.

On Sunday, 11th of July, we had a very fair congregation indeed, and, during the morning service, I had the pleasure of baptizing a Sakalava by the name of Samuel. This man is a slave, and a short sketch of how he came to love the truth may not prove uninteresting. While Mr. Maundrell and I were here he knew us, though we did not know him, as he never came to our services, nor attended to our

teaching. In the providence of God he came with other Sakalavas to Andovoranto during the visit of Queen Rasoharina to that place. As old neighbours in the north he visited us, in company with several others. The others I remember, but of him I have not the slightest recollection. It seems that he came into our house during prayers one morning, and sat down near the door. He knew nothing of praying at the time, but stood up when the rest stood, and also bent his head and covered his face when the congregation knelt in prayer.

Before leaving, he asked me for a spelling-book, on which, he says, I wrote his name. On arriving here at his home he was almost able to read, and, entering into communication with John and Simeon, they helped him in his studies. His diligence was soon rewarded, for in a short time he was ready to read well, having almost taught himself. He was then provided with a New Testament and Prayer-book, and began to attend the services of the sanctuary on the Lord's-day. In this he had much opposition from his heathen master, who, to prevent his attendance, gave him more work than usual on that day. He besought his master to tell him on Saturday what work he intended him to perform on Sunday, and he would finish it on Saturday (i.e. do two days work in one), in order that he might have the Lord's-day to worship his Creator. The master was so struck with his earnestness that he gave him the day to himself.

The zeal of this man is remarkable. He once thought of going to Andovoranto for baptism, but, being a slave, he could not of course go off to such a distance without the consent of his master. He conducts family prayers regularly in his little hut in the country; and at the appointed time, night and morning, some children of the village join him and his family in the prayers of our liturgy.

The conversation I had with him the day before his baptism, together with the testimony of John and Simeon, left little doubt upon my mind that he was a man who had given himself to God, and who wished to obey and serve Him. I do pray that he may be a help to our two converts whose teaching has been so blessed to him.

On Sunday, July 25th, five more persons were baptized.

Four were members of the same family—father, mother, and two children, the elder of whom can read, having been taught by his father. What makes the baptism of this family the more interesting to me is the fact of their being Sakalavas. The church was unusually crowded, and many who had not the courage or the disposition to enter stood about the doors, and looked on attentively.

Thus a Christian flock is being gathered out of various tribes. On one week-day afternoon service there were present eight persons—one a Hova, one an Antimor, another a Betsimasaraka; then two of Sakalavas of different tribes; next a creole Hova and Sakalava; a creole Hova and Betsimasaraka and a Mozambique. "It was," observes Mr. Campbell, "quite a representative assembly, and one is at liberty to imagine the probable amount of good which, by God's blessing, might result, if each of these were to spread the knowledge of Christ amongst his or her respective tribe and race."

"THERE SHALL NO EVIL HAPPEN TO THE JUST."—

PROVERBS XII. 21.

After Horace.—"INTIGER VITÆ."

HE who holds fast his confidence
Safe in his Lord's Omnipotence,
Of dirk or gun needs no defence,
Or Colt's revolver.

Unarmed myself have often strayed
'Mongst thickets deep of jungle glade,
Tiger and bear have met: they fled

Harmless away.

I've crossed unhurt the Lybian sands,
Without a guard, near robber bands;
Camels and train safe from their hands

Pursued our way.

Where duty calls, then fearless tread
The land of alligators dread,
Though snakes and scorpions 'neath thy bed
Their venom hide.

If sent to Arctic ice and snow,
Where winter night reigns drear and slow,
In search of souls, fear not to go,

Christ's love shall cheer thee.

Or if Mid Afric's woes invite
Thy pity, and to give them light
And life for slavery and night,

Thy Master bid thee,

Gladly obey: not fiery sun,
Though fever through thy veins may run,
Shall stay thee till thy work is done,

He will not leave thee.

October, 1870.

VISIT OF THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH TO BENARES.

OUR readers know that at the beginning of the present year the Duke of Edinburgh visited India, and made a royal progress through the country, being every where received as became the son of the sovereign of India.

Amongst other places visited was the city of Benares, that great centre of Hindu idolatry, with its thousand Hindu temples, besides several hundred mosques, and amongst them one structure which sets forth the history of the past, the great mosque of Aurungzebe, with its minarets and domes, erected by that ruler on the site of a temple of great extent, dedicated to Vishnu, which he had demolished. There is now growing up in the midst of temples and mosques, a new religion, which, increasing by a divine power, shall advance from small beginnings, until it supplants and sets aside the false creeds which have so long burdened India, and overspread the land. Of this the Prince was to see something in that most unlikely of all places, the city of Benares.

We are indebted to the Rev. C. B. Leupolt for the following account. It was the second week of last January, and Mr. Leupolt had just returned from one preaching tour, intending soon to move, for the same purpose, in another direction. It is thus that our Missionaries go forth into the streets and lanes, the highways and hedges, inviting sinners to come unto the marriage supper, and fill it up with guests.

In the course of the week preparations were every where made for receiving the Prince. We, too, prepared two arches and one gateway. On the north gate leading to Secrole were the words, "Welcome;" on the opposite gate leading to Ramnugger, "Salam." Five flags adorned the gate and the tower.

On the 17th, the Prince was to arrive, and on the same day was to be the great eclipse. From the 15th the people began to stream into Benares on account of the eclipse; there was therefore plenty of work for our people, and they worked heartily and diligently.

At eight o'clock, the guns announced the arrival of the Prince. Before he arrived we went to the city. It was beautifully adorned with flags every where. At the chawk, or market-place, a bazaar was erected, called the Prince bazaar. The most costly stuffs were laid out for inspection, such as I believe no other city in the world can exhibit. At every turn of the principal places were triumphal arches, with the word "Welcome." On one arch were the words "Welcome, sailor Prince."

At half-past four in the afternoon there was a levee. I went to see the Prince and Lord Mayo. In the evening, part of the city was illuminated. Owing to the eclipse the ghauts could not be illuminated. At nine o'clock the Prince went down the river. We followed him. The observatory and some other houses looked beautifully, and coming down near the bridge the spectacle was grand. The whole bridge across the Ganges was in a blaze. A magnificent arch was erected on the city side of the bridge, and seemed to sparkle with thousands of diamonds. From Rajghat to the Commissioner's house, three and a half miles in length, the road was illuminated. At the entrance of Secrole an artificial garden had been constructed, and on coming up to it one seemed to be transported into fairy land. A tent was pitched, and I was told there was a nautch, which the Prince declared was the only stupid thing he had seen in Benares.

On the 18th, at six o'clock in the morning, the church bells called us together, for the Prince, Lord Mayo and suite were to pass through our compound. The harmonium was placed before the church: the Christians and all the children formed one long line nearly from gate to gate. We were about 300 together. At half-past seven the policemen gave the sign of the Prince's coming. I went out of the gate to direct the horsemen and to receive the Prince. As the carriage passed through the gate the bells ceased, and the singers struck up, "God save the Queen," accompanied by the harmonium and violin. Every head was at that time uncovered. There was but time for one verse. When finished, the Commissioner beckoned to me to come near the carriage. I did so, and Lord Mayo spoke a few

words. As the carriage began to move on, the bells chimed a farewell, and on passing along the row of children their little heads flew up one after another in quick succession to make their salams, which, I was told, were returned. The aid-de-camps seemed to me to be most astonished, not knowing what all this meant.

After the Prince had left we all assembled for prayers, and prayed for the Queen, the Prince, the Governor-general, the Governor, the Church Missionary Society and Committee, Missions in general, and for all men. The Lord will hear our prayers.

Perhaps the aid-de-camps may have been led to make inquiries, and learn what they did not know before, that a native Christianity is springing up in the land. True, as yet it is but a seedling, but seedlings, if not rooted up, increase until they become great trees. This seedling shall be shielded by divine protection—"I the Lord do keep it: I will water it every moment, lest any hurt it: I will keep it night and day."

CREMATION OF THE LATE KING OF SIAM.

(From the American Missionary Magazine.)

THE King, Chau Fa Mongkut, died October 1, 1868, and while his body, embalmed and placed in a crouching posture in a golden urn in a hall of his palace, has been surrounded by yellow-robed priests, chanting day and night, thousands of workmen have been constantly engaged in erecting the funeral pile. The largest trees have been sought in the most remote forests, and brought to make its pillars. Hundreds of gold and silversmiths have been employed on its decorations. Carpenters, painters, and artists have expended their skill on it; and acrobats, actors, gymnasts, and buffoons have been under special training for the occasion. The astrologists having decided upon a propitious day, the body was carried from the palace to the pyre in a great gilded car, with a procession of soldiers, horsemen, noblemen, and sedan-chairs, with their retinues; men called angels, in trumpet-shaped white hats, and lotus flowers in their hands; persons carrying trees bearing huge flowers, made of cloth, to be presented to the priests; monstrous fabulous animals, made of paper and wicker work, and drawn on wheels; and multitudes of people in fantastic garments.

The central spire of the building erected for the burning was two hundred and fifty feet high, the main roof a hundred feet high, with numerous gables and porches. A high roofed wall, enclosing a square acre of ground, surrounded it, and at each corner, and in the centre of each side of the wall, was a temple, smaller than but similar to the central one. These again were surrounded by lesser temples. The walls, roofs and spires of all were gilded, and reflected dazzlingly the rays of the burning sun. The enclosure was floored with bamboo matting; the entrances were hung with scarlet cloth, embroidered with gold; and the numerous pillars supporting the roofs were covered

with scarlet cloth, decorated with gold. The whole, particularly by moonlight and lamplight, when the shabbiness of the work was not observable, seemed the effect of enchantment.

In the centre of all, under the loftiest spire, rose the "Golden Mountain," a pyramidal structure, glittering with gold and (false) gems, on the top of which the urn containing the dead king was placed. There it remained for ten days, while all around outside the wall of the *pramane* there were theatrical and gymnastic performances, walking on tight-ropes, fireworks, transparencies, sham-fights and tournaments, lantern-dances, and the throwing of lines containing small coins among the people, who came in crowds, with heads closely shaven, and in white mourning garments, to the festivities.

On the 18th inst. the golden urn was covered by one of sandal-wood. Scented candles and fragrant woods were put under it, and set on fire in the presence of the king, nobles, priests, foreign consuls, and residents, and multitudes of people. The flames entered through the iron grating in the bottom of the urn, and burst out at the top, red, green, and yellow, with volumes of smoke. The priests fed the fire with flowers of sandal-wood shavings, while the women and musical instruments wailed. In three hours nothing was left of what had been the best King of Siam but a few black coals, which were put into a small golden urn, to be preserved with the bones of his predecessors, and a few ashes, which were scattered next day in the waters of the Meinam.

The festivities continued three days after the burning, and the temple built for the occasion is now being taken down.

The son of Chau Fa Mongkut, Maha Chulalongkorn, seventeen years old, now reigns in his stead.

THE LEPER ASYLUM, CALCUTTA.

THE following touching account of this Institution is copied from the Forty-fifth Report of the Calcutta Church Missionary Association.

There is no class of society more entitled to our generous sympathy than the lepers. Jesus felt for and befriended them in the days of His flesh. They may truly say, "The hand of God is heavy upon us." They have not, like many, brought their sufferings on themselves. Many have inherited their sorrows from their parents; others have, in some mysterious way, caught the deadly malady. All alike are without hope. Physically, they are of all men most miserable. The effects of the disease are various. Some linger for years. One poor woman died after twenty years' suffering. The majority succumb in a year or two. They have hours of terrible torture. As the fatal virus careers through the decaying body, attacking new localities, or opening out old wounds, the poor victim has to endure agonies which he alone can understand. Then follows a respite of weeks, perhaps months; but death is all the while advancing. For their bodies there is neither life nor hope; blessed be God! there is both for their souls. We look back with grateful satisfaction upon the work which our

eyes have witnessed among these poor people. Since we commenced their visitation, about forty have been brought to the knowledge of Christ. More undoubted evidences of renewing grace, and more cheering tokens of Christian consistency, could not be witnessed any where than has been seen in the wards of this Asylum. Quite half the number of the baptized have gone to their rest. Ever and anon have the sounds of triumph been heard from the lips of a dying leper, whilst bright angels have stood ready to bear him to Abraham's bosom.

The history of one or two baptized during the past year is worthy of note. Dinoo has been for many years a patient. The poor thing was about as repulsive an object as you could gaze upon. For more than eight years did she listen to the message of the cross unmoved, at least so far as we could see. She was a Hindu, and appeared resolved to live and die such. As years passed on, we began to feel more and more hopeless of her conversion. Unbelief sometimes said, "She is joined to her idols; let her alone." But God had not cast her off, and we are thankful to say that we persevered in giving her a word in season every time we visited the Asylum. All the time, unseen to us, convictions were growing upon her. At length, about four months ago, she came to us and opened her mind—"Ah!" said she, with genuine feeling, "I now see what a guilty sinner I am. I am convinced that there is none but Christ who can save me. I believe in Him with all my heart, and desire to be numbered amongst His people." These were grateful sounds to our desponding hearts. They seemed reprovingly to say, "In due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not." Dinoo was baptized. One month ago she fell asleep. Sore were her sufferings, but sweet was the peace and repose of her soul. She died in the early morn, surrounded by her leper sisters. They testified that her end was peace, and that, during the whole of the previous night, one soft whisper ever and anon escaped her lips—it was the name which is above every name—the soothing name of Jesus.

Horo's story is worth reciting. She is a Brahminnee: she was a devout worshipper of the gods. Years ago she fell ill. Her disease none could define: it was regarded as an infliction of the evil spirits, and could only be remedied by long and painful pilgrimages. These she readily undertook. She visited all the principal shrines in India, but in vain: the disease gathered strength. God's hand directed her to Calcutta. She became a patient in the Sealdah Hospital. There she met with our native-Christian Bible woman. The tidings of a free salvation she had never heard before; they fell with power on her ear. By and by it was decided that her disease was actual leprosy. She was admitted into the Asylum, and, six months ago, was by baptism received into the church. She appears to be an intelligent and happy Christian.

Gour Dass was a Boyragee: he had been a religious devotee. He had, forty years ago, renounced the world, and wandered about with all the dirty sanctity of a fakeer. He had been four years in the Asylum. During all this time he has listened respectfully to the word of exhortation, but showed no impression. Three months ago he also made a confession of his faith in Christ, and was baptized.

There is one pleasing feature in connexion with all these conversions. There is no room for sinister motives: no temporal advantage of any kind accrues from the embracing of the truth. Worldly advancement of any sort is beyond their reach, and, with the exception of joining their Christian brethren and enjoying their society, their present condition is in no degree bettered by the change of religion. It is true—and it is a thing worth noting—that an air of comfort, cleanliness and order pervades the Christian wards, which is not to be seen in the Hindu and Mussulman departments; but this is only the legitimate effect of Christianity. These poor people, on becoming Christians, seem almost instinctively to develop ideas of civilization and order far in advance of what they had evinced in their previous state.

JAPAN.

THE most recent information which we have received from this country is contained in the following letter from Rev. G. Ensor, September 13—

We are thankful to our Heavenly Father that He has preserved us through another Eastern summer in health and peace. It was one of most unusual severity for even this, one of the most southern spots in Japan. Predicted by extreme cold in the previous winter, it fully atoned for the mildness of last summer. Once again the golden crops of wheat have been housed in the early spring, and the barley harvest, in common with Palestine, early enough to date from it the approach of Easter-day. The plains are again rich with the beautiful rice of Japan, which promises an abundant supply to the long-exhausted garnerers of the poor and rich alike. The evenings are now closing in with a grateful and delicious coolness, refreshing and invigorating the frames relaxed by the suns of a long and trying summer.

Summer is generally spent by the people of the country at their homes. In the cool of the autumn they leave their abodes, and find their way to the open ports, where they see and purchase the strange commodities of the foreign merchants, and many a lesson of precious truth, and many a leaf of holy writ finds its way to spots never yet visited by foreign feet. During the last year I have been engaged in the translation of St. Matthew's Gospel, which is finished, and that of Mark is well commenced.

America is showing itself in earnest in desiring to benefit Japan. A new Mission is now located at Kobe, an open and flourishing port in the inland sea. Another is expected at this port (Nagasaki).

Meanwhile the Government seems freely bent on stamping out the smouldering elements of Christianity. Shintoo priests have been sent from the spiritual capital to explain the principles of the new and of the national faith; and this has been followed by a large and sweeping injunction for every member of Nagasaki to present himself for registration and worship at the principal Shintoo temple of Nagasaki, the one dedicated to the patron deity of the place. I am informed credibly that this is to be general throughout Japan. I seem to tremble for the results, for Christians are not few in this land. How long shall we see Satan rule here?

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